The Sheaf

By

J. F. Kinsey

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THE CAP SHEAF.

BY J. F. KINSEY.

For Musical Conventions, Singing Classes, and Institutes.

—CONTAINING—

Graded Elementary and Vocal Culture Departments.

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INTRODUCTION.

A continued and urgent demand for our class publications, is the only apology we have to offer for introducing THE CAP SHEAF. Believing that its contents and methodical departments will meet with general favor, we take great pleasure in sending it forth; and that it may be the agent of infusing a new "life of song," in the hearts of all who may use its pages, is the humble prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

A Graded Elementary Department.

By J. F. Kinsey.

Note.—In making the elementary department of this work, it has been our aim to prepare as condensed a treatise as the necessary simplicity of that department will allow. It is certainly of advantage to adapt elementary instruction to the age of pupils, their readiness to understand, the limited amount of time, etc. Therefore, an instructor may save time and labor by seeking to understand his pupils, and enlarge upon this treatise as much as may seem necessary.

Every thing we see is visible, every thing we hear is audible, and is known by the general name of sound,

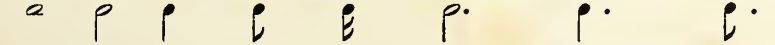
A sound that is musical is called a *tone.*

A tone has four properties that are essential to its existence, viz: *length, pitch, power*, and *quality.*

Every tone has a length, named *Whole, Half, Quarter, Eighth, Sixteenth,* Dotted whole, Dotted half, Dotted quarter, Dotted eighth, or some similar name, and is represented to the eye by a character called a note (𝅝).

EXAMPLE.

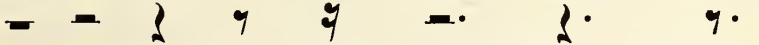
Whole. Half. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth. Dotted Half. Dotted Quarter. Dotted Eighth.



Each note has a corresponding character, that indicates silence, which is called a rest (𝄻).

EXAMPLE.

Whole. Half. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth. Dotted Half. Dotted Quarter. Dotted Eighth.



Notes and rests have no positive, only a relative, length. A dot placed after a note or rest, adds one-half in length to its primitive value.

The theory of music is divided into three grand departments, which are named as follows: Rythmies, Melodies, and Dynamics.

Rythmics treats of the length of tones.

Melodics treats of the piteh of tones.

Dynamics treats of the power and quality of tones.

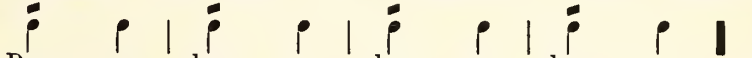
RYTHMICS.

Music forms itself into groups of beats or pulsations, which occur regularly. Some beats are stronger than others, and are called *accented beats.* When certain numbers of accented and unaccented beats are grouped together, they form what is called a measure.

Measures are represented to the eye by spaces between perpendicular lines, called *bars.* A heavy bar (called a double bar) is used to show the end of a strain. There are four kinds of measures in general use, viz: Double, Triple, Quadruple and Sextuple. Double measure consists of two beats (pulsations), accented on the first, and may be outwardly indicated by motions of the hand, which should be down and up (called beating time); counted, one, two, etc.

EXAMPLE.

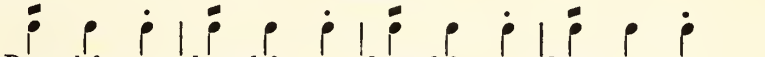
Measure Bar. Measure. Bar. Measure, Bar. Measure. Double Bar.



Down, up, down, up, down, up, down, up.
One, two, one, two, one, two, one, two.

A measure having three parts, with an accent on the first, and a *very* slight accent on the third, is called *Triple Measure.* Motions of the hand, down, left, up; counted, one two, three.

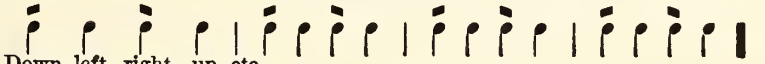
EXAMPLE.



Down, left, up, down. left, up, down, left, up, down, left, up.
One, two, three, etc.

A measure having four parts, accented on the first, and secondary on the third, is called *Quadruple Measure.*

EXAMPLE.

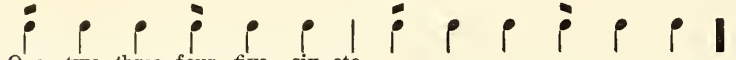


Down, left, right, up, etc.
One, two, three, four, etc.

A measure having six parts, accented mainly on the first and fourth, is called *Sextuple Measure;* counted, one, two, three, four, five, six; motions of the hand, down, left, left, right, up, up.

Beating time in the different kinds of measure is of the greatest importance, and should be thoroughly mastered by all.

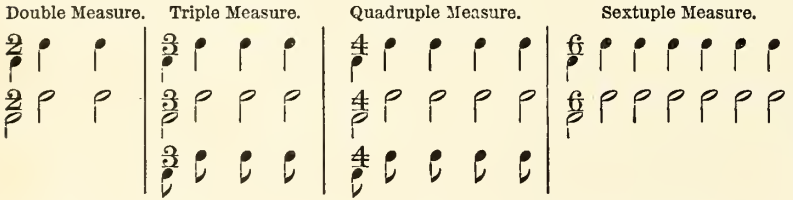
EXAMPLE.



In the examples already given, a quarter note has been taken as a standard in representing the varieties of measure, but, as will be seen, any other note may be taken as the standard.

The kind of measure is always indicated by a figure, and the kind of note which represents the value of each pulsation or beat is placed directly under the figure, and is called the *beat note.*

EXAMPLE.



When a dotted note, or its value, goes with a beat, the measure is said to be *Compound.* (The measures first spoken of are called *Simple measures.*) Compound measures usually have a dotted quarter for beat-note but, of course, might have any other dotted notes.

EXAMPLES.

Compound Double Measure. . . . . .

Compound Triple Measure. . . . . .

Compound Quadruple Measure. . . . . .

When a tone begins on an unaccented part of a measure, and continues on an accented part, it is called *Syncopation.*

A character called a pause (𝄐), placed over or under a note, indicates that the tone should be prolonged more than it otherwise would be—the length being at the option of the leader.

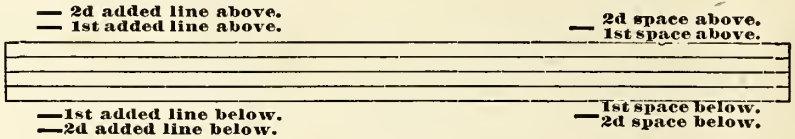
A figure (3) placed over or under any three equal notes, reduces the length represented by them to that of two of the same kind without the figure. Tones thus represented, and notes thus written, are called *Triplets.*

MELODICS.

Tones group themselves into families called Scales. A scale consists of eight tones, in regular order, named from the lowest to the highest as follows: From one to two, major second; two to three, major second; three to four, minor second; four to five, major second; five to six, major second; six to seven, major second; seven to eight, minor second. Intervals in the above-named order form what is called the *Major* Scale. The syllables, or Italian names of this scale, are, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

The pitch of tones is indicated by a certain number of lines and spaces, called a Staff, of which there are five long lines and the spaces belonging to them. Each line and each space is called a degree, numbered from the lowest upward.

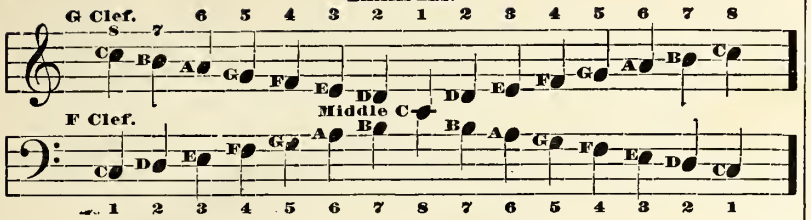
THE STAFF.

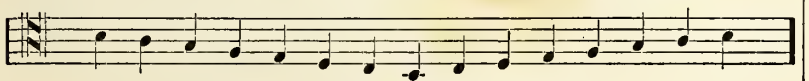


When more degrees are needed, short lines are added above and below the long ones, thus enlarging, and are a part of the Staff, as will be seen in the above representation.

The pitches represented by the different degrees of the staff are determined by characters called Clefs, of which there are three in general use, viz: the Soprano, or G Clef, 𝄞 which is used to make the staff represent the pitches best calculated for ladies' voices. The Bass, or F Clef, 𝄢 which is used to make the staff represent the lower pitches which gentlemen sing; and the Tenor, or C Clef, 𝄡 is used to make the staff represent the higher pitches that gentlemen sing.

The Soprano or G Clef, represents the letter G, upon the second line, while the other letters follow upward in alphabetical order, and downward by reversing the same.

EXAMPLES.

It will be seen by the above examples that the Soprano clef represents middle C upon the short line below, and the Bass, or F clef, which places the letter F upon the fourth line, shows middle C on the added line above. This arrangement is caused by the natural difference of one octave between the male and female voices.

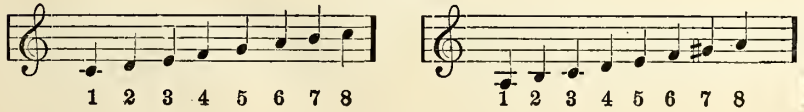
The Tenor, or C Clef, also represents the letter G upon the second line, the same as the Soprano Clef, but places middle C on the third inclosed space.

8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	Do	si	la	sol	fa	mi	re	do	re	mi	fa	sol	la	si	do.
Middle C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	

The largest and most important family that is caused by the pitch relation of tones is called a *Key*. A key consists of all the tones in the whole range of tones that bear a certain relation to each other in pitch. There are but two kinds of keys, viz: Major and Minor. A *key* should *never* be called a scale, or *vice versa*, for the reason that a *key* consists of tones in any possible order, while a scale consists of tones only in one way.

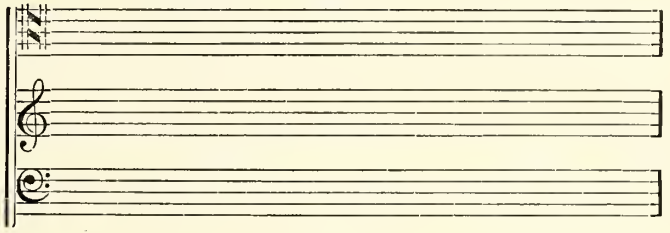
Every Major key has its relative Minor, consequently both are represented by the same signature; for instance, the signature of the key of C Major being *Natural*, the signature of the key of A Minor would be the same.

By placing a character called a sharp (♯) upon five of the major scale will give us seven of its relative minor. The key-note, or one of the minor scale, is always founded upon what is six of the relative major.

EXAMPLE.



The intervals in their order, which produce the minor scale, are as follows: from one to two, major second; two to three, minor second; three to four, major second; four to five, major second; five to six, minor second; six to seven, augmented second; seven to eight, minor second.



The above shows the staffs connected by a *brace*, with the different clefs representing a *key*, viz: C Major.

DYNAMICS.

POWER OF TONES.

There are five principal degrees of power, as follows:

1. Very soft.	*Pianissimo.*	Abbreviation,	*pp*
2. Soft.	*Piano.*	"	*p*
3. Medium.	*Mezzo.*	"	*m*
4. Loud.	*Forte.*	"	*f*
5. Very loud.	*Fortissimo.*	"	*ff*

FORM OF TONES.

There are six principal forms of toues, as follows:

1. A tone begun, continued, and ended with an equal degree of force is called an *Organ tone.* The organ tone is indicated thus: ═══
2. A tone beginning soft and gradually increasing to loud, called *Crescendo.* The crescendo is indicated thus: <
3. A tone beginning loud and gradually diminishing to soft, called *Diminuendo.* The diminuendo, or decrescendo, is indicated thus: >
4. The union of the crescendo and diminuendo, called the *Swell.* The swell is indicated thus: <>
5. A very sudden or instantaneous crescendo, called the *Pressure tone.* The pressure tone is indicated thus: <
6. A tone struck very suddenly and forcibly, and instantly diminished, called an *Explosive tone,* or *Sforzando,* or *Forzando.* The sforzando is indicated thus:

Miscellaneous Characters.

When a passage is performed in a close, smooth, gliding manner, it is said to be *Legato* (⁀).

When a passage is performed in a pointed, distinct, and articulate manner, it is said to be *Staccato* (! ! ! !).

A less degree of staccato is called *Marcato*, and is marked thus: (. . . .).

A character called a *Tie*, is used to show how many notes are to be sung to one syllable. It is also used to denote the legato style (⁀).

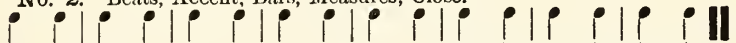
A *Brace* is used to connect the staves on which the different parts are written (═══).

The letters D. S., placed at the end of a strain in music, are the abbreviation of the words *Dal Segno.* and mean to return to the sign 𝄋 and end at the word *Fine.*

Note.—It is desirable that the teacher adhere as much as possible to the fixed order of the following practical exercises. The teacher's motto should be: *Much practice and little talk.*

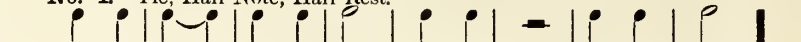
No. 1. Quarter Notes.

No. 2. Beats, Accent, Bars, Measures, Close.

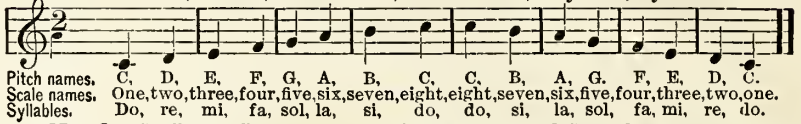


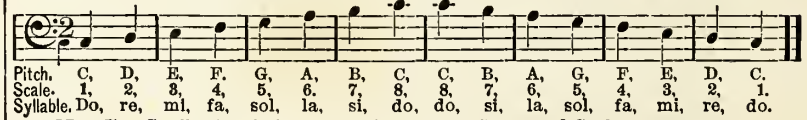
No. 3. Figure, indicating Double Measure, Beat-note, and Quarter Rest introduced.

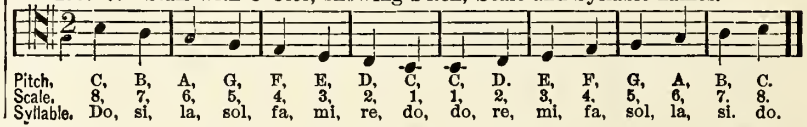
No. 4. Tie, Half Note, Half Rest.



No. 5. Staff, G Clef, Scale names, Pitch names, Key note, Syllables.

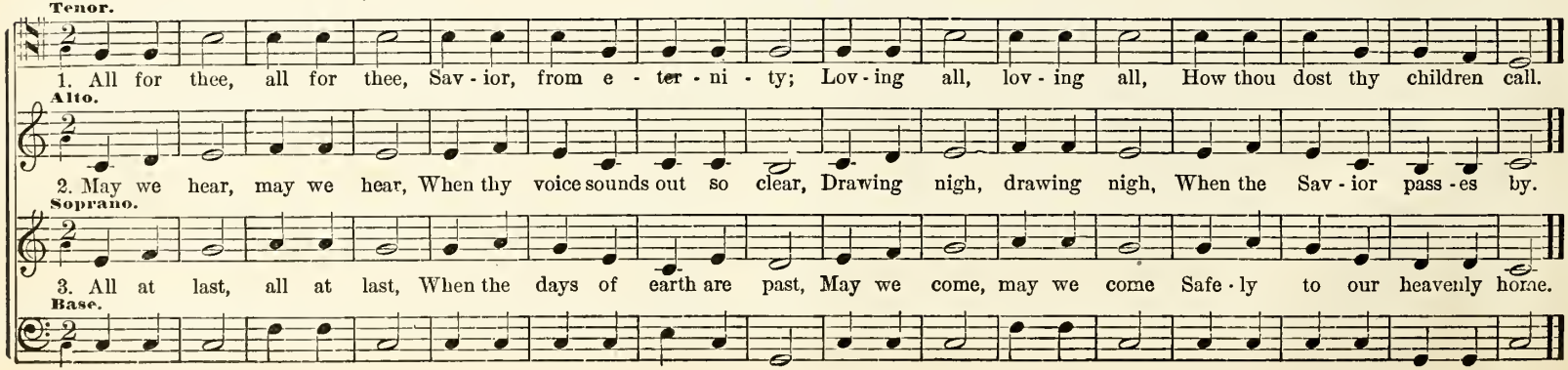

Pitch names. C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, C, B, A, G. F, E, D, C.
Scale names. One,two,three,four,five,six,seven,eight,eight,seven,six,five,four,three,two,one.
Syllables. Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

No. 6. Staff with F Clef, showing Pitch, Scale and Syllable names.

No. 7. Staff with C Clef, showing Pitch, Scale and Syllable names.

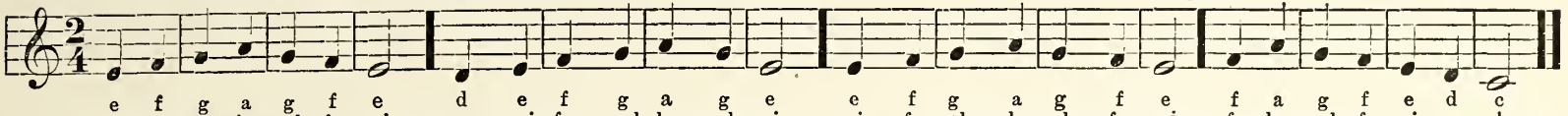


No. 8. Four Staves connected by a Brace.

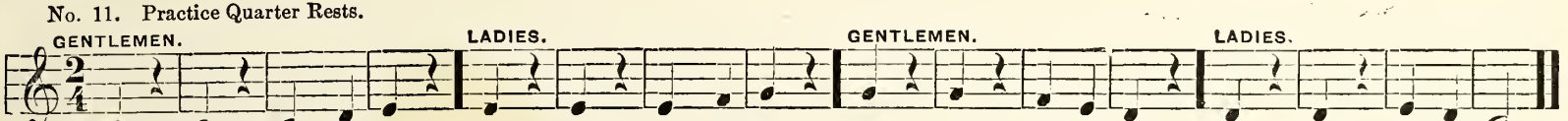
FOUR PART SONG.

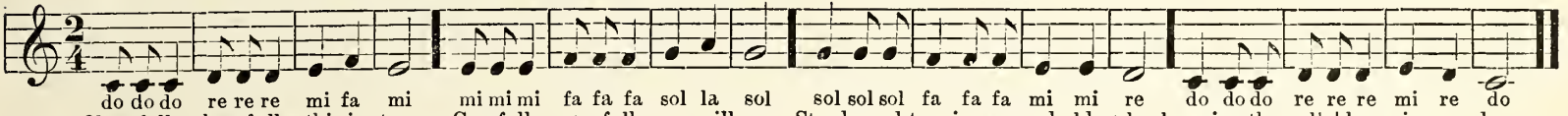

Tenor.
1. All for thee, all for thee, Sav - ior, from e - ter - ni - ty; Lov - ing all, lov - ing all, How thou dost thy children call.
Alto.
2. May we hear, may we hear, When thy voice sounds out so clear, Drawing nigh, drawing nigh, When the Sav - ior pass - es by.
Soprano.
3. All at last, all at last, When the days of earth are past, May we come, may we come Safe - ly to our heavenly home.
Base.

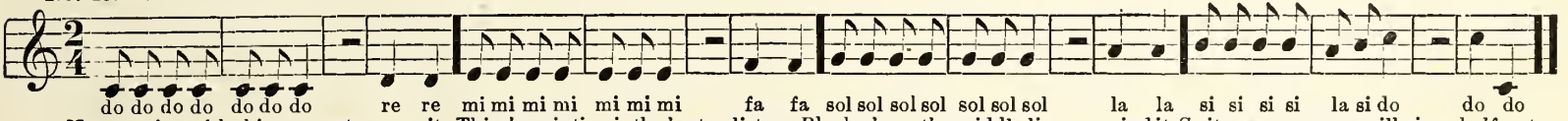
No. 10. Practice with syllable la, commencing with tone three. Beat time.

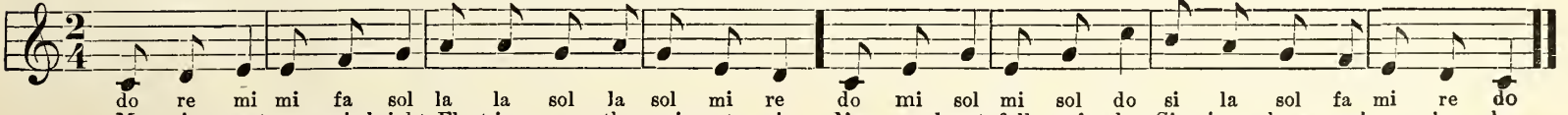

e f g a g f e d e f g a g e e f g a g f e f a g f e d c
mi fa sol la sol fa mi re mi fa sol la sol mi mi fa sol la sol fa mi fa la sol fa mi re do
La - bor will to us se - cure Rich re-ward and friend-ship pure, He who would this boon re-ceive, Press with vig - or to a-chieve.

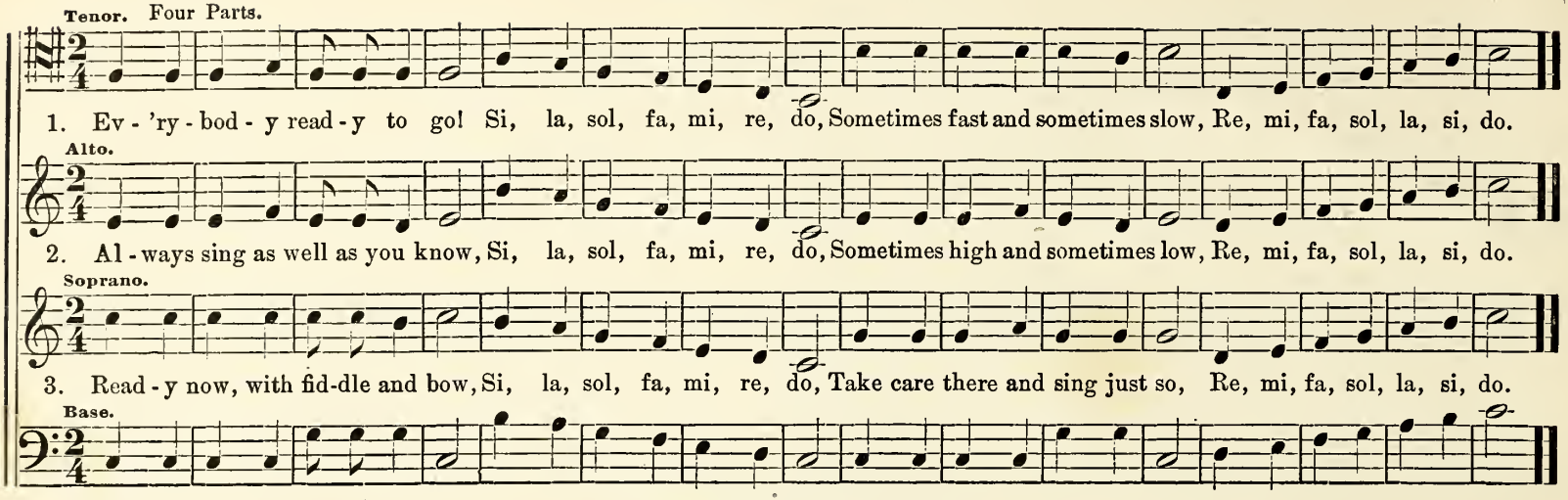
No. 11. Practice Quarter Rests.

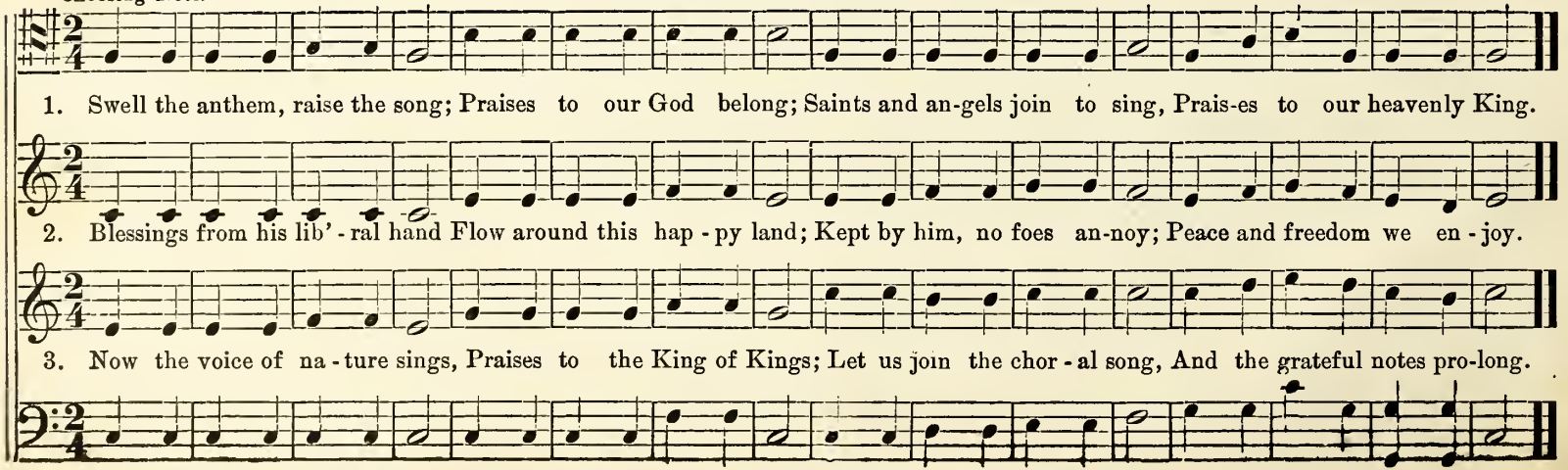

GENTLEMEN.
LADIES.
GENTLEMEN.
LADIES.
do - do do re mi mi mi mi fa sol sol sol fa mi re re re mi re do
Come, come, name the rest, Well, well, we will try, Yes, yes, do your best, Quar - ter, so good bye.

No. 12. Eight lengths, represented by eight notes. Practice by syllables.

do do do re re re mi fa mi mi mi mi fa fa fa sol la sol sol sol sol fa fa fa mi mi re do do do re re re mi re do
Cheerfully, cheerfully, this is true, Carefully, carefully we will go Steady and true is a good old rule, learning the syllables mi, re, do.

No. 13. Practice Half Rests.

do do do do do do do do re re mi mi mi mi mi mi mi mi fa fa sol sol sol sol sol sol sol sol la la si si si si la si do do do
Now we sing with this new rest, name it, This description is the best, listen, Block above the middle line, mind it, So its name we now will give, half rest.

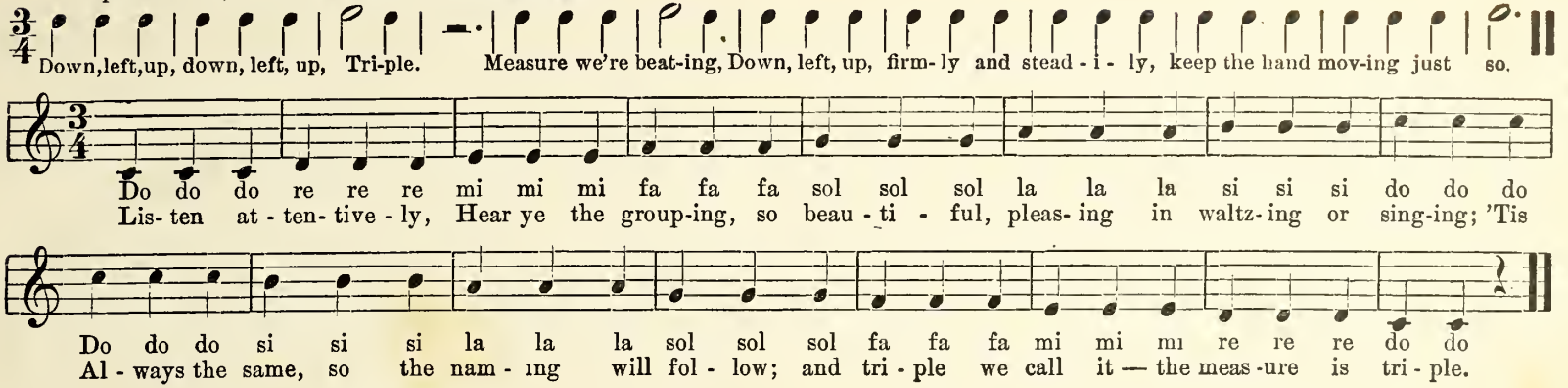
No. 14. Let all join in singing this song. Practice it by syllable first, then apply the words.

do re mi mi fa sol la la sol la sol mi re do mi sol mi sol do si la sol fa mi re do
Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic bright, Float-ing on the qui - et air, Mer - ry hearts full of glee, Sing-ing here and ev - 'ry - where.
Mer - ry songs, hap-py songs, Cheer-ing all up - on the way, Joy - ous we, glad and free, Jour-n'ying on to end - less day.

No. 15. READY! TO GO!

Tenor. Four Parts.
1. Ev - 'ry - bod - y read - y to go! Si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, Sometimes fast and sometimes slow, Re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
Alto.
2. Al - ways sing as well as you know, Si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, Sometimes high and sometimes low, Re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
Soprano.
3. Read - y now, with fid-dle and bow, Si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, Take care there and sing just so, Re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
Base.

No. 16. THANKSGIVING.

Choosing Note.
1. Swell the anthem, raise the song; Praises to our God belong; Saints and an-gels join to sing, Prais-es to our heavenly King.
2. Blessings from his lib' - ral hand Flow around this hap - py land; Kept by him, no foes an-noy; Peace and freedom we en - joy.
3. Now the voice of na - ture sings, Praises to the King of Kings; Let us join the chor - al song, And the grateful notes pro-long.

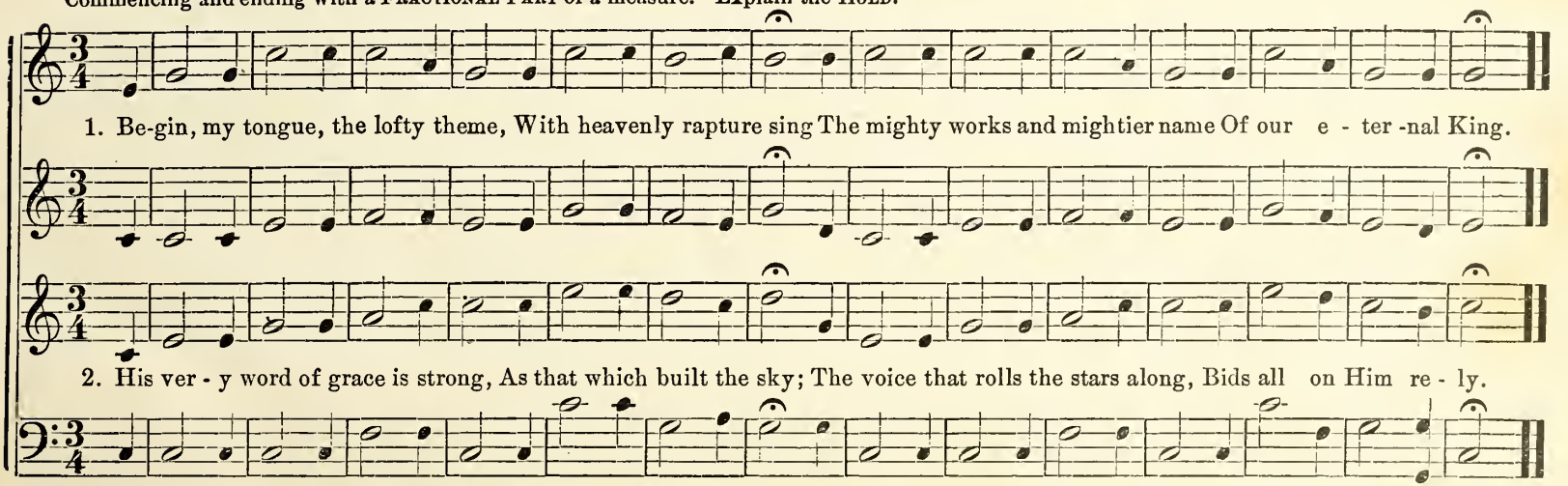
No. 17.

Triple Measure, Dotted Half Note, Dotted Half Rest.


Down, left, up, down, left, up, Tri-ple. Measure we're beat-ing, Down, left, up, firm-ly and stead-i-ly, keep the hand mov-ing just so.
Do do do re re re mi mi mi fa fa fa sol sol sol la la la si si si do do do
Lis-ten at-ten-tive-ly, Hear ye the group-ing, so beau-ti-ful, pleas-ing in waltz-ing or sing-ing; 'Tis
Do do do si si si la la la sol sol sol fa fa fa mi mi mi re re re do do
Al-ways the same, so the nam-ing will fol-low; and tri-ple we call it — the meas-ure is tri-ple.

No. 18. PRAISE.

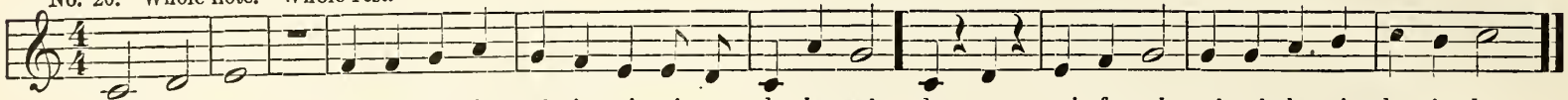
Commencing and ending with a FRACTIONAL PART of a measure. Explain the HOLD.


1. Be-gin, my tongue, the lofty theme, With heavenly rapture sing The mighty works and mightier name Of our e-ter-nal King.
2. His ver-y word of grace is strong, As that which built the sky; The voice that rolls the stars along, Bids all on Him re-ly.

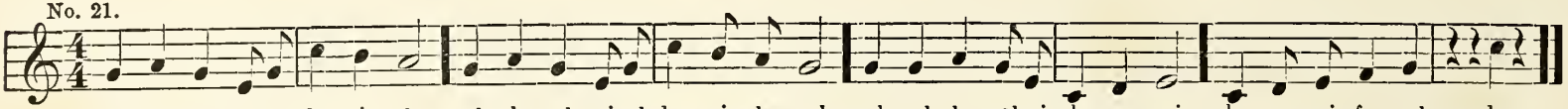
NOTE.—The author does not advise that keeping time by motions of the hand be continued longer than is absolutely necessary, to thoroughly understand the different kinds of measure. Do not beat time only when practicing the syllables.

No. 19. Quadruple Measure.

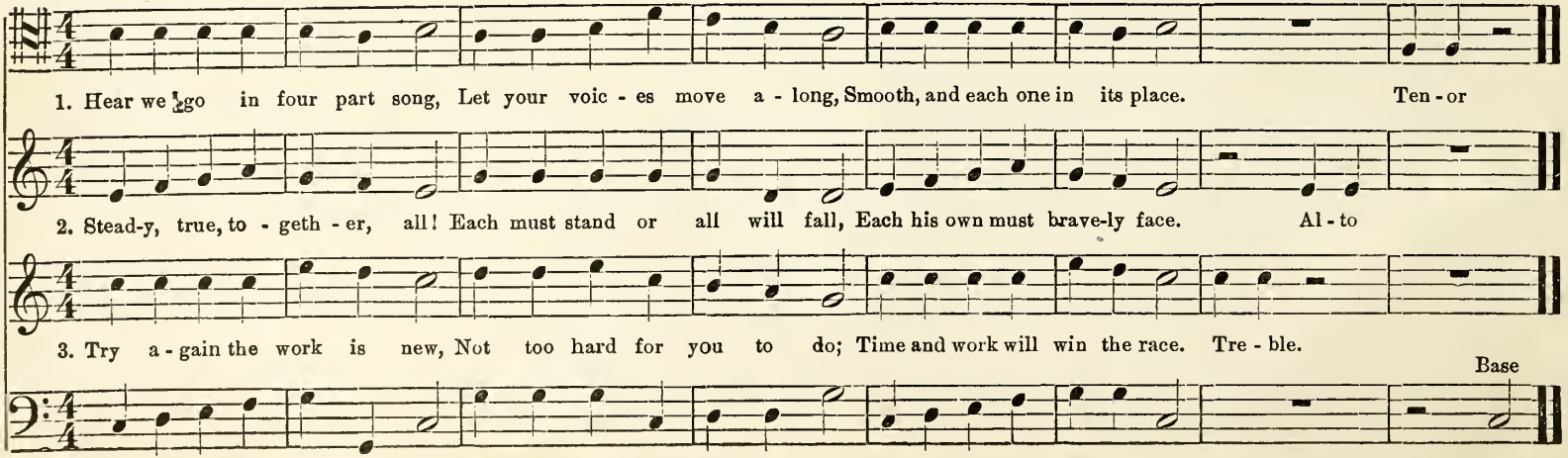
No. 20. Whole note. Whole rest.


do re mi fa fa sol la sol fa mi mi re do la sol do re mi fa sol sol sol la si do si do
All things know, all things do, And ev - er watching our foe to know, This we can con-trol, On-ward, up-ward we will go.

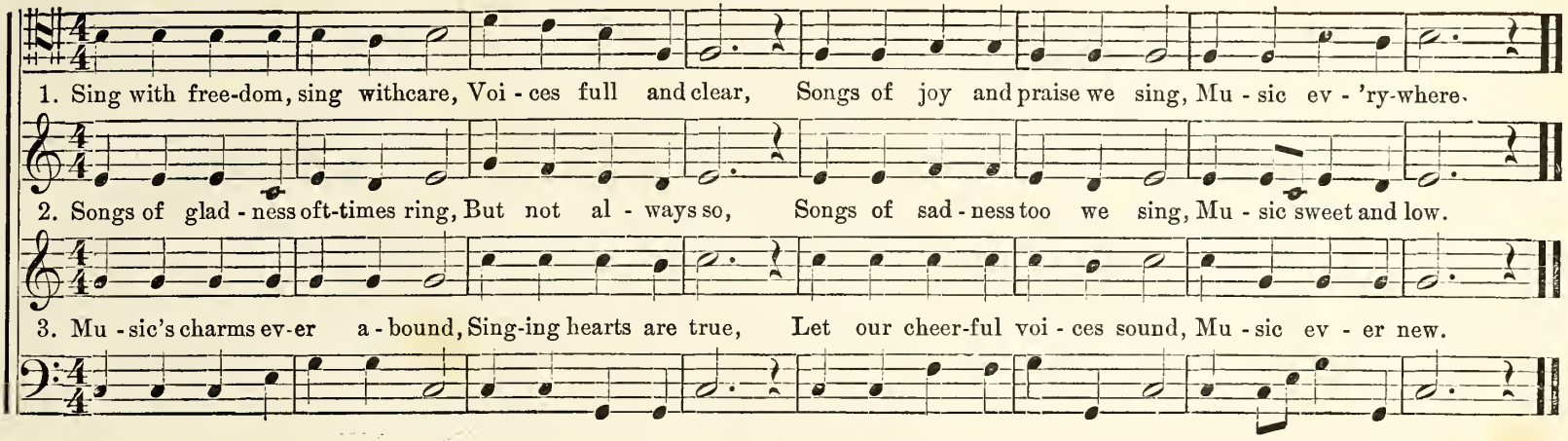
No. 21.


sol la sol mi sol do si la sol la sol mi sol do si la sol sol sol la sol mi do re mi do re mi fa sol do
Soldier's life is the life for me, In - fan - try is the choice of the troop, Such command as you soon shall hear, Read-y, take aim, now — shoot.

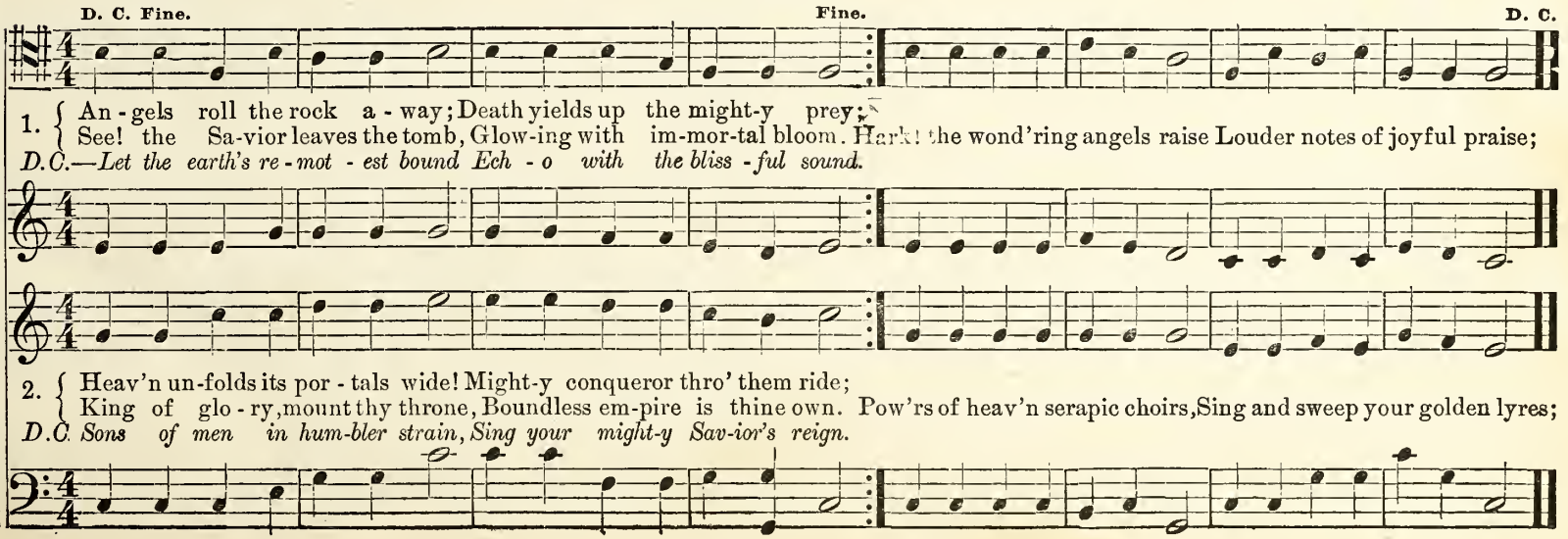
No. 22. THE REALM OF SONG.


1. Hear we go in four part song, Let your voic - es move a - long, Smooth, and each one in its place. Ten - or
2. Stead-y, true, to - geth - er, all! Each must stand or all will fall, Each his own must brave-ly face. Al - to
3. Try a - gain the work is new, Not too hard for you to do; Time and work will win the race. Tre - ble.
Base

No. 23. MUSIC EVER NEW.

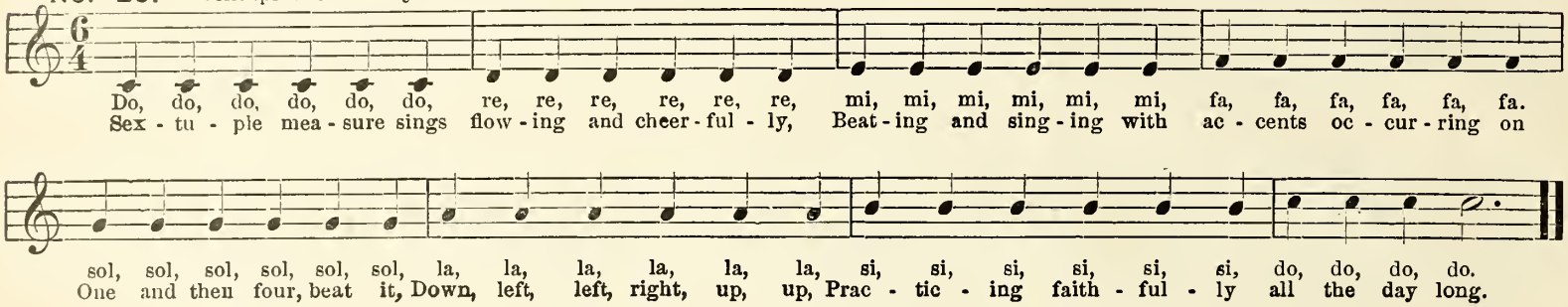

1. Sing with free-dom, sing withcare, Voi - ces full and clear, Songs of joy and praise we sing, Mu - sic ev - 'ry-where.
2. Songs of glad - ness oft-times ring, But not al - ways so, Songs of sad - ness too we sing, Mu - sic sweet and low.
3. Mu - sic's charms ev-er a - bound, Sing-ing hearts are true, Let our cheer-ful voi - ces sound, Mu - sic ev - er new.

No. 24. SMULLIN.

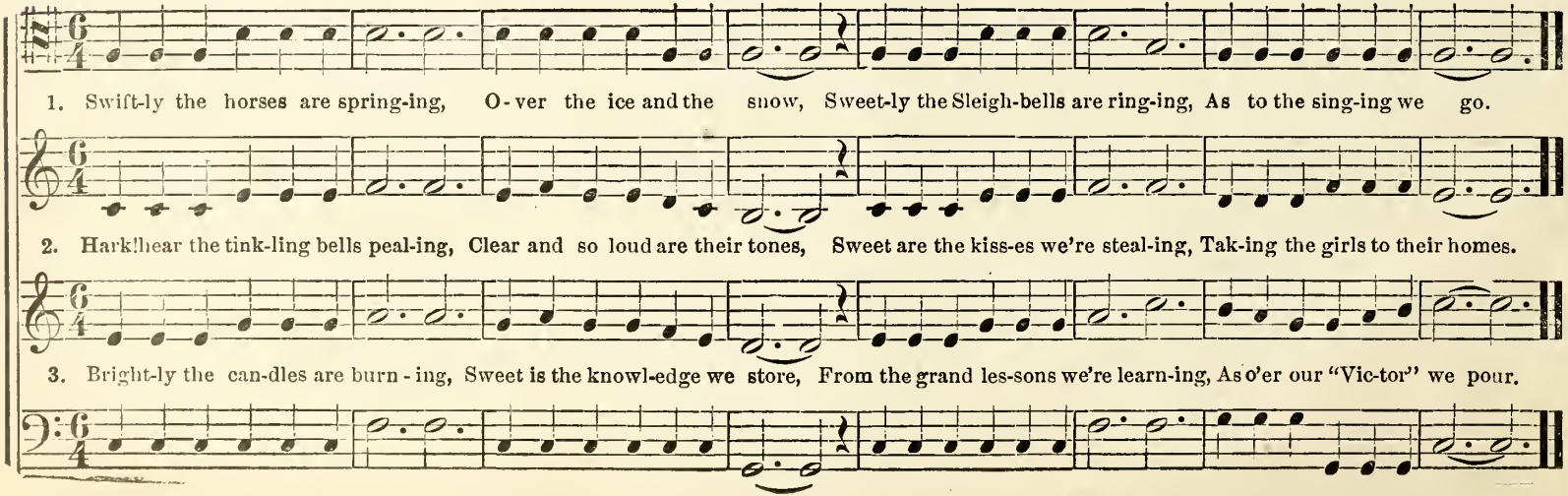

D. C. Fine.
Fine.
D. C.
1. An - gels roll the rock a - way; Death yields up the might-y prey;
See! the Sa-vior leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im-mor-tal bloom. Hark! the wond'ring angels raise Louder notes of joyful praise;
D.C.—Let the earth's re - mot - est bound Ech - o with the bliss - ful sound.
2. Heav'n un-folds its por - tals wide! Might-y conqueror thro' them ride;
King of glo - ry, mount thy throne, Boundless em-pire is thine own. Pow'rs of heav'n serapic choirs, Sing and sweep your golden lyres;
D.C. Sons of men in hum-bler strain, Sing your might-y Sav-ior's reign.

No. 25. Dotted Quarter Note and Rest.

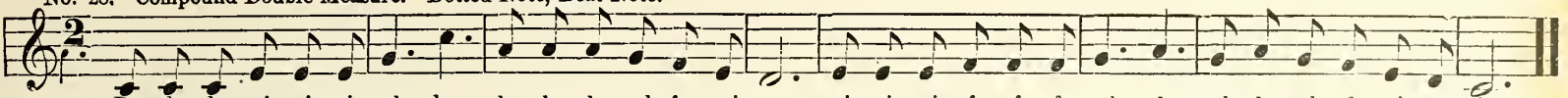
No. 26. Sextuple Measure. Quarter Note. Beat Note.

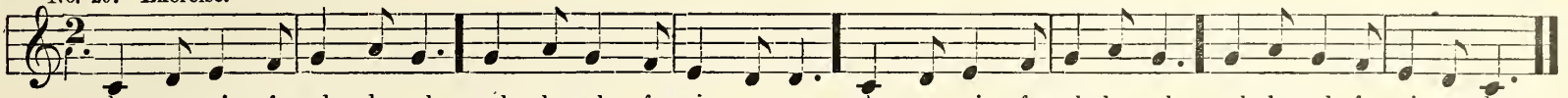

Do, do, do, do, do, do, re, re, re, re, re, re, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa, fa.
Sex - tu - ple mea - sure sings flow - ing and cheer - ful - ly, Beat - ing and sing - ing with ac - cents oc - cur - ring on
sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, la, la, la, la, la, la, si, si, si, si, si, si, do, do, do, do.
One and then four, beat it, Down, left, left, right, up, up, Prac - tic - ing faith - ful - ly all the day long.

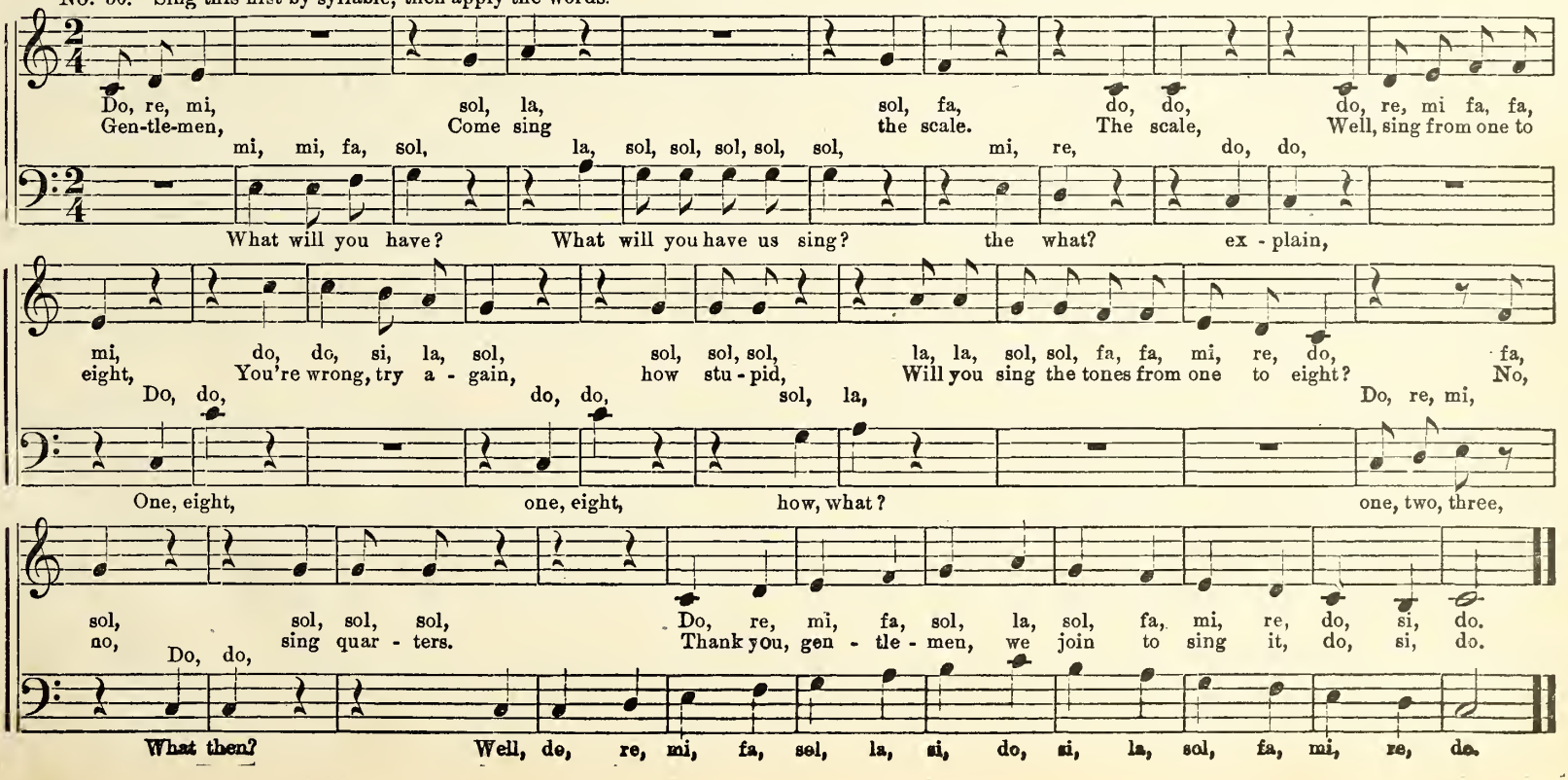
No. 27. SLEIGHING.


1. Swift-ly the horses are spring-ing, O - ver the ice and the snow, Sweet-ly the Sleigh-bells are ring-ing, As to the sing-ing we go.
2. Hark!hear the tink-ling bells peal-ing, Clear and so loud are their tones, Sweet are the kiss-es we're steal-ing, Tak-ing the girls to their homes.
3. Bright-ly the can-dles are burn - ing, Sweet is the knowl-edge we store, From the grand les-sons we're learn-ing, As o'er our "Vic-tor" we pour.

No. 28. Compound Double Measure. Dotted Note, Beat Note.

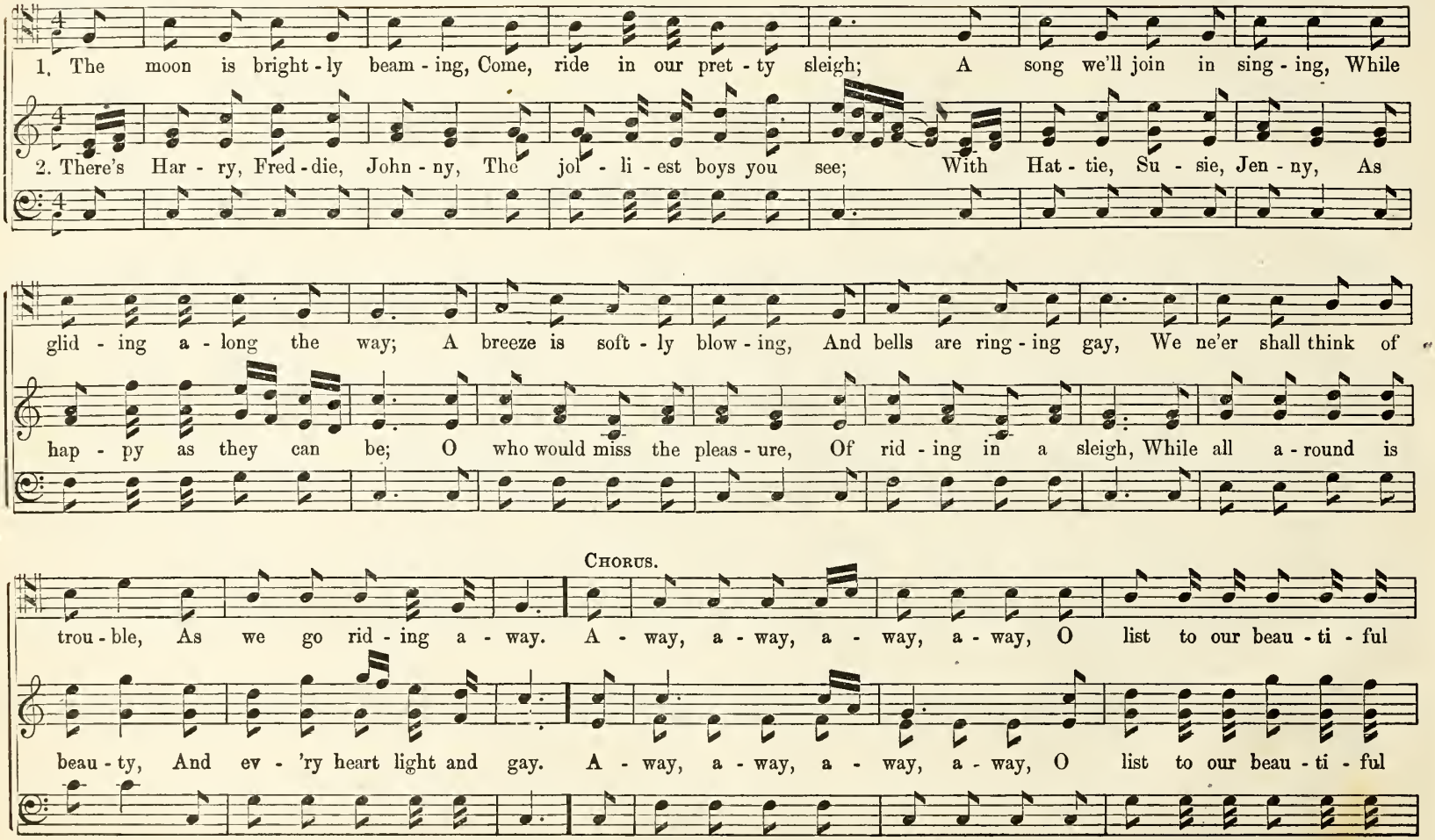

Do do do mi mi mi sol do la la la sol fa mi re mi mi mi fa fa fa sol la sol la sol fa mi re do.
Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful star - light, Glim-mer-ing bright-ly a - bove, Grand-er in beau-ty than sun-light, show-ing the depths of Gods love.

No. 29. Exercise.

do re mi fa sol la sol sol la sol fa mi re re do re mi fa sol la sol sol la sol fa mi re do.
Sum-mer days will come a-gain, With her fra-grance, fruit and flowers, Wav-ing fields of gold-en grain, Wet by dews and gen-tle showers.

No. 30. Sing this first by syllable, then apply the words.

Do, re, mi, sol, la, sol, fa, do, do, do, re, mi fa, fa,
Gen-tle-men, Come sing the scale. The scale, Well, sing from one to
mi, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, mi, re, do, do,
What will you have? What will you have us sing? the what? ex - plain,
mi, do, do, si, la, sol, sol, sol, sol, la, la, sol, sol, fa, fa, mi, re, do, fa,
eight, You're wrong, try a - gain, how stu - pid, Will you sing the tones from one to eight? No,
Do, do, do, do, sol, la, Do, re, mi,
One, eight, one, eight, how, what? one, two, three,
sol, sol, sol, sol, Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, si, do.
no, sing quar - ters. Thank you, gen - tle - men, we join to sing it, do, si, do.
Do, do,
What then? Well, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

SLEIGHING SONG.

No. 22. Eighth note beat note.


1. The moon is bright - ly beam - ing, Come, ride in our pret - ty sleigh; A song we'll join in sing - ing, While
2. There's Har - ry, Fred - die, John - ny, The jol - li - est boys you see; With Hat - tie, Su - sie, Jen - ny, As
glid - ing a - long the way; A breeze is soft - ly blow - ing, And bells are ring - ing gay, We ne'er shall think of
hap - py as they can be; O who would miss the pleas - ure, Of rid - ing in a sleigh, While all a - round is
Chorus.
trou - ble, As we go rid - ing a - way. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, O list to our beau - ti - ful
beau - ty, And ev - 'ry heart light and gay. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, O list to our beau - ti - ful

SLEIGHING SONG. Concluded.

Repeat. pp

lay; A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, As we go rid - ing a - way.

lay;..... A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, As we go rid - ing a - way.

MERRILY THE CUCKOO.

No. 23. Pause. Swell.

1. Mer - ri - ly the cuck - oo in the vale,

2. Pleas-ant - ly the sun with gold - en light,

CHORUS.

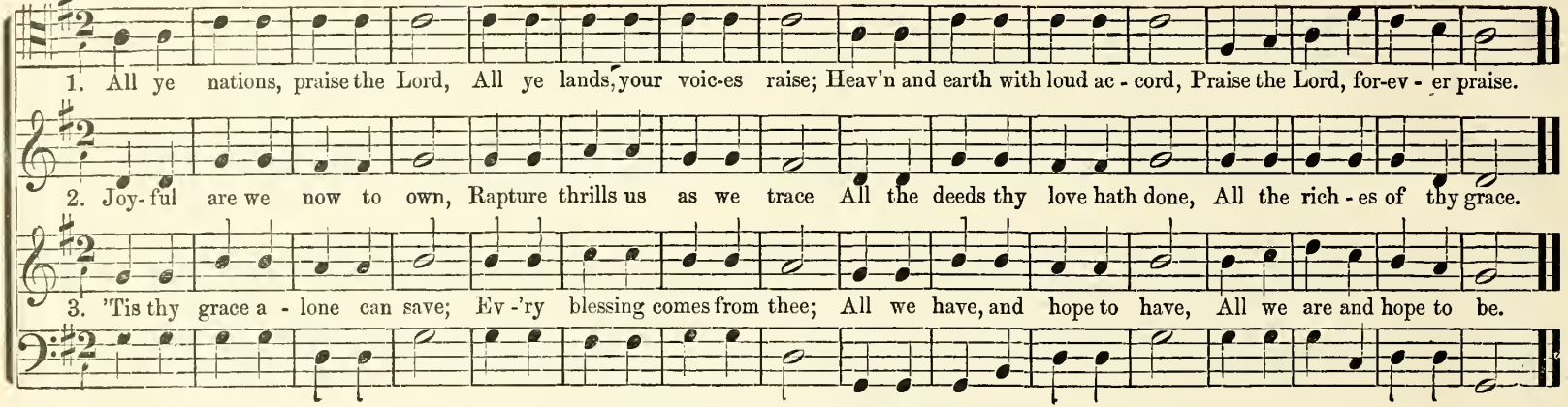
To the morn is sing - ing; Cheer - i - ly the ech - oes fai - ry tale, By sil - ver fount is ring - ing. A - way! a - way! with

Wakes the earth to glad - ness; Hap - pi - ly we roam till dew - y night, With-out a thought of sad - ness. A - way! a - way! with

footsteps free, We'll chase the shad-ows o'er the lea; Mer - ri - ly we go, (yes) mer - ri - ly we go, (for) None so gay as we.

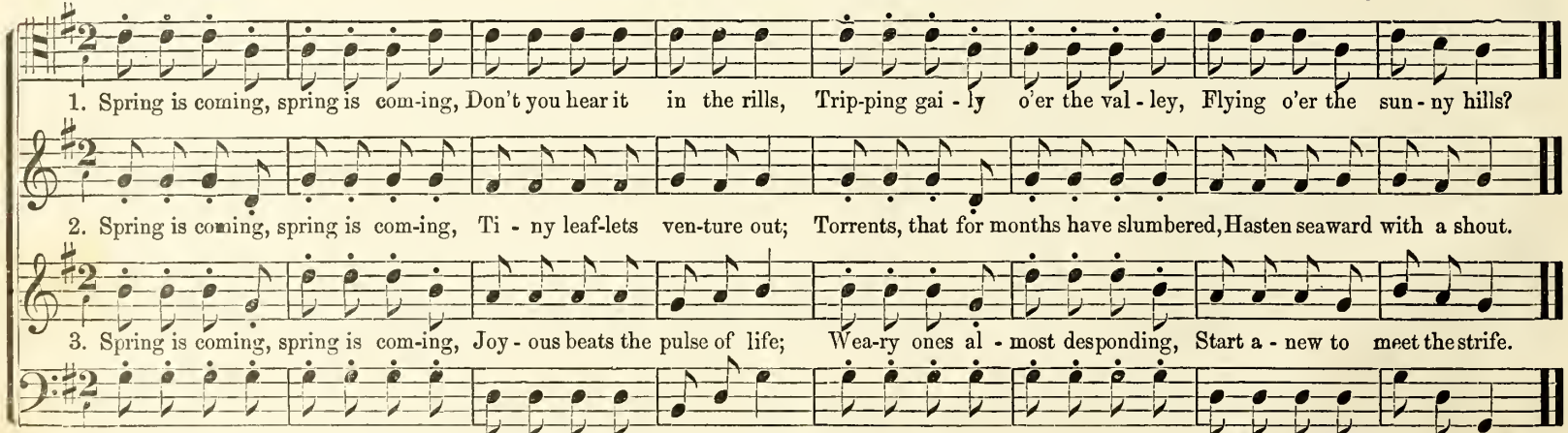
footsteps free, We'll chase the shad-ows o'er the lea; Mer - ri - ly we go, (yes) mer - ri - ly we go, (for) None so gay as we.

PRAISE.

No. 24. Key of G Major, Signature F sharp.

1. All ye nations, praise the Lord, All ye lands, your voic-es raise; Heav'n and earth with loud ac - cord, Praise the Lord, for-ev - er praise.
2. Joy- ful are we now to own, Rapture thrills us as we trace All the deeds thy love hath done, All the rich - es of thy grace.
3. 'Tis thy grace a - lone can save; Ev -'ry blessing comes from thee; All we have, and hope to have, All we are and hope to be.

SPRING IS COMING.

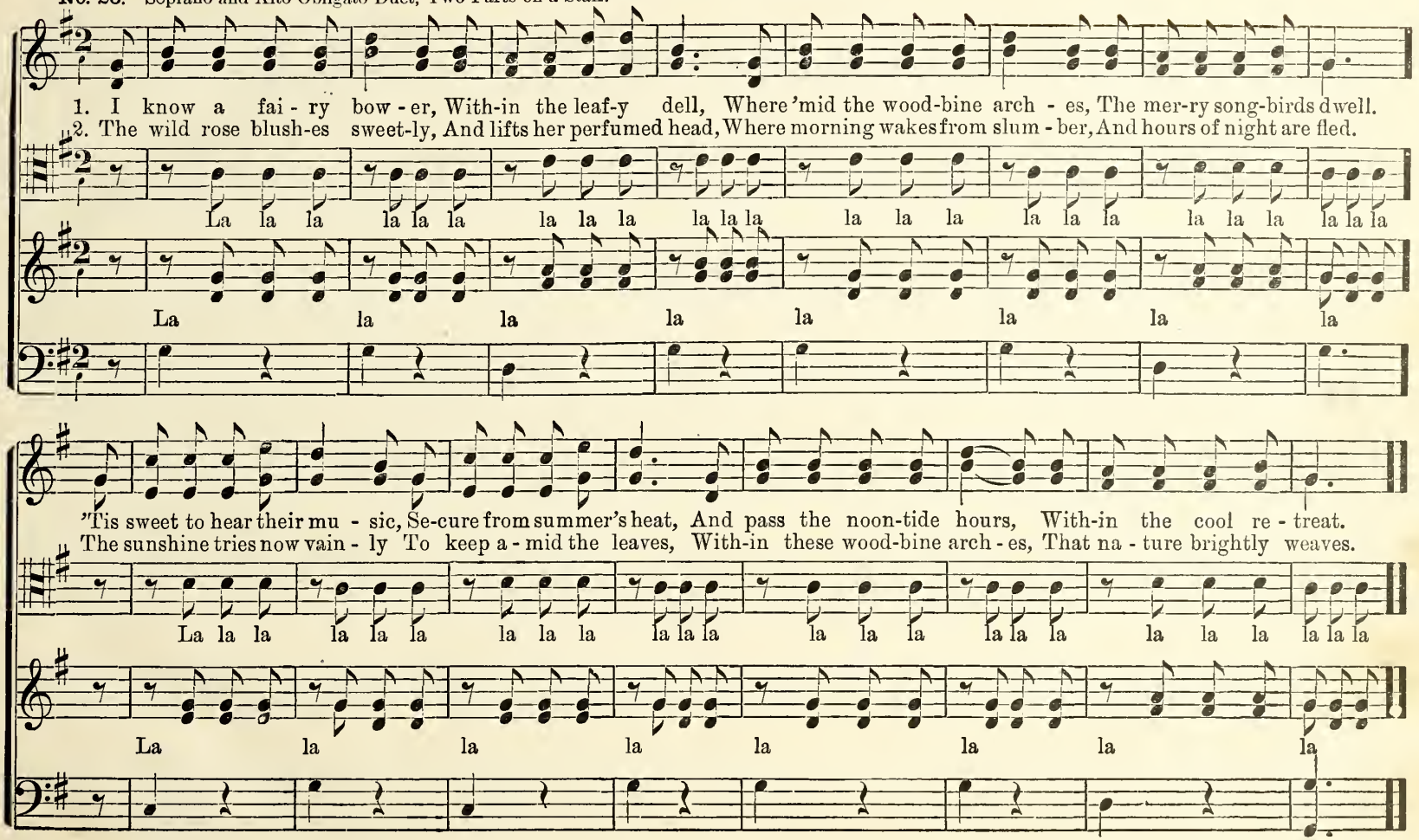
No. 25. Marcato.


1. Spring is coming, spring is com-ing, Don't you hear it in the rills, Trip-ping gai - ly o'er the val - ley, Flying o'er the sun - ny hills?
2. Spring is coming, spring is com-ing, Ti - ny leaf-lets ven-ture out; Torrents, that for months have slumbered, Hasten seaward with a shout.
3. Spring is coming, spring is com-ing, Joy - ous beats the pulse of life; Wea-ry ones al - most desponding, Start a - new to meet the strife.

NOTE.—In introducing the new keys, we leave the teacher in freedom to use his own method, as no *one* person could give a rule that *all* might use successfully; therefore we furnish plain, practical exercises in all keys, leaving the teacher to use them as may seem best.—J. F. K.

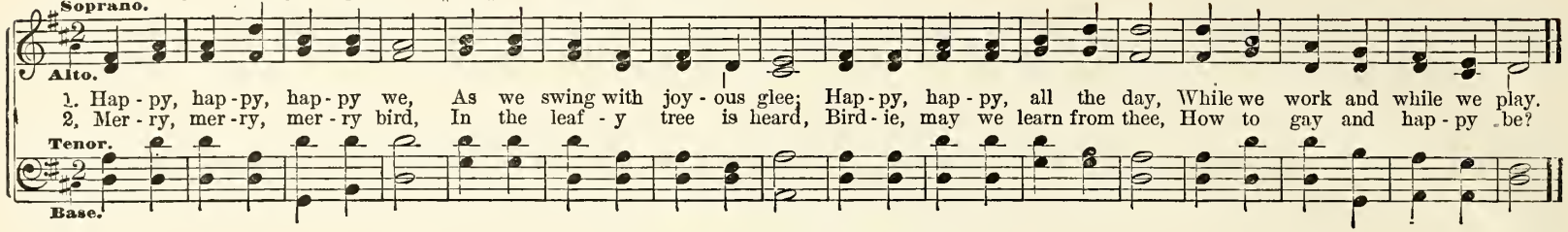
FAIRY BOWER.

No. 26. Soprano and Alto Obligato Duet, Two Parts on a Staff.

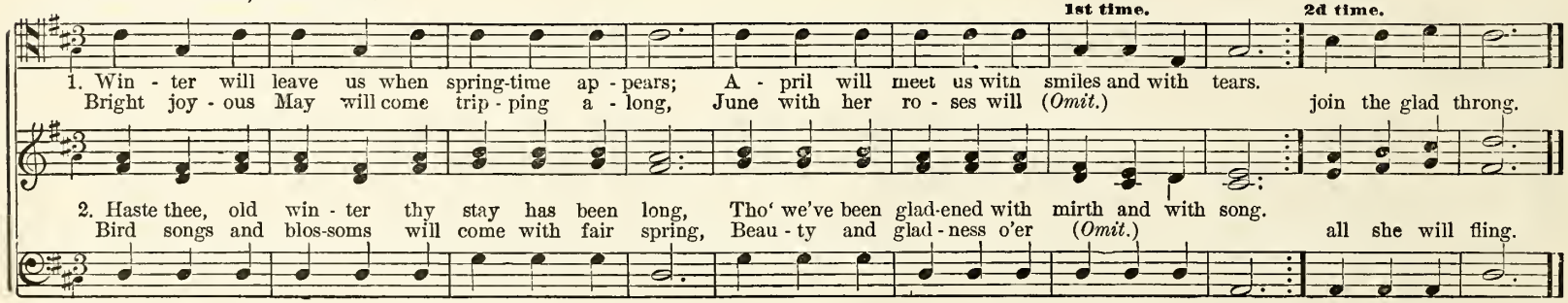

1. I know a fai - ry bow - er, With-in the leaf-y dell, Where 'mid the wood-bine arch - es, The mer-ry song-birds dwell.
2. The wild rose blush-es sweet-ly, And lifts her perfumed head, Where morning wakes from slum - ber, And hours of night are fled.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
'Tis sweet to hear their mu - sic, Se-cure from summer's heat, And pass the noon-tide hours, With-in the cool re - treat.
The sunshine tries now vain - ly To keep a - mid the leaves, With-in these wood-bine arch - es, That na - ture brightly weaves.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la

HAPPY WE.

No. 27. Key of D, Major, Signature F ♯, C ♯. Two parts on each Staff,

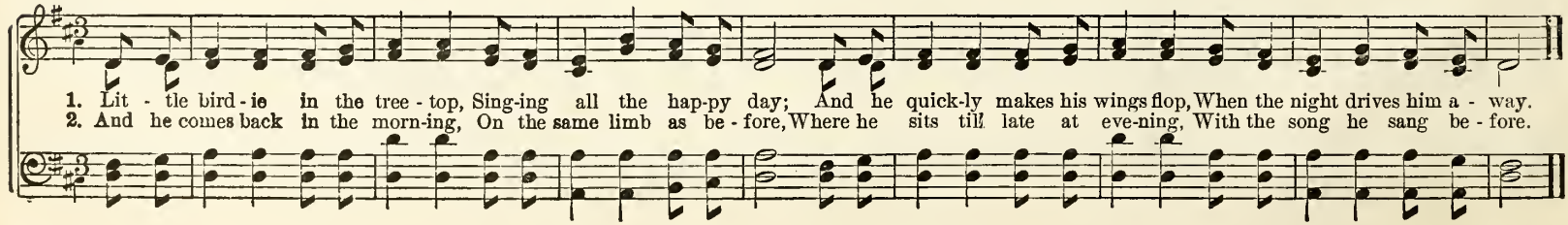

Soprano.
Alto.
1. Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we, As we swing with joy - ous glee; Hap - py, hap - py, all the day, While we work and while we play.
2. Mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry bird, In the leaf - y tree is heard, Bird - ie, may we learn from thee, How to gay and hap - py be?
Tenor.
Base.

HASTE THE SPRING.

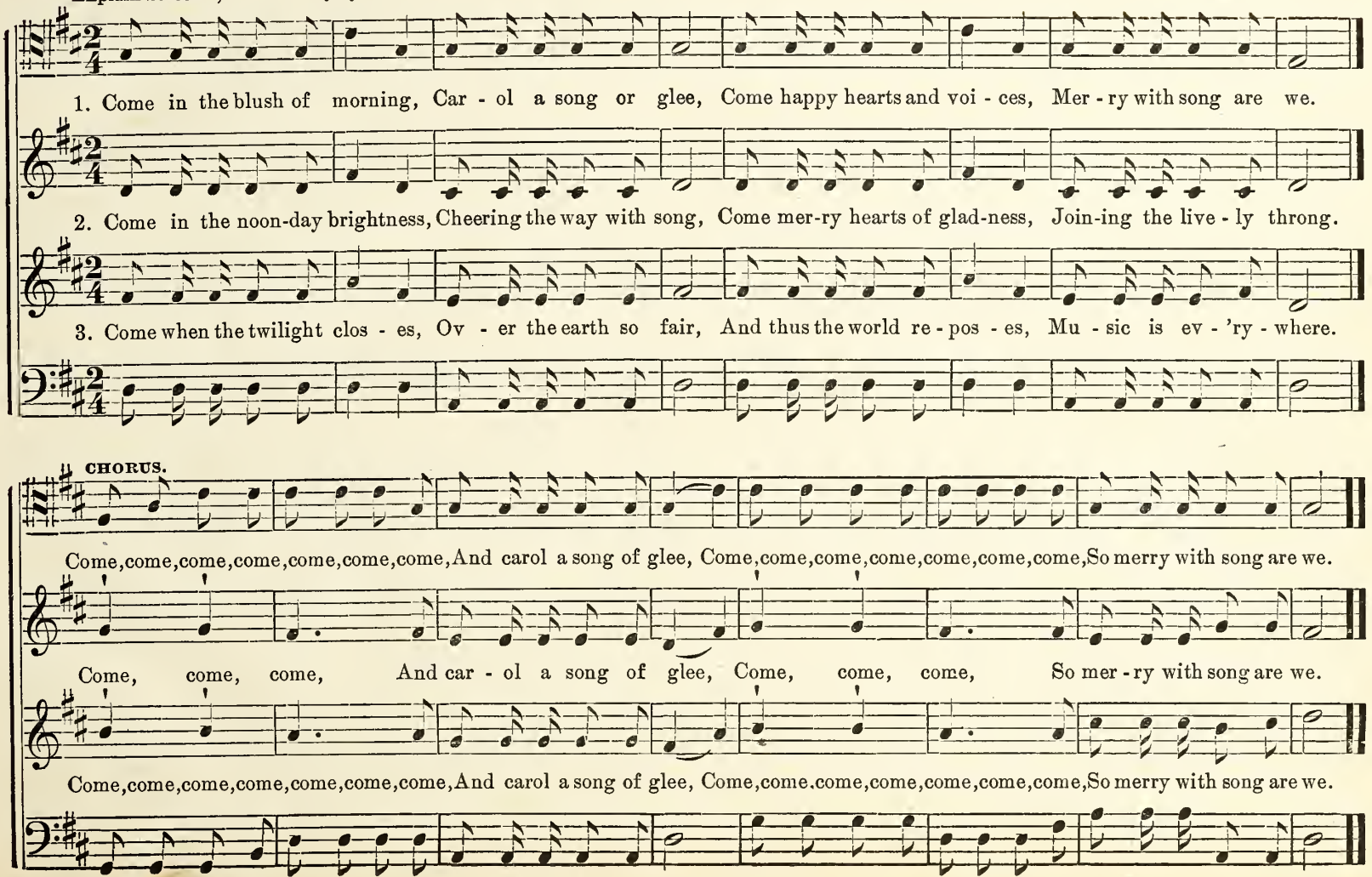
No. 28. First time, Second time.

1st time.
2d time.
1. Win - ter will leave us when spring-time ap - pears; A - pril will meet us with smiles and with tears.
Bright joy - ous May will come trip - ping a - long, June with her ro - ses will (Omit.) join the glad throng.
2. Haste thee, old win - ter thy stay has been long, Tho' we've been glad-ened with mirth and with song.
Bird songs and blos-soms will come with fair spring, Beau - ty and glad - ness o'er (Omit.) all she will fling.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

No. 29.

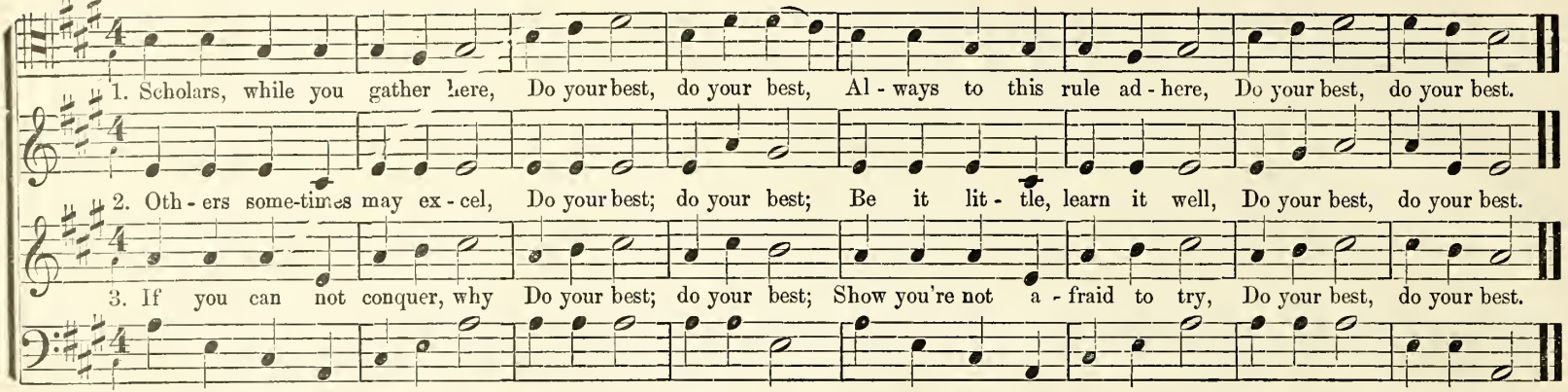

1. Lit - tle bird - ie in the tree - top, Sing-ing all the hap-py day; And he quick-ly makes his wings flop, When the night drives him a - way.
2. And he comes back in the morn-ing, On the same limb as be - fore, Where he sits till late at eve-ning, With the song he sang be - fore.

No. 37. COME, CAROL A SONG.

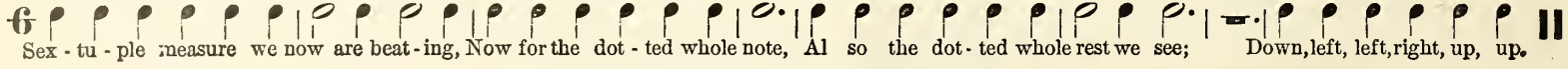
Explain Staccato, Practice by syllable.

1. Come in the blush of morning, Car - ol a song or glee, Come happy hearts and voi - ces, Mer - ry with song are we.
2. Come in the noon-day brightness, Cheering the way with song, Come mer-ry hearts of glad-ness, Join-ing the live - ly throng.
3. Come when the twilight clos - es, Ov - er the earth so fair, And thus the world re - pos - es, Mu - sic is ev - 'ry - where.
CHORUS.
Come,come,come,come,come,come,come,And carol a song of glee, Come,come,come,come,come,come,come,So merry with song are we.
Come, come, come, And car - ol a song of glee, Come, come, come, So mer - ry with song are we.
Come,come,come,come,come,come,come,And carol a song of glee, Come,come.come,come,come,come,come,So merry with song are we.

No. 31. Key of A Major, Signature, F♯, C♯, G♯.

DO YOUR BEST.

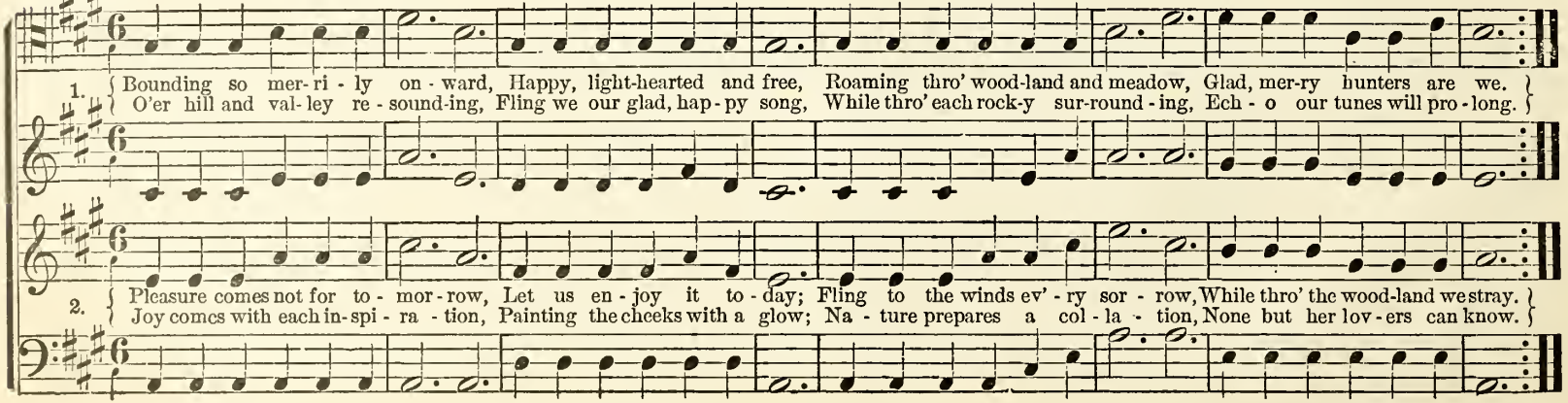

1. Scholars, while you gather here, Do your best, do your best, Al - ways to this rule ad - here, Do your best, do your best.
2. Oth - ers some-times may ex - cel, Do your best; do your best; Be it lit - tle, learn it well, Do your best, do your best.
3. If you can not conquer, why Do your best; do your best; Show you're not a - fraid to try, Do your best, do your best.

No. 32. Sextuple Measure, Dotted Whole Notes, and Dotted Whole Rests.

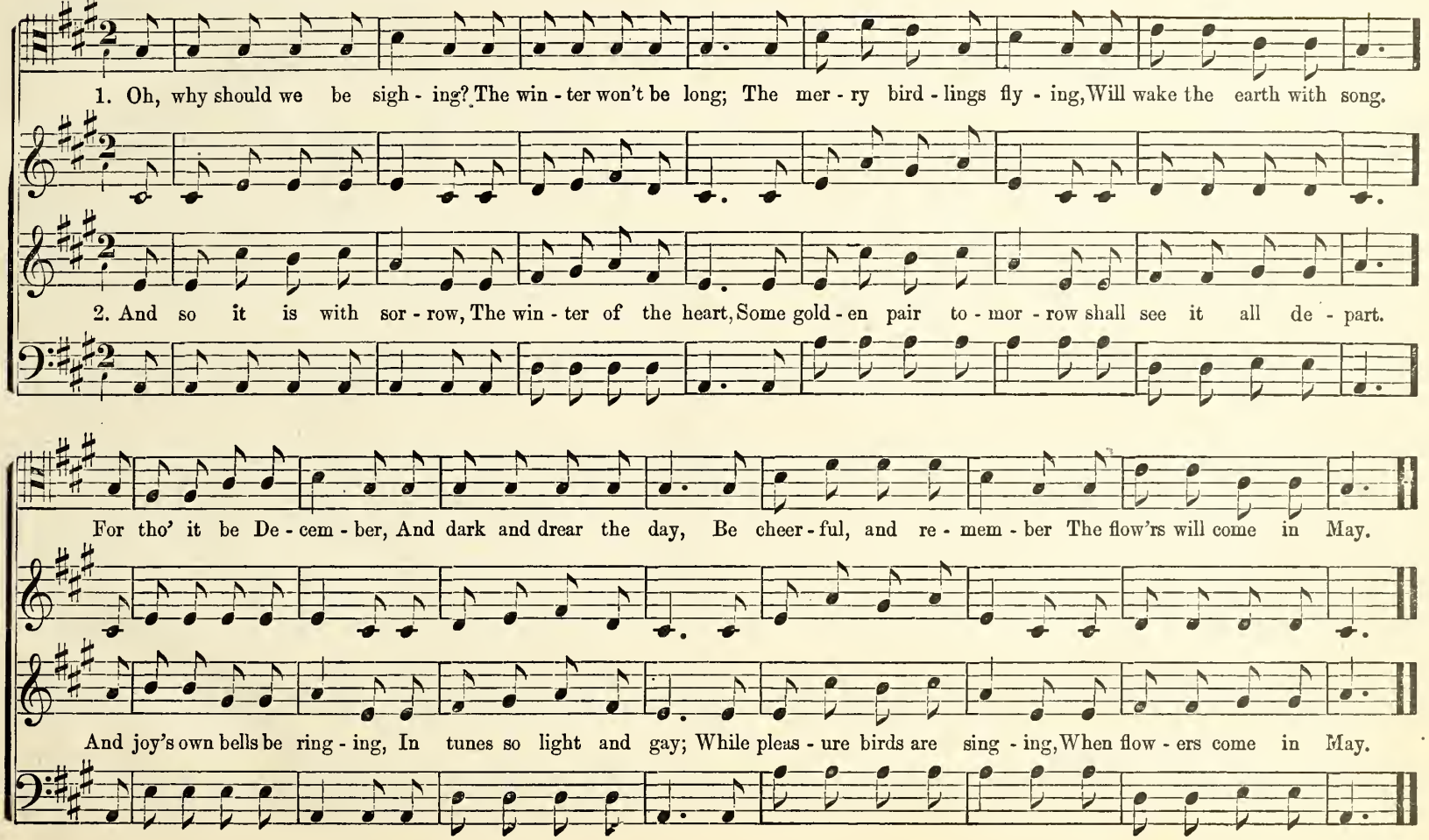

Sex - tu - ple measure we now are beat - ing, Now for the dot - ted whole note, Al so the dot - ted whole rest we see; Down, left, left, right, up, up.

No. 33.

THE MERRY HUNTERS.

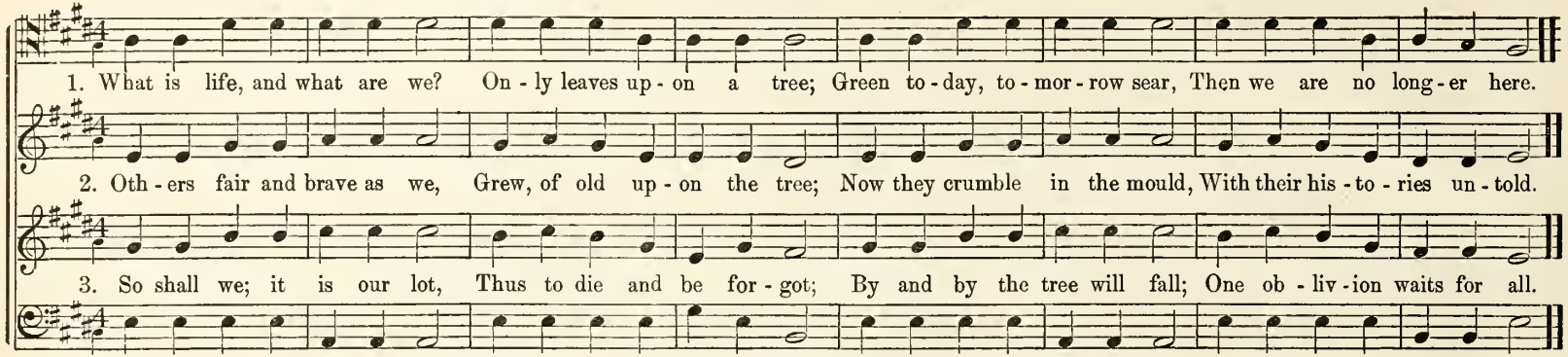

1. Bounding so mer-ri - ly on - ward, Happy, light-hearted and free, Roaming thro' wood-land and meadow, Glad, mer-ry hunters are we.
O'er hill and val - ley re - sound-ing, Fling we our glad, hap - py song, While thro' each rock-y sur-round - ing, Ech - o our tunes will pro - long.
2. Pleasure comes not for to - mor - row, Let us en - joy it to - day; Fling to the winds ev' - ry sor - row, While thro' the wood-land we stray.
Joy comes with each in-spi - ra - tion, Painting the cheeks with a glow; Na - ture prepares a col - la - tion, None but her lov - ers can know.

THE FLOWERS WILL COME IN MAY.

No. 34. Beginning on last half of rising beat.

1. Oh, why should we be sigh - ing? The win - ter won't be long; The mer - ry bird - lings fly - ing, Will wake the earth with song.
2. And so it is with sor - row, The win - ter of the heart, Some gold - en pair to - mor - row shall see it all de - part.
For tho' it be De - cem - ber, And dark and drear the day, Be cheer - ful, and re - mem - ber The flow'rs will come in May.
And joy's own bells be ring - ing, In tunes so light and gay; While pleas - ure birds are sing - ing, When flow - ers come in May.

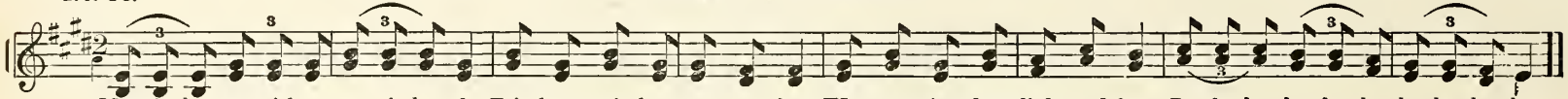
No. 35. Key of E. Signature, F♯ C♯ G♯ D♯.

ONLY LEAVES.

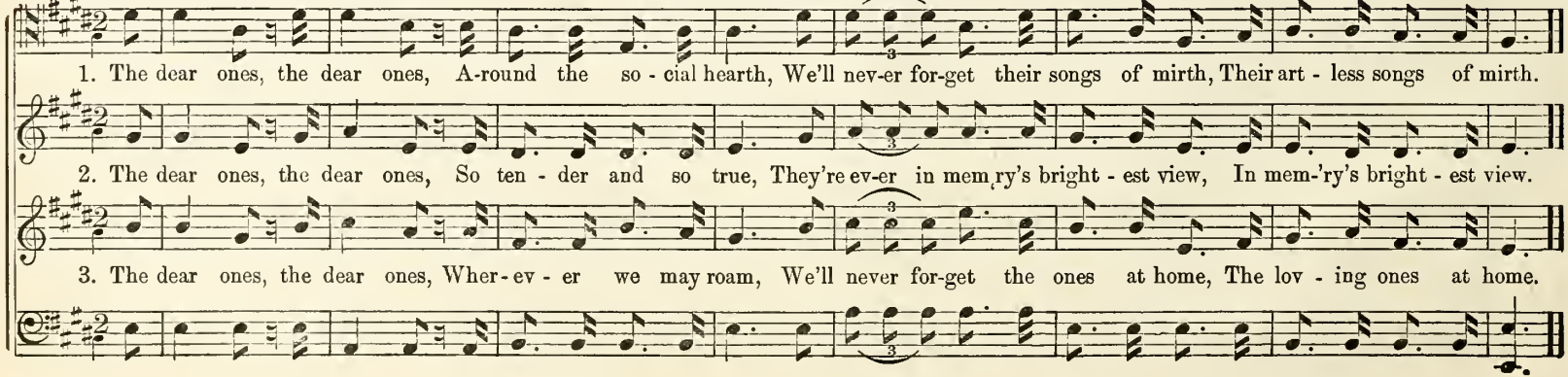

1. What is life, and what are we? On - ly leaves up - on a tree; Green to - day, to - mor - row sear, Then we are no long - er here.
2. Oth - ers fair and brave as we, Grew, of old up - on the tree; Now they crumble in the mould, With their his - to - ries un - told.
3. So shall we; it is our lot, Thus to die and be for - got; By and by the tree will fall; One ob - liv - ion waits for all.

No. 36.

TRIPLET SONG.

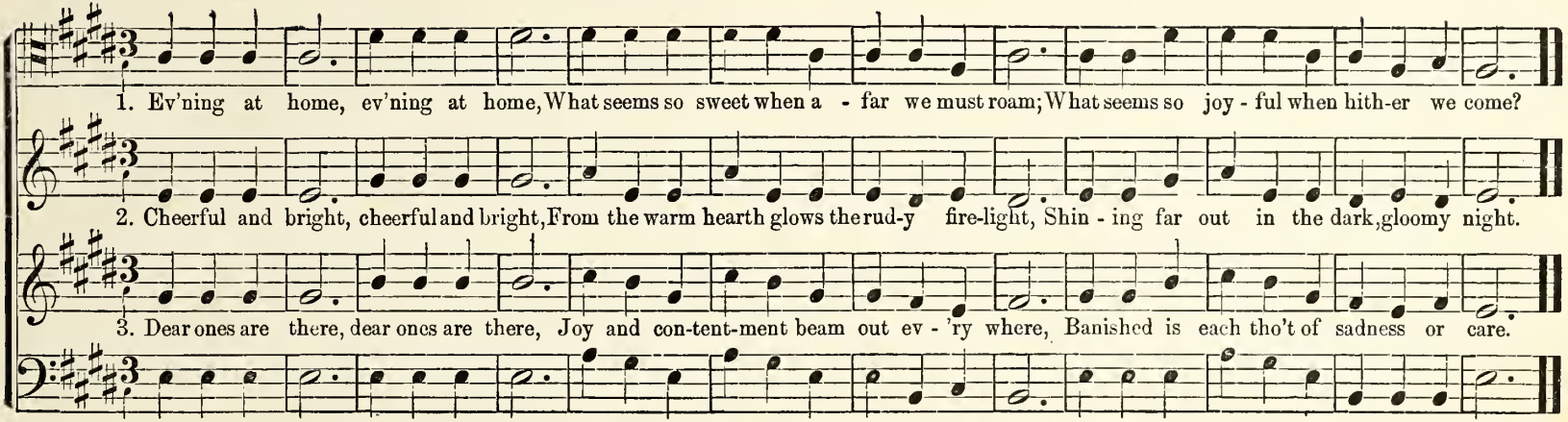


No. 37. Sixteenth Rests, with Triplets.

THE DEAR ONES.

1. The dear ones, the dear ones, A-round the so - cial hearth, We'll nev-er for-get their songs of mirth, Their art - less songs of mirth.
2. The dear ones, the dear ones, So ten - der and so true, They're ev-er in mem'ry's bright - est view, In mem-'ry's bright - est view.
3. The dear ones, the dear ones, Wher - ev - er we may roam, We'll never for-get the ones at home, The lov - ing ones at home.

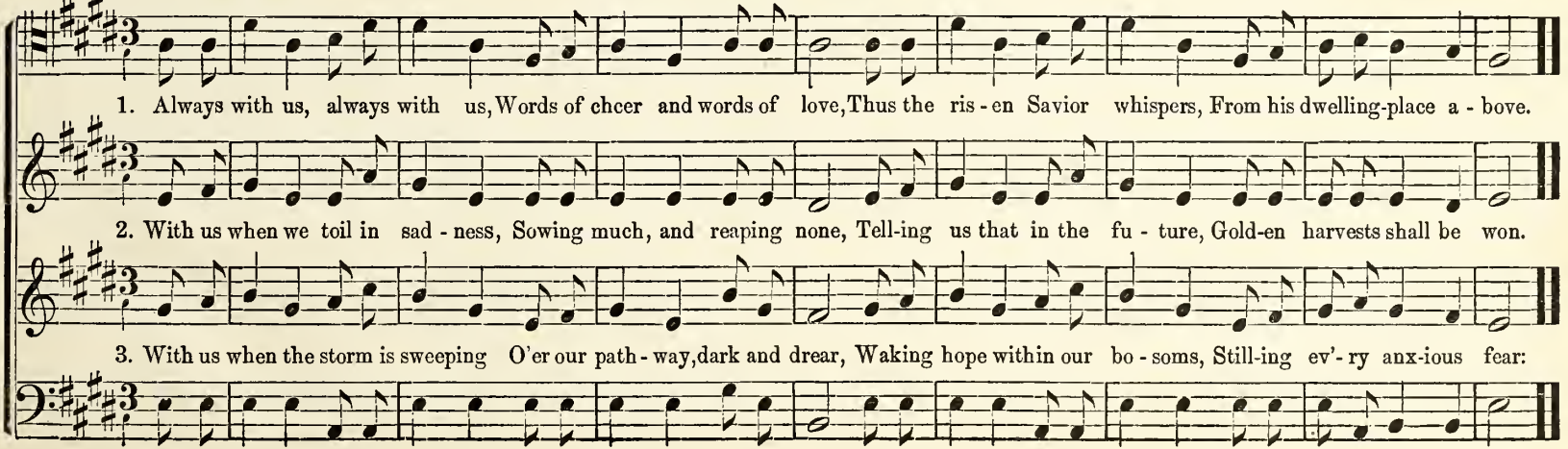
EVENING AT HOME.

No. 38.


1. Ev'ning at home, ev'ning at home, What seems so sweet when a - far we must roam; What seems so joy - ful when hith-er we come?
2. Cheerful and bright, cheerful and bright, From the warm hearth glows the rud-y fire-light, Shin - ing far out in the dark, gloomy night.
3. Dear ones are there, dear ones are there, Joy and con-tent-ment beam out ev - 'ry where, Banished is each tho't of sadness or care.

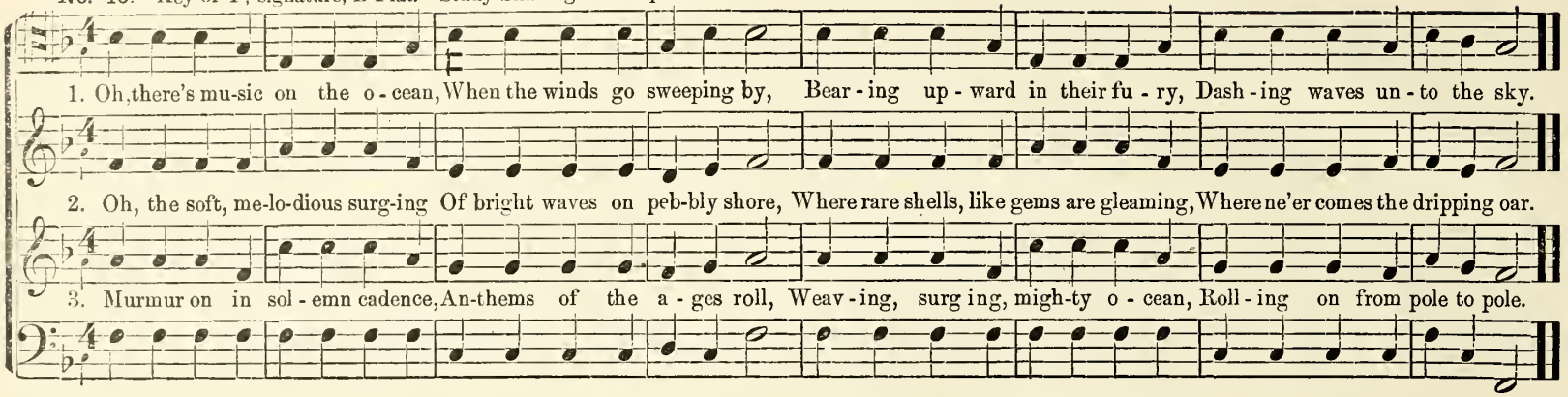
ALWAYS WITH US.

No. 39. *Moderato.*


1. Always with us, always with us, Words of cheer and words of love, Thus the ris - en Savior whispers, From his dwelling-place a - bove.
2. With us when we toil in sad - ness, Sowing much, and reaping none, Tell-ing us that in the fu - ture, Gold-en harvests shall be won.
3. With us when the storm is sweeping O'er our path - way, dark and drear, Waking hope within our bo - soms, Still-ing ev'- ry anx-ious fear:

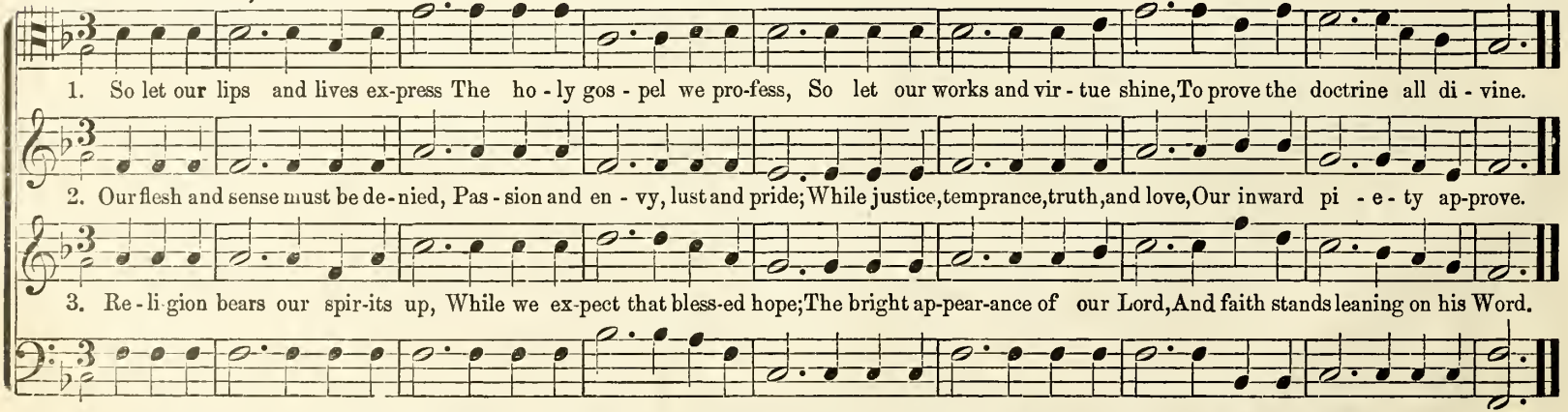
OH THERE'S MUSIC.

No. 40. Key of F, signature, B Flat. Study Shading and Expression.


1. Oh, there's mu-sic on the o-cean, When the winds go sweeping by, Bear-ing up-ward in their fu-ry, Dash-ing waves un-to the sky.
2. Oh, the soft, me-lo-dious surg-ing Of bright waves on peb-bly shore, Where rare shells, like gems are gleaming, Where ne'er comes the dripping oar.
3. Murmur on in sol-emn cadence, An-thems of the a-ges roll, Weav-ing, surg ing, migh-ty o-cean, Roll-ing on from pole to pole.

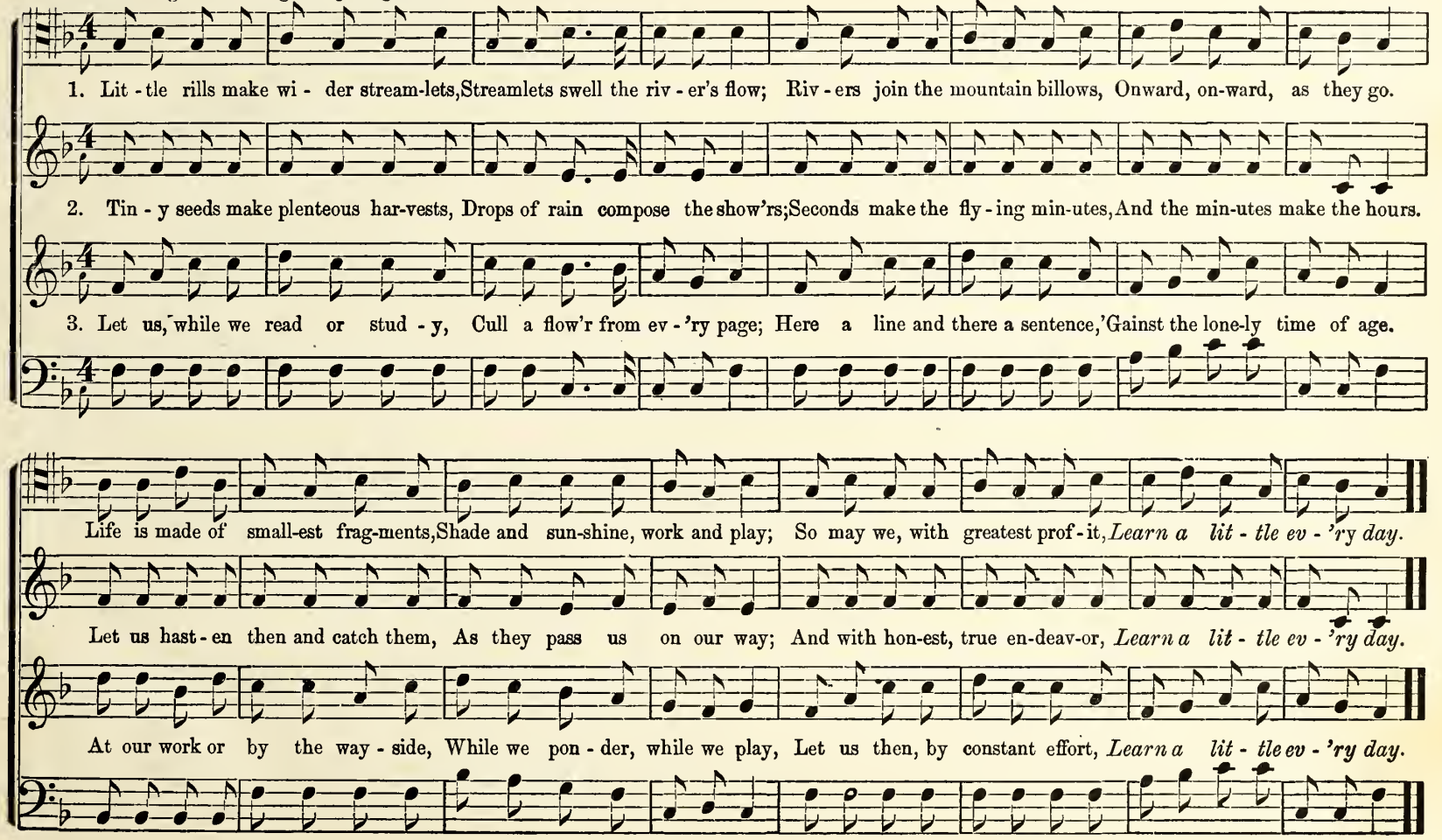
SPURGEON. L. M.

No. 41. Half Note, Beat Note.


1. So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho-ly gos-pel we pro-fess, So let our works and vir-tue shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
2. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pas-sion and en-vy, lust and pride; While justice, temprance, truth, and love, Our inward pi-e-ty ap-prove.
3. Re-li-gion bears our spir-its up, While we ex-pect that bless-ed hope; The bright ap-pear-ance of our Lord, And faith stands leaning on his Word.

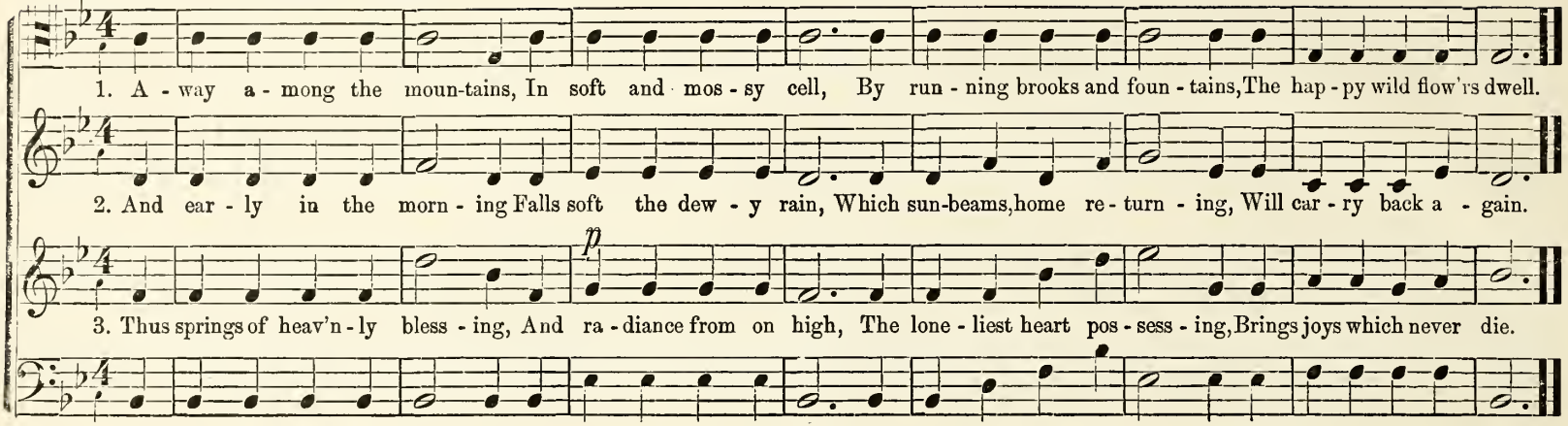
NOTE.—At this stage of progress the teacher should for the first time use the word *transposition*, and, explain to the class the transposition by fifths through the sharps (which they have been doing,) and the transposition which now comes by fourths through the flats, never confuse the minds of pupils with high-sounding words.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY

No. 42. A good rote song for opening school.

1. Lit - tle rills make wi - der stream-lets, Streamlets swell the riv - er's flow; Riv - ers join the mountain billows, Onward, on-ward, as they go.
2. Tin - y seeds make plenteous har-vests, Drops of rain compose the show'rs; Seconds make the fly - ing min-utes, And the min-utes make the hours.
3. Let us, while we read or stud - y, Cull a flow'r from ev - 'ry page; Here a line and there a sentence, 'Gainst the lone-ly time of age.
Life is made of small-est frag-ments, Shade and sun-shine, work and play; So may we, with greatest prof - it, *Learn a lit - tle ev - 'ry day.*
Let us hast - en then and catch them, As they pass us on our way; And with hon-est, true en-deav-or, *Learn a lit - tle ev - 'ry day.*
At our work or by the way - side, While we pon - der, while we play, Let us then, by constant effort, *Learn a lit - tle ev - 'ry day.*

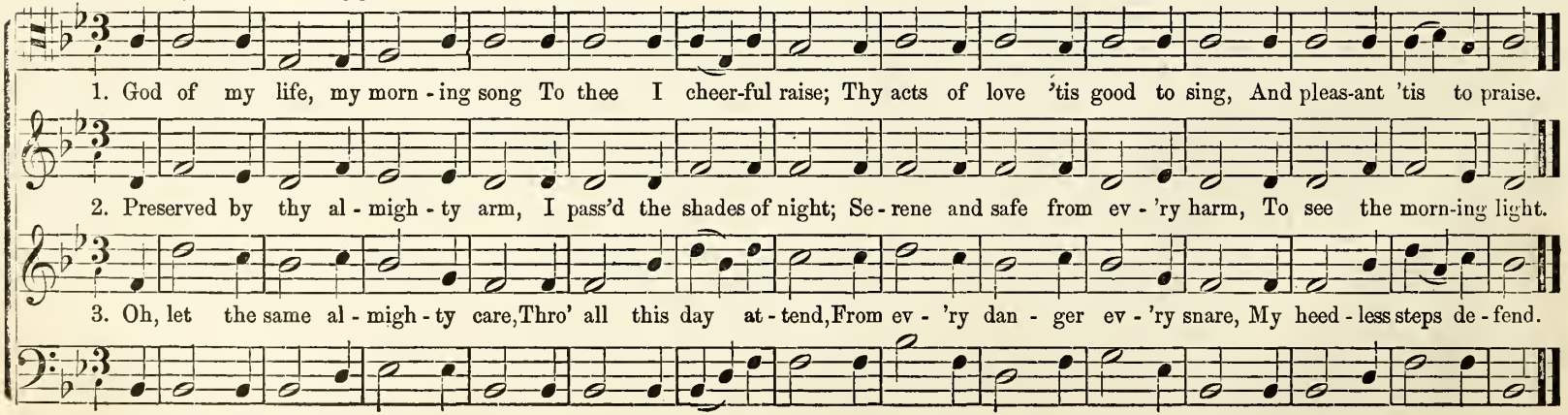
MOUNTAIN SONG.

No. 43. Key of B♭, Signature B♭, E♭.

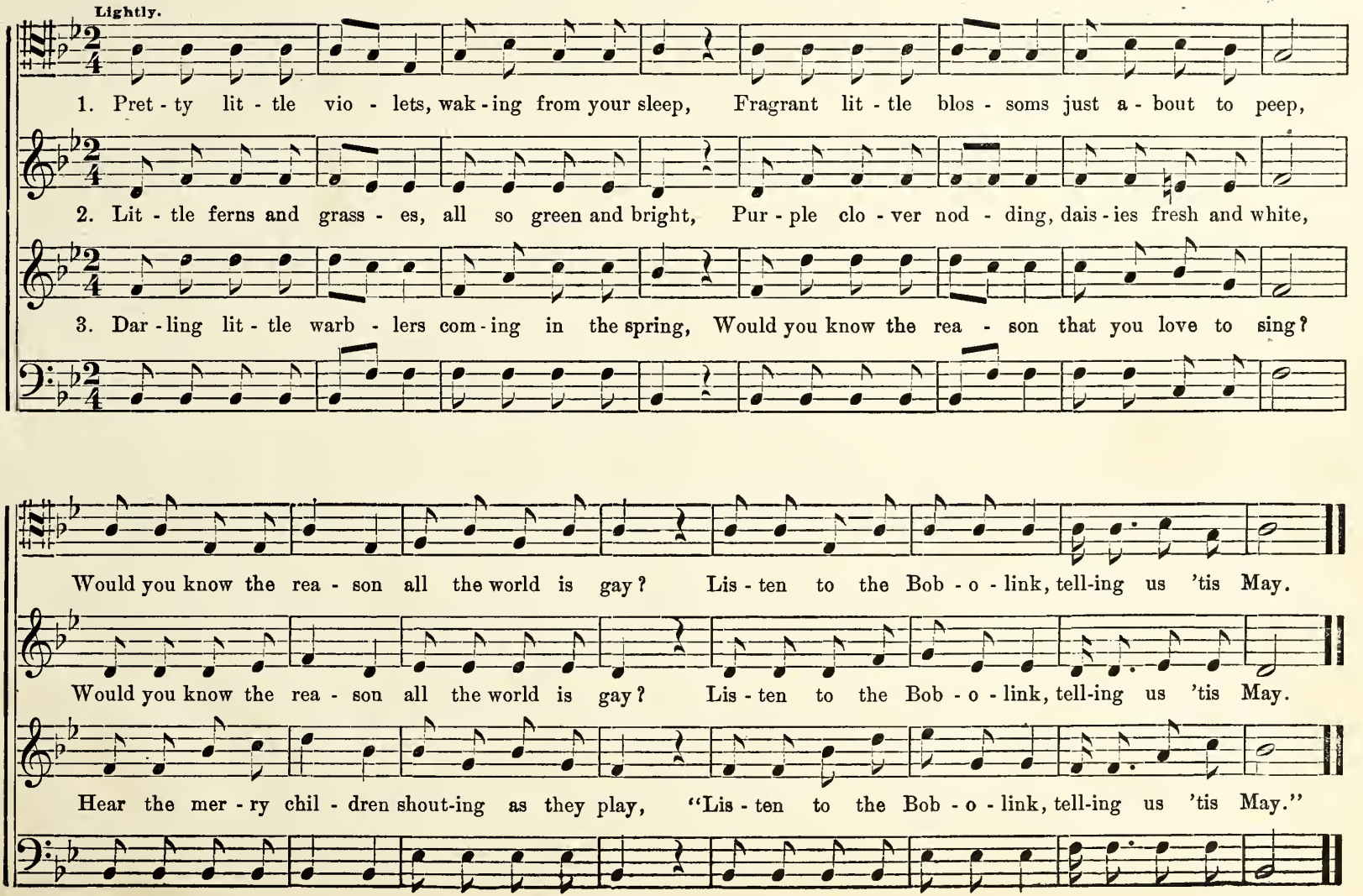

1. A - way a - mong the moun-tains, In soft and mos - sy cell, By run - ning brooks and foun - tains, The hap - py wild flow'rs dwell.
2. And ear - ly in the morn - ing Falls soft the dew - y rain, Which sun-beams, home re - turn - ing, Will car - ry back a - gain.
p
3. Thus springs of heav'n - ly bless - ing, And ra - diance from on high, The lone - liest heart pos - sess - ing, Brings joys which never die.

MORNING HYMN.

No. 44. Legato, Sustain every part.


1. God of my life, my morn - ing song To thee I cheer-ful raise; Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing, And pleas-ant 'tis to praise.
2. Preserved by thy al - migh - ty arm, I pass'd the shades of night; Se - rene and safe from ev - 'ry harm, To see the morn-ing light.
3. Oh, let the same al - migh - ty care, Thro' all this day at - tend, From ev - 'ry dan - ger ev - 'ry snare, My heed - less steps de - fend.

No. 48. BOB-O-LINK SONG.


Lightly.
1. Pret - ty lit - tle vio - lets, wak - ing from your sleep, Fragrant lit - tle blos - soms just a - bout to peep,
2. Lit - tle ferns and grass - es, all so green and bright, Pur - ple clo - ver nod - ding, dais - ies fresh and white,
3. Dar - ling lit - tle warb - lers com - ing in the spring, Would you know the rea - son that you love to sing?
Would you know the rea - son all the world is gay? Lis - ten to the Bob - o - link, tell-ing us 'tis May.
Would you know the rea - son all the world is gay? Lis - ten to the Bob - o - link, tell-ing us 'tis May.
Hear the mer - ry chil - dren shout-ing as they play, "Lis - ten to the Bob - o - link, tell-ing us 'tis May."

No. 49 GOOD NIGHT.

B♭, E♭, A♭, Key of E♭. Two parts on one staff. Explain Ritard.

ARRANGED.

1. How sweet the hap - py eve - ning close, 'Tis the hour of sweet re-pose, Good night, The summer winds have sunk to rest, The moon se - rene - ly, bright un - folds her calm and gen - tle ray, Soft - ly now she seems to say, Good night.
2. These tran- quil hours of social mirth, Form the dearest link of earth, Good night, And while each hand is kindly press'd; O, may my prayers to heaven, with hum - ble hon - or be addressed, For its bless - ings on our rest, Good night.

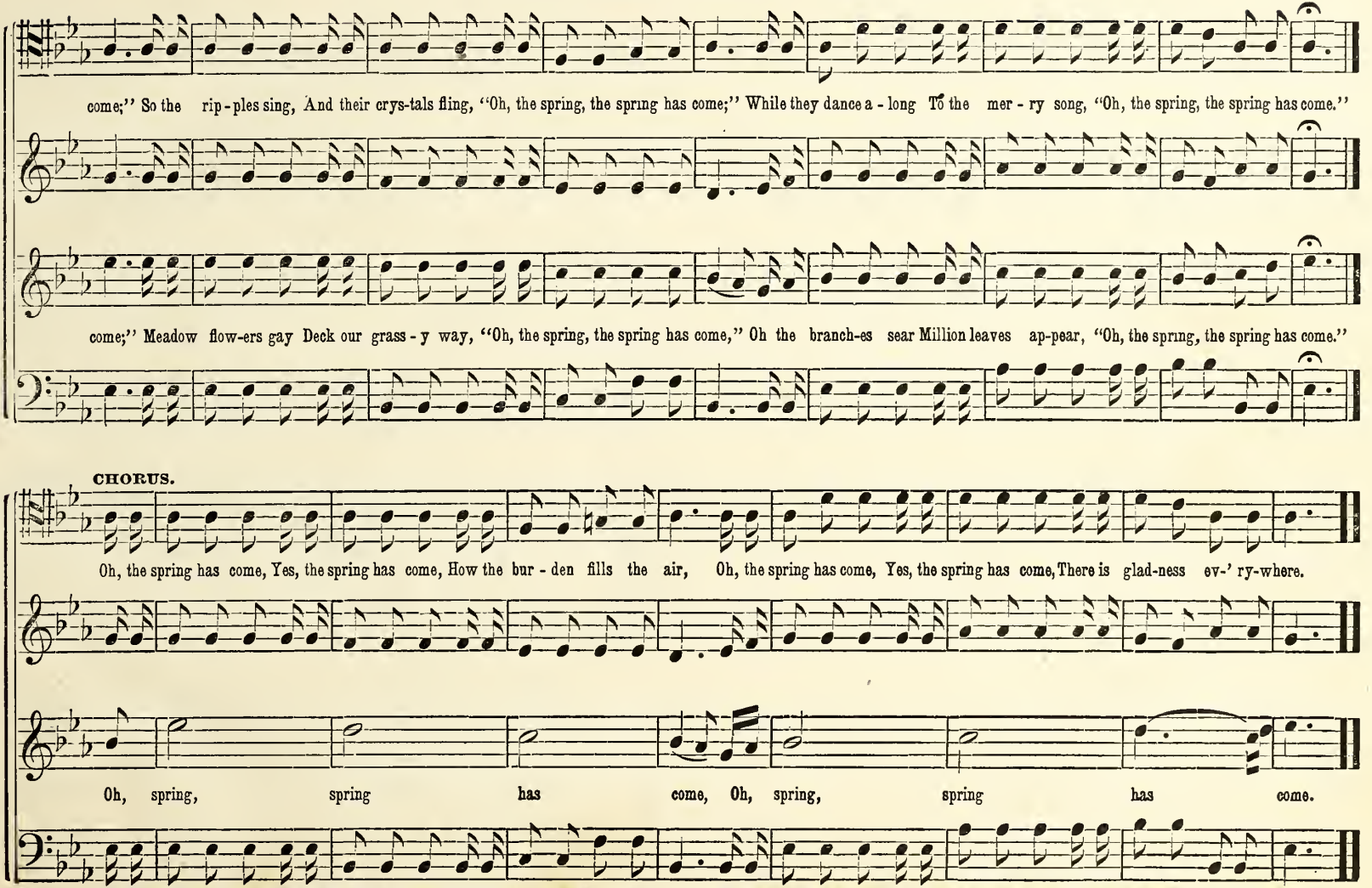
Rit.

No. 50 THE SPRING HAS COME.

Allegretto.

1. Hear the river say, On its laughing way, "Oh, the spring, the spring has come;" Of our winter's chains Not a trace remains, "Oh the spring, the spring has
2. Hear the joyous notes From the feathered throats, "Oh, the spring, the spring has come:" Ev'ry bush and tree Teems with melody, "Oh, the spring, the spring has

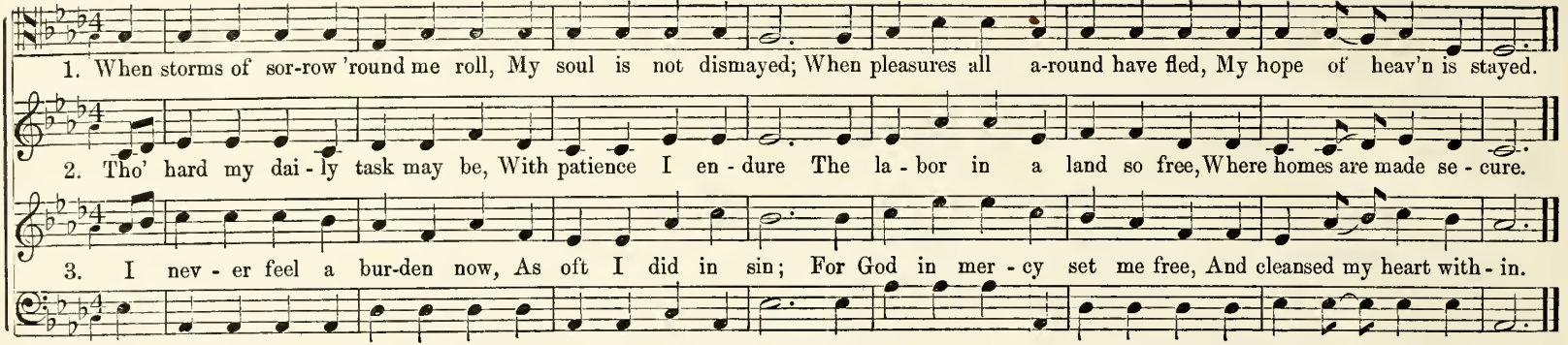
THE SPRING HAS COME.— Concluded.


come;'' So the rip-ples sing, And their crys-tals fling, ''Oh, the spring, the spring has come;'' While they dance a-long To the mer-ry song, ''Oh, the spring, the spring has come.''
come;'' Meadow flow-ers gay Deck our grass-y way, ''Oh, the spring, the spring has come,'' Oh the branch-es sear Million leaves ap-pear, ''Oh, the spring, the spring has come.''
CHORUS.
Oh, the spring has come, Yes, the spring has come, How the bur-den fills the air, Oh, the spring has come, Yes, the spring has come, There is glad-ness ev-' ry-where.
Oh, spring, spring has come, Oh, spring, spring has come.
Oh, the spring has come, Yes, the spring has come, How the bur-den fills the air, Oh, the spring has come, Yes, the spring has come, There is glad-ness ev-'ry-where.

STORMS OF SORROW.

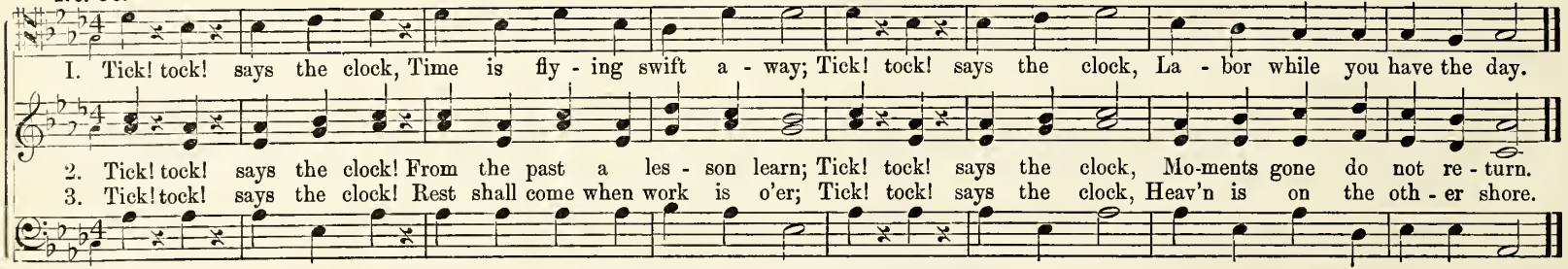
No. 49. Key of A ♭. Signature, B ♭, E ♭, A ♭, D ♭.

Andantino.


1. When storms of sor-row 'round me roll, My soul is not dismayed; When pleasures all a-round have fled, My hope of heav'n is stayed.
2. Tho' hard my dai-ly task may be, With patience I en-dure The la-bor in a land so free, Where homes are made se-cure.
3. I nev-er feel a bur-den now, As oft I did in sin; For God in mer-cy set me free, And cleansed my heart with-in.

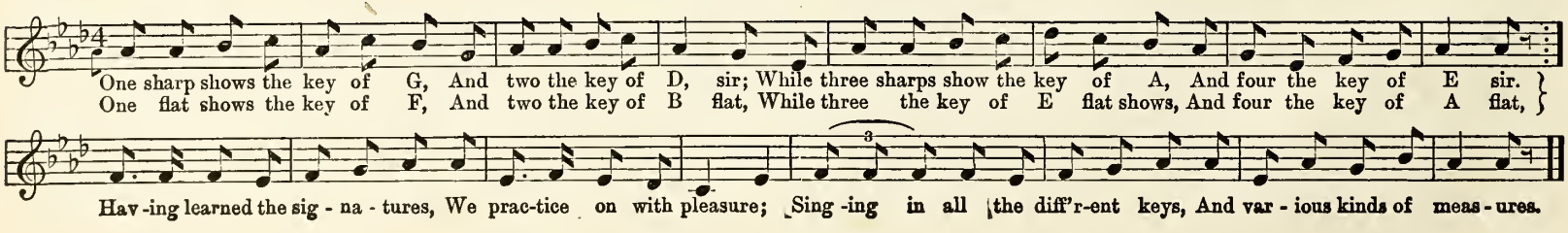
THE CLOCK.

No. 50.


1. Tick! tock! says the clock, Time is fly-ing swift a-way; Tick! tock! says the clock, La-bor while you have the day.
2. Tick! tock! says the clock! From the past a les-son learn; Tick! tock! says the clock, Mo-ments gone do not re-turn.
3. Tick! tock! says the clock! Rest shall come when work is o'er; Tick! tock! says the clock, Heav'n is on the oth-er shore.

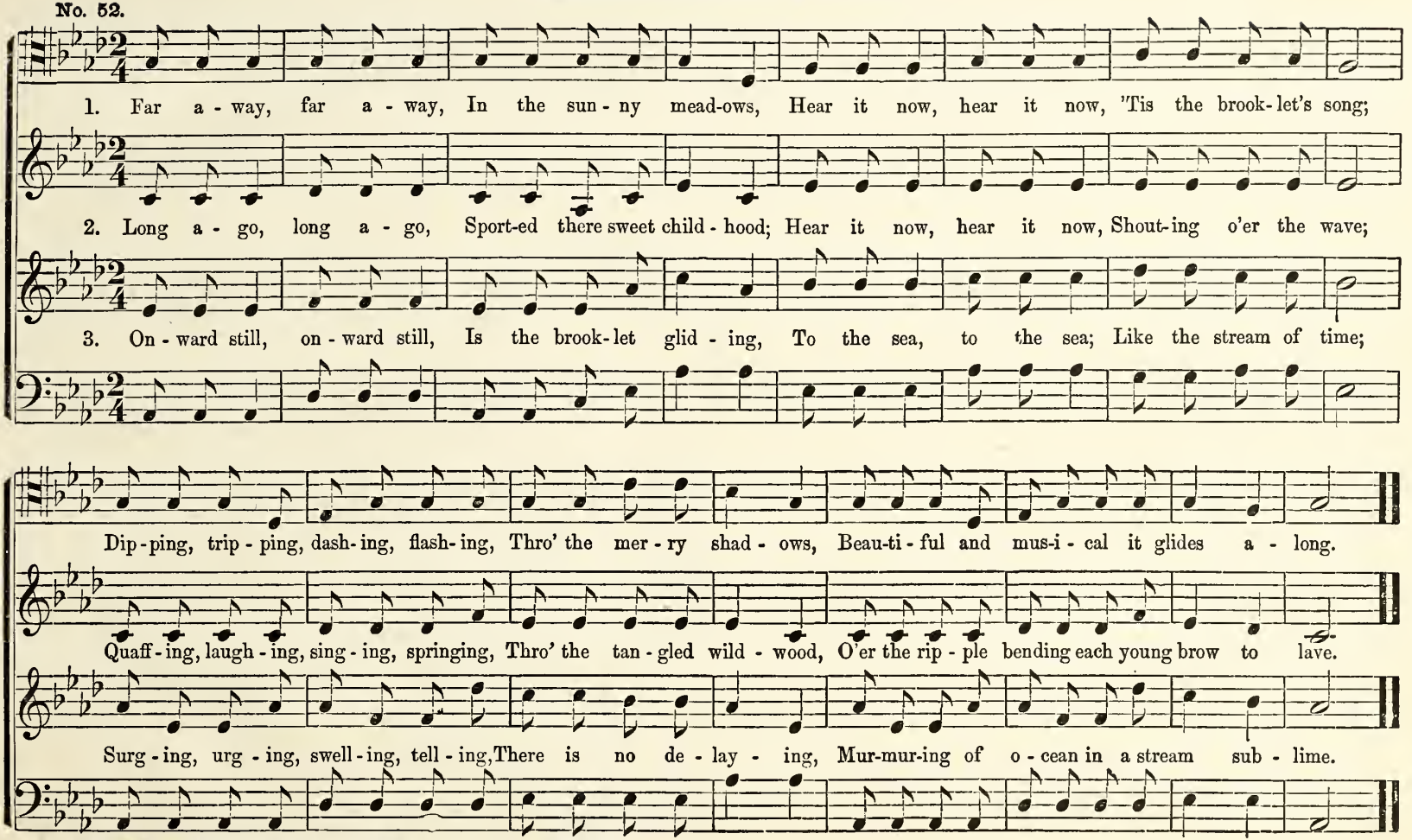
SONG OF THE KEYS.

No. 51.


One sharp shows the key of G, And two the key of D, sir; While three sharps show the key of A, And four the key of E sir.
One flat shows the key of F, And two the key of B flat, While three the key of E flat shows, And four the key of A flat,
Hav-ing learned the sig-na-tures, We prac-tice on with pleasure; Sing-ing in all the diff'r-ent keys, And var-ious kinds of meas-ures.

THE BROOKLET'S SONG.

No. 52.

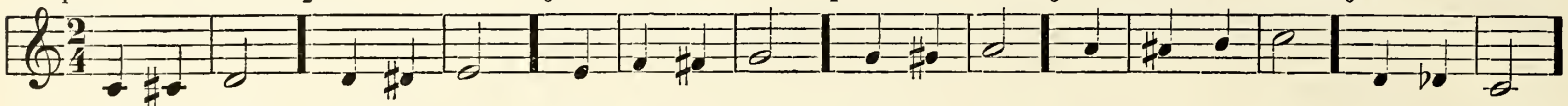

1. Far a - way, far a - way, In the sun - ny mead-ows, Hear it now, hear it now, 'Tis the brook-let's song;
2. Long a - go, long a - go, Sport-ed there sweet child - hood; Hear it now, hear it now, Shout-ing o'er the wave;
3. On - ward still, on - ward still, Is the brook-let glid - ing, To the sea, to the sea; Like the stream of time;
Dip - ping, trip - ping, dash - ing, flash - ing, Thro' the mer - ry shad - ows, Beau-ti - ful and mus-i - cal it glides a - long.
Quaff - ing, laugh - ing, sing - ing, springing, Thro' the tan - gled wild - wood, O'er the rip - ple bending each young brow to lave.
Surg - ing, urg - ing, swell - ing, tell - ing, There is no de - lay - ing, Mur-mur-ing of o - cean in a stream sub - lime.

NOTE.—Every pupil should now be able to sing this piece by note accurately.

CHROMATIC EXERCISES.

The scale heretofore used, consisting of eight tones, is called the Major Scale, and has seven seconds, of which two are small and are called Minor Seconds: and five are great, and are called Major Seconds. These seconds are often called steps and half steps. The minor Seconds occur between three, four and seven and eight, all the others are major seconds. Wherever the whole step occurs in the scale, an intermediate pitch may be introduced, thus forming another scale, which consists of thirteen tones and twelve intervals of a half step each, and is called the Chromatic Scale. The intermediate tones of this scale are indicated by characters called Sharps (♯) or Flats (♭), as shown below. The degree upon which a sharp is placed indicates a tone a half step higher, and the degree upon which a flat is placed, a half step lower. A character called a Natural (♮) is used to destroy the effect of a sharp or flat. The influence of a sharp, flat or natural extends only through the measure in which it occurs.

NOTE.—The following exercises are designed for imitation practice. Teacher sings first, the school responds, going through each group of exercises.



1 Do di re / Don't de - lay, / Up, a - way, / Still be gay, / Ev - 'ry day, / Work will pay.

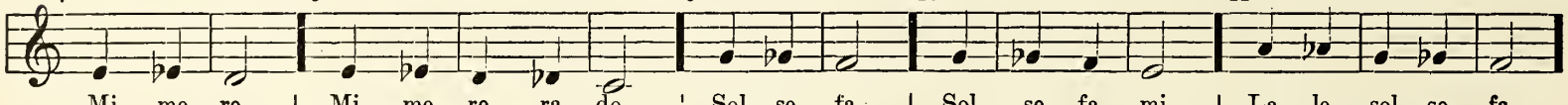
2 Re ri mi / Let us be, / Hap - py we, / Right good cheer / Bright and free, / As you see.

3 Mi fa fi sol / Let voi - ces roll, / As bells do toll, / Or thunders roll, / And thus con - trol, / Me fa fi sol.

4 Sol se la / Sing si la / Ha, ha, ha, / And, tra, la, / Vow - el a, / As in fa.

5 La li si do / So, here we go. / Now up to do, / Some progress show, / 'Tis truth to know, / In sing - ing so.

6 Re ra do / Sure and slow, / High to low, / Through we go, / Let us know, / Re ra do.



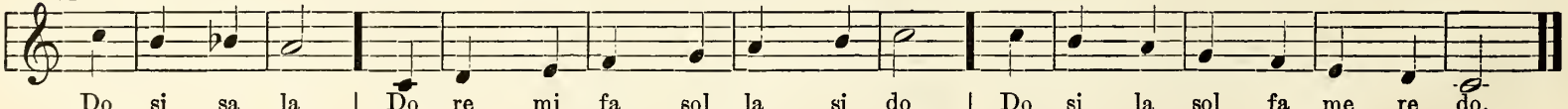
7 Mi me re / There's no pay, / As they say, / Sing this way, / Ev - 'ry day, / This will pay.

8 Mi me re ra do, / Down we go to do, / Sing - ing soft and low, / Stud - y this to know, / So that we may go, / Smoothly down to do,

9 Sol se fa / Sing huz - za, / Al - so la, / Sing ha, ha, / Now try fa, / So hur - rah.

10 Sol se fa mi / Sing clear and free, / With hearts of cheer, / So may we be, / Through all the year, / Bright glad and free.

11 La le sol se fa / Care - ful sing this fa, / Voi - ces strong on la; / Right to say ma - ma; / So it is pa - pa; / Sing we now hur - ray.

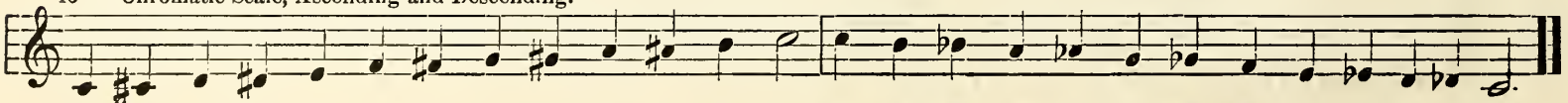


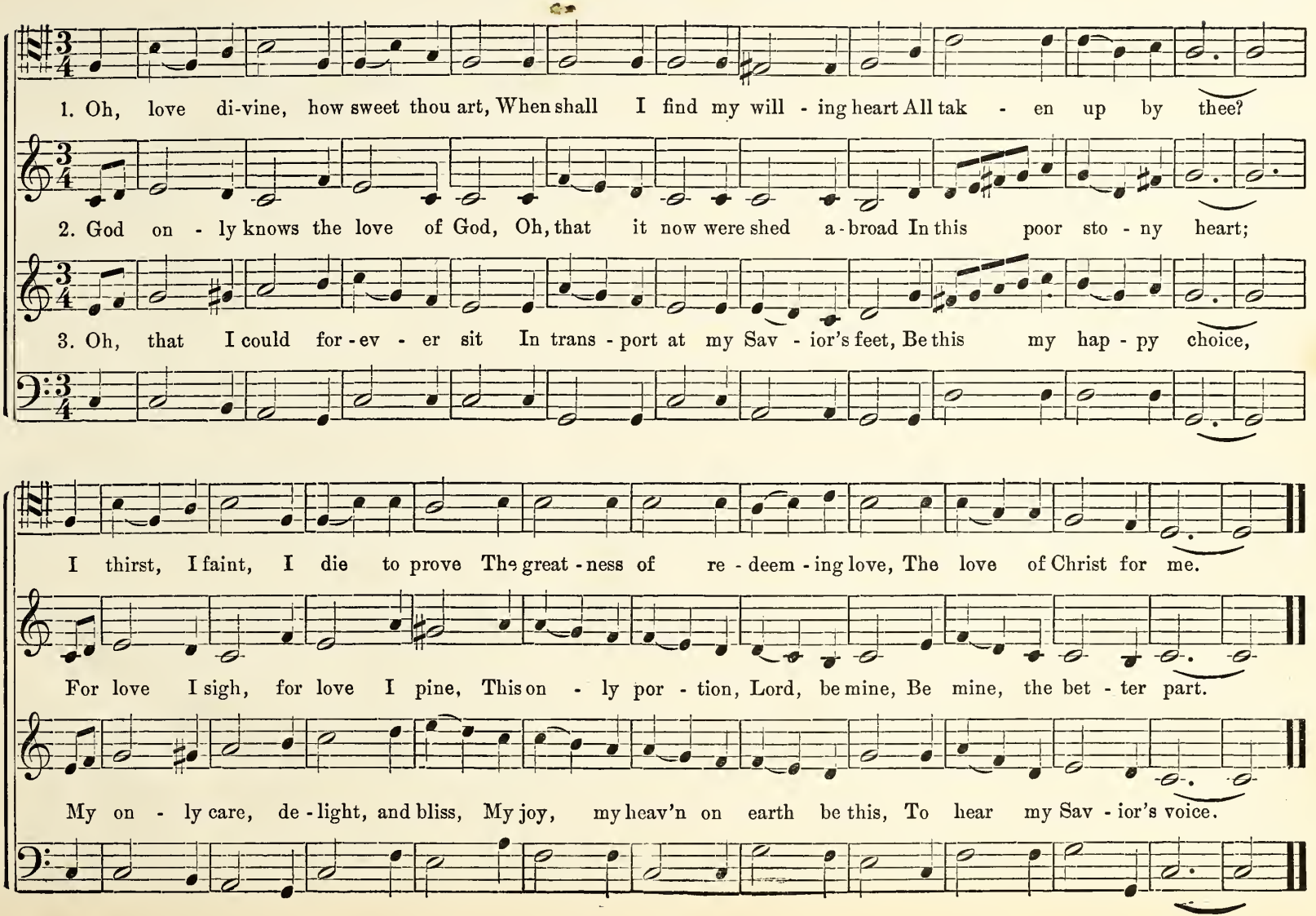
12 Do si sa la / Oh, sing hur - rah, / And al - so fa,

13 Do re mi fa sol la si do / These win - ter days are ver - y cold, / These tones should be both strong and bold,

14 Do si la sol fa me re do. / So here we go from high to low. / How bright the songs in days of old.

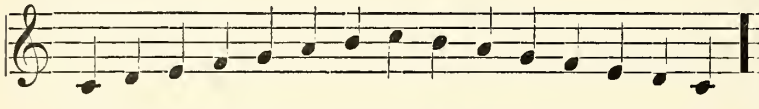
15 Chromatic Scale, Ascending and Descending.



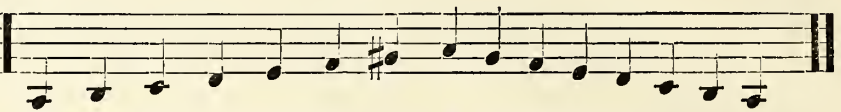
Do di re ri mi fa fi sol si la li si do do si se la le sol se fa mi me re ra do.
1 ♯1 2 ♯2 3 4 ♯4 5 ♯5 6 ♯6 7 8 8 7 ♭7 6 ♭6 5 ♭5 4 3 ♭3 2 ♭2 1

1. Oh, love di-vine, how sweet thou art, When shall I find my will - ing heart All tak - en up by thee?
2. God on - ly knows the love of God, Oh, that it now were shed a-broad In this poor sto - ny heart;
3. Oh, that I could for-ev - er sit In trans - port at my Sav - ior's feet, Be this my hap - py choice,
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great - ness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ for me.
For love I sigh, for love I pine, This on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine, Be mine, the bet - ter part.
My on - ly care, de - light, and bliss, My joy, my heav'n on earth be this, To hear my Sav - ior's voice.

MINOR SCALE.

There is another scale consisting of eight tones, but differing from the major scale in the kind and order of intervals. It is called the *Minor Scale*, of which there are several forms, but the one here represented is called the *Harmonic Minor* scale, and is the most used at the present day for vocal music. The minor seconds in the scale occur between two and three, five and six, and seven and eight; the interval between six and seven is called an *Augmented Second*, and is equal to a step and a half; all the others are major seconds. We give below the scale in C *Major*, with its relative *Harmonic Minor Scale*. To every *Major Scale and key* there exists a relative minor, indicated by the same signature.

Scale in C Major.

Do re mi fa sol la si do si la sol fa mi re do

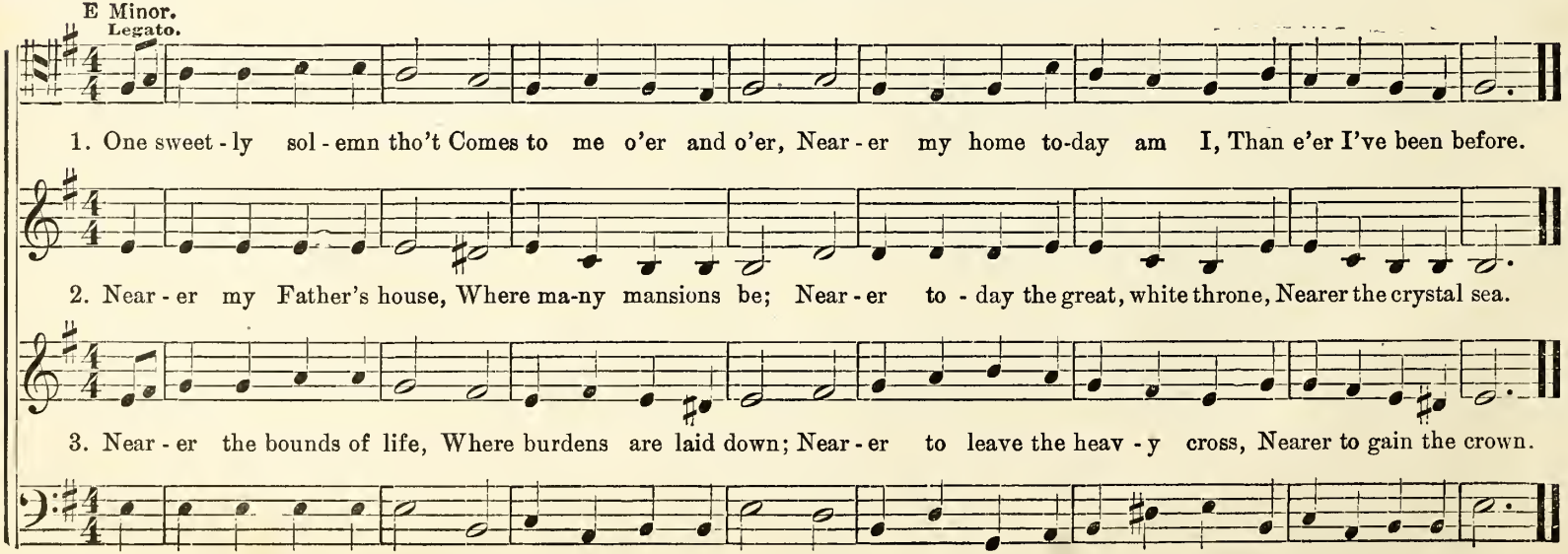
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Scale in A Minor, Relative of C Major.

La si do re mi fa si la si fa mi re do si la

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

E Minor.
Legato.

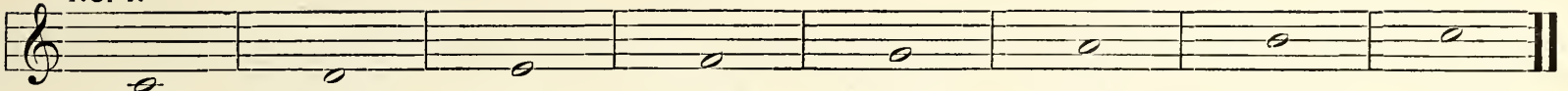


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er, Near - er my home to-day am I, Than e'er I've been before.

2. Near - er my Father's house, Where ma-ny mansions be; Near - er to - day the great, white throne, Nearer the crystal sea.

3. Near - er the bounds of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near - er to leave the heav - y cross, Nearer to gain the crown.

No. 1.



l, l, l, la, m, m, m, ma, n, n, n, na, p, p, p, pa, s, s, s, sa, t, t, t, ta, v, v, v, va, r, r, r, ra.
b, b, b, bo. d, d, d, do, f, f, f, fo, g, g, g, go, h, h, h, ho, j, j, j, jo, k, k, k, ko, z, z, z, zo.

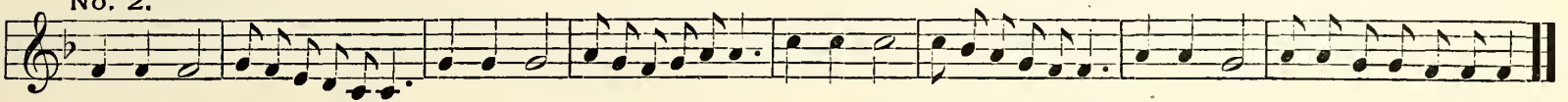
a, e, i, o, u, etc.
oh, ah, a, e, etc.
e, a, ah, oh, etc.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Tent, tint, tight, taught.
Sleep, slept, slip, slew.
Stay, stack, step, stick.

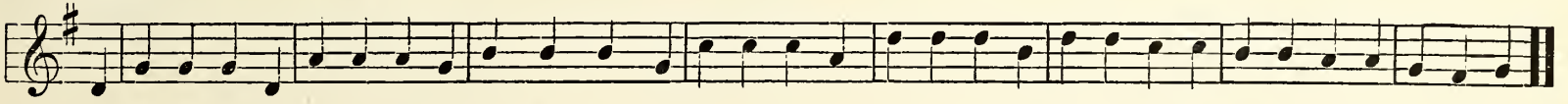
Lumping, bumping, mumping.
Able, feeble, bible, double.
Cradle, saddle, idle, bridle.

No. 2.

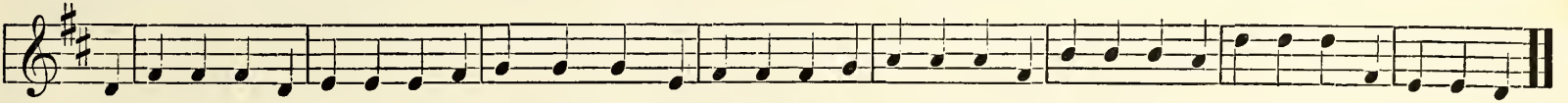


Plu-ma placed pretty puter platters, Pluma placed pretty puter platters, Pluma placed pretty puter platters, Proper-ly pret-ty platters proper-ly.

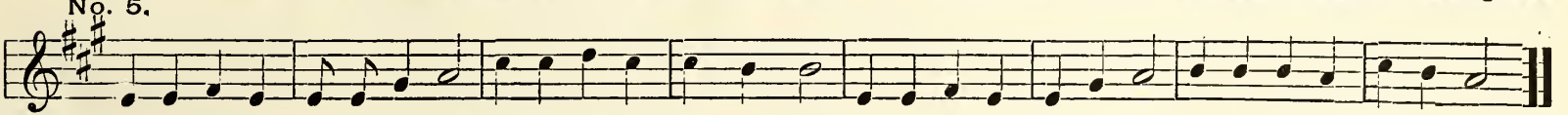
No. 3.



He boasts, he boasts, he twists, he twists, the text, the text, to suit, to suit, the sects, the sects, he boasts, yes boasts, he twists the texts to suit the sects.

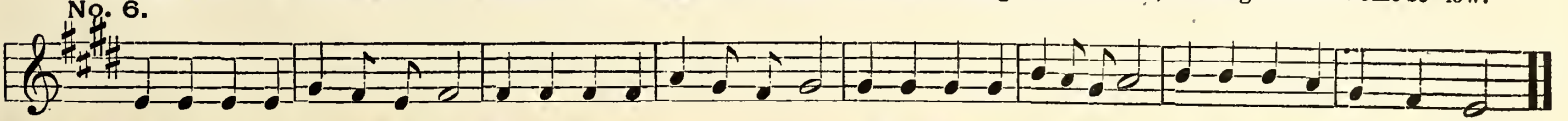
No. 4.

A-midst the mists and cold-est frosts, With bar-est wrists, and stout-est boasts, He thrusts his fists a-gainst the posts, And still in-sists he sees the ghosts.

No. 5.



She sought shel-ter, shel-ter sought she, Wand'ring 'round from tree to tree, Some shun sun-shine, some shun shade, Wand'ring near the for-est glade.
She sells sea shells, oth-ers, sell she, Gath-ered from the deep blue sea, Some sea shells sigh soft and low, Tell-ing of their home be-low.

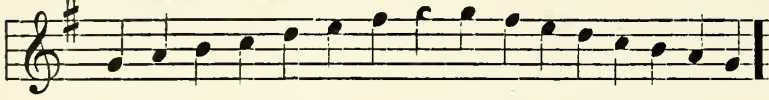
No. 6.



Cents and sense sound some-thing the same, Here and hear are not quite so plain, Text and texts you see how it goes, Prints and prince and clothes and close.

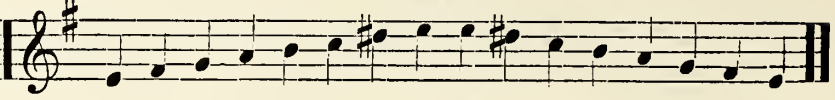
TABLE OF MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES IN HARMONIC FORM.

No. 1. Scale of G Major.

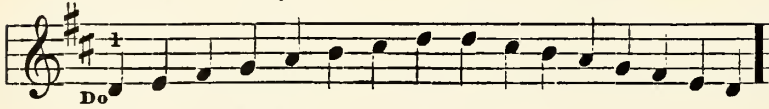


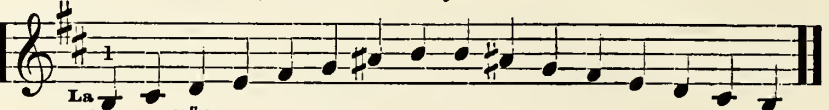
Do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

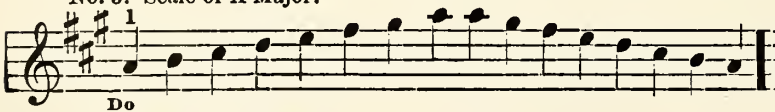
Scale of E Minor, Relative of G Major.

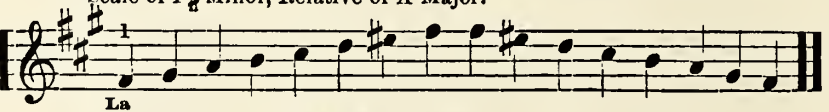


La si do re mi fa si la la si fa mi re do si la
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

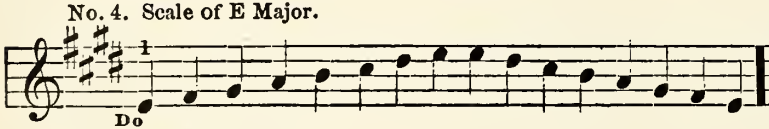
No 2. Scale of D Major.

Scale of B Minor, Relative of D Major.



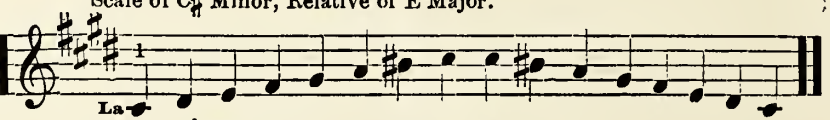
No. 3. Scale of A Major.

Scale of F♯ Minor, Relative of A Major.



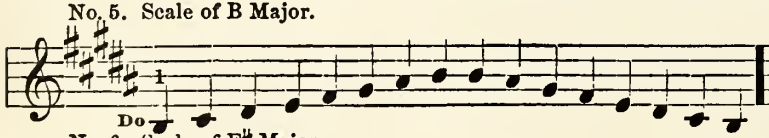
No. 4. Scale of E Major.



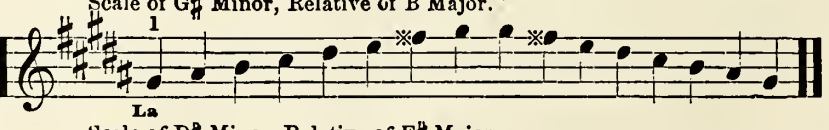
Scale of C♯ Minor, Relative of E Major.



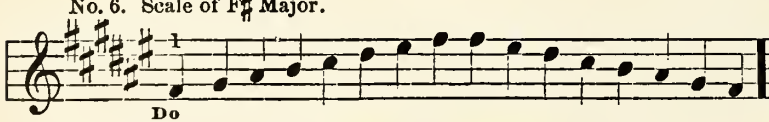
No. 5. Scale of B Major.



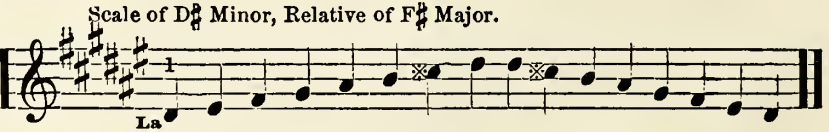
Scale of G♯ Minor, Relative of B Major.

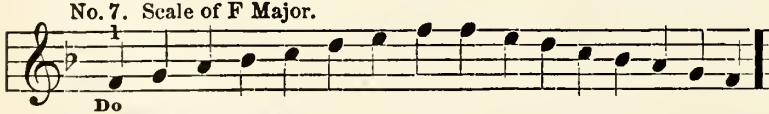


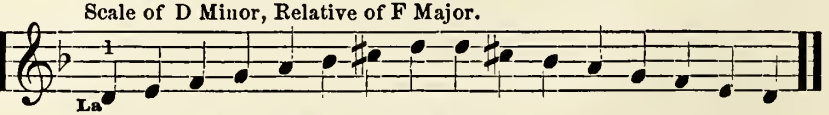
No. 6. Scale of F♯ Major.



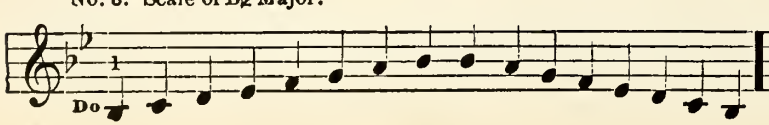
Scale of D♯ Minor, Relative of F♯ Major.



No. 7. Scale of F Major.

Scale of D Minor, Relative of F Major.



No. 8. Scale of B♭ Major.



Scale of G Minor, Relative of B♭ Major.

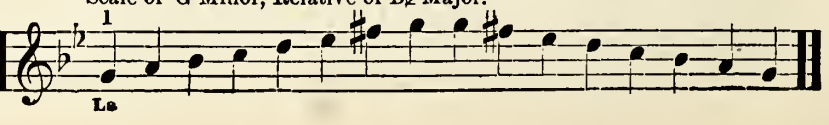
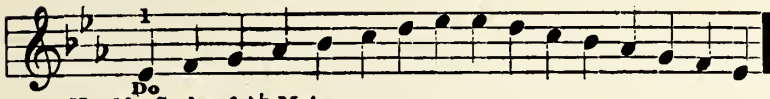
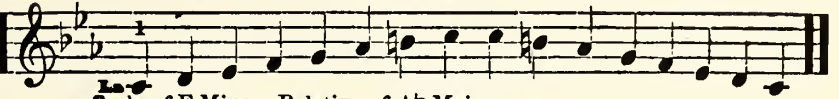


TABLE OF MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES IN HARMONIC FORM.

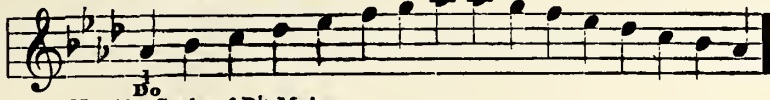
No. 9. Scale of E♭ Major.



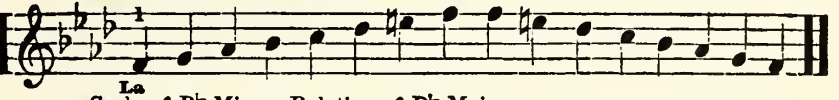
Scale of C Minor, Relative of E♭ Major.



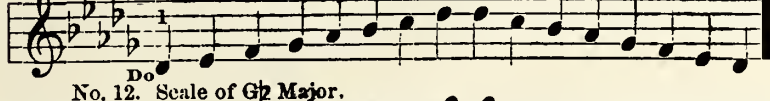
No. 10. Scale of A♭ Major.



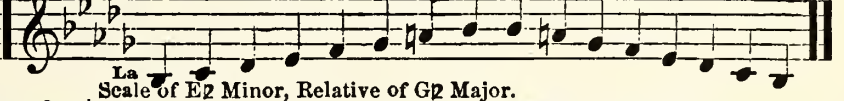
Scale of F Minor, Relative of A♭ Major.



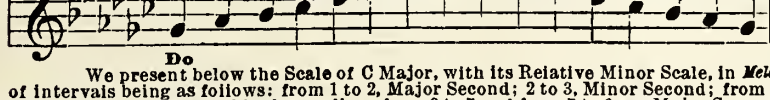
No. 11. Scale of D♭ Major.



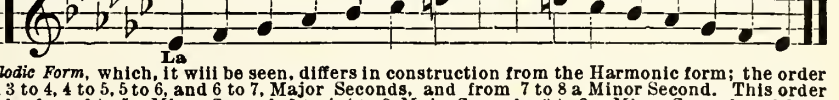
Scale of B♭ Minor, Relative of D♭ Major.



No. 12. Scale of G♭ Major.

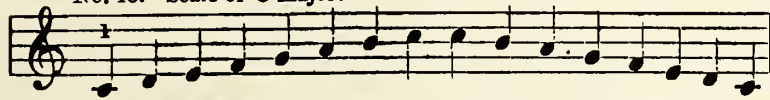


Scale of E♭ Minor, Relative of G♭ Major.

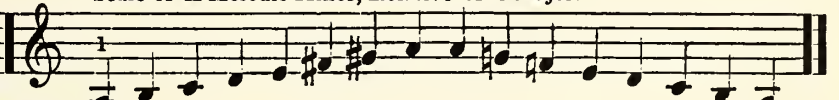


We present below the Scale of C Major, with its Relative Minor Scale, in *Melodic Form*, which, it will be seen, differs in construction from the Harmonic form; the order of intervals being as follows: from 1 to 2, Major Second; 2 to 3, Minor Second; from 3 to 4, 4 to 5, 5 to 6, and 6 to 7, Major Seconds, and from 7 to 8 a Minor Second. This order however, is not preserved in descending; from 8 to 7 and from 7 to 6 are Major Seconds; from 6 to 5 a Minor Second; 5 to 4, 4 to 3, Major Seconds; 3 to 2 a Minor Second, and from Seconds 2 to 1 a Major Second.

No. 13. Scale of C Major.



Scale of A Melodic Minor, Relative of C Major.



Note.—The *Melodic* Minor is made of more practical use in instrumental music than vocal.

DEFINITION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A, To, for, by, in or at.
Accelerando, Gradually fast.
Adagio, A very slow movement.
Ad Libitum, or Ad Lib, At pleasure.
Affettuoso, Tenderly.
Agitato, With agitation, excitedly.
Air, The leading part or Melody.
Allegretto, Somewhat cheerful.
Andante, Rather slow and gentle.
Andantino, Faster than Andante.
Animato, or con Anima, With animation.
A Tempo, In time.
Baritone, A voice whose register is between the Bass and Tenor.
Ben, Well; as Ben Marcato. well marked.
Bis, Twice.
Calando, Gradually softer and slower.
Cantibile, Smoothe and clear.
Coda, A second or added ending.
Contralto, The lowest female voice.
Con Spirito, With spirit, animation.
Da Capo, From the beginning.
Dolce, Sweetly.
Decrescendo, Decreasing.
Espressivo, With expression.
Finale, The last piece of movement.
Fine, The end.
Forte, Loud.
Fortissimo, Very loud,
Forzando, Suddenly loud.
Grave, Slow and solemn.
Grazioso, With grace and elegance.
Harmony, Two or more parts performed together.
Interlude, An instrumental passage between vocal passages.
Larghetto, Slowly.
Largo, Slow and solemn.
Leggiero, Lightly,
Legato, Smoothly, connectedly.
Lentando, Slower and slower.
Lento, Slow.
Maestoso, With majesty and grandeur.
Marcato, Somewhat detached.
Melody, An agreeable succession of sounds.
Mezzo, Medium or middle.
Moderato, Moderately.
Molto, Much.
Morendo, Gradually diminishing.
Non, Not.
Obligato, Something indispensable.
Piu, More.
Piano, Soft.
Poco, A little.
Presto, Quick.
Prestissimo, Very quick.
Primo, The first or leading part.
Quasi, In the style of.
Recitative, Musical declamation.
Rallentando, or Ritard, Gradually slower.
Sherzando, Light, playful manner.
Segno, Sign.
Semplice, With simplicity.
Sempre, Always.
Sientando, Slower.
Smorzando, or Smorz, Gradually diminishing.
Solfeggio, A vocal exercise.
Solo, For a single voice or instrument.
Sostenuto, or Sost, Sustainedly.
Sotto Voce, With subdued voice.
Staccato, Short, detached.
Stentato, Loudly, forcibly.
Suave, Sweet and delicate.
Subito, Quickly.
Tenuto, Well sustained.
Tasto Solo, Without chords.
Tempo, Time.
Tempo Giusto, In exact time.
Trio, Three.
Tutti, All.
Un Poco, A little.
Veloce, Rapidly.
Verse, One singer to each part.
Vigoroso, With vigor, boldly.
Virtuoso, A proficient in art.
Vivace, Vivaciously, briskly.
Voiti, Turn over.
Voce di Testo, The head voice.
Voce di Petto, The chest voice.

DIRECTIONS IN REGARD TO TAKING BREATH.

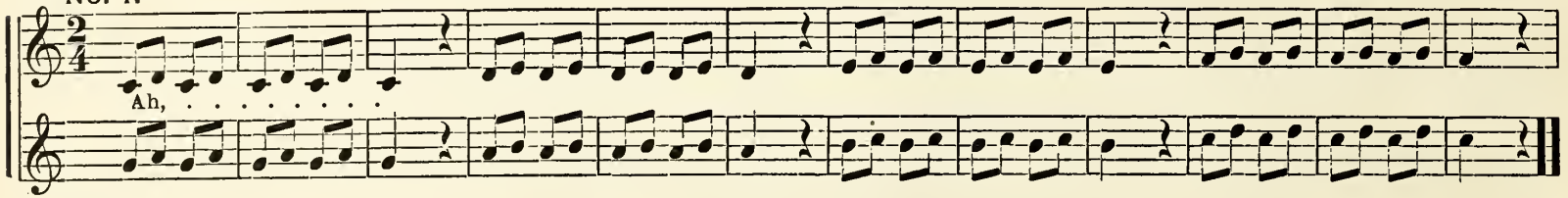
1. In taking breath make as little noise as possible.
2. Let it be done quickly and without any change in the position of the mouth.
3. Never breathe between the different syllables of the same word.
4. Where several notes come together to one syllable, do not breathe between them, except in long running passages where it can not be avoided.
5. The practice of always breathing at a particular part of the measure should be avoided.
6. Take breath only when necessary.

QUALITY OF TONE.

1. The essential qualities of a good tone are purity, fullness, firmness, and certainty.
2. A tone is *pure* when free from all hissing and huskiness.
3. A tone is *full* when it is delivered by a free and natural use of the vocal organs.
4. A tone is *firm* and *certain*, which, when correctly given, is held without change, and perfectly controlled by the performer. The following are faults:
1. Striking below the proper sound, and sliding up to it, as from five to eight.
2. A wavering or trembling of the voice.
3. A change just at the close of a long tone, produced by a careless relaxation of the organs, which should always be held firm in the proper position until the sound ceases.

HOW TO CORRECT FAULTS.

1. When the teacher discovers a fault let him first imitate it himself, and then afterwards give a true example. It is not enough simply to say that a fault exists, but the teacher must exhibit it by his own performance until the pupil obtains a clear perception of it, and knows how to avoid it.
2. In singing, try to enter into the spirit of the words. Avoid a heavy, unfeeling, machine-like style of performance, cultivating that which comes from the heart, having some character and soul in it, and appropriate to both words and music, producing the effect for which music was designed.

No. 1.

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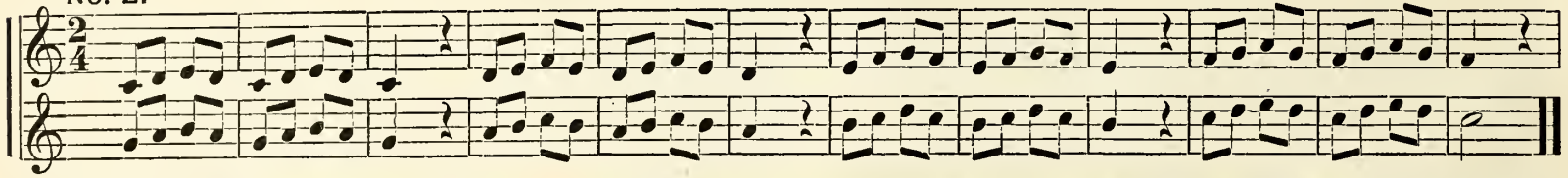
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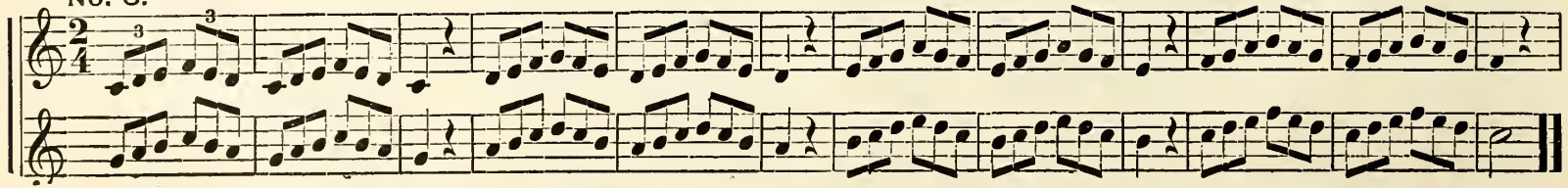
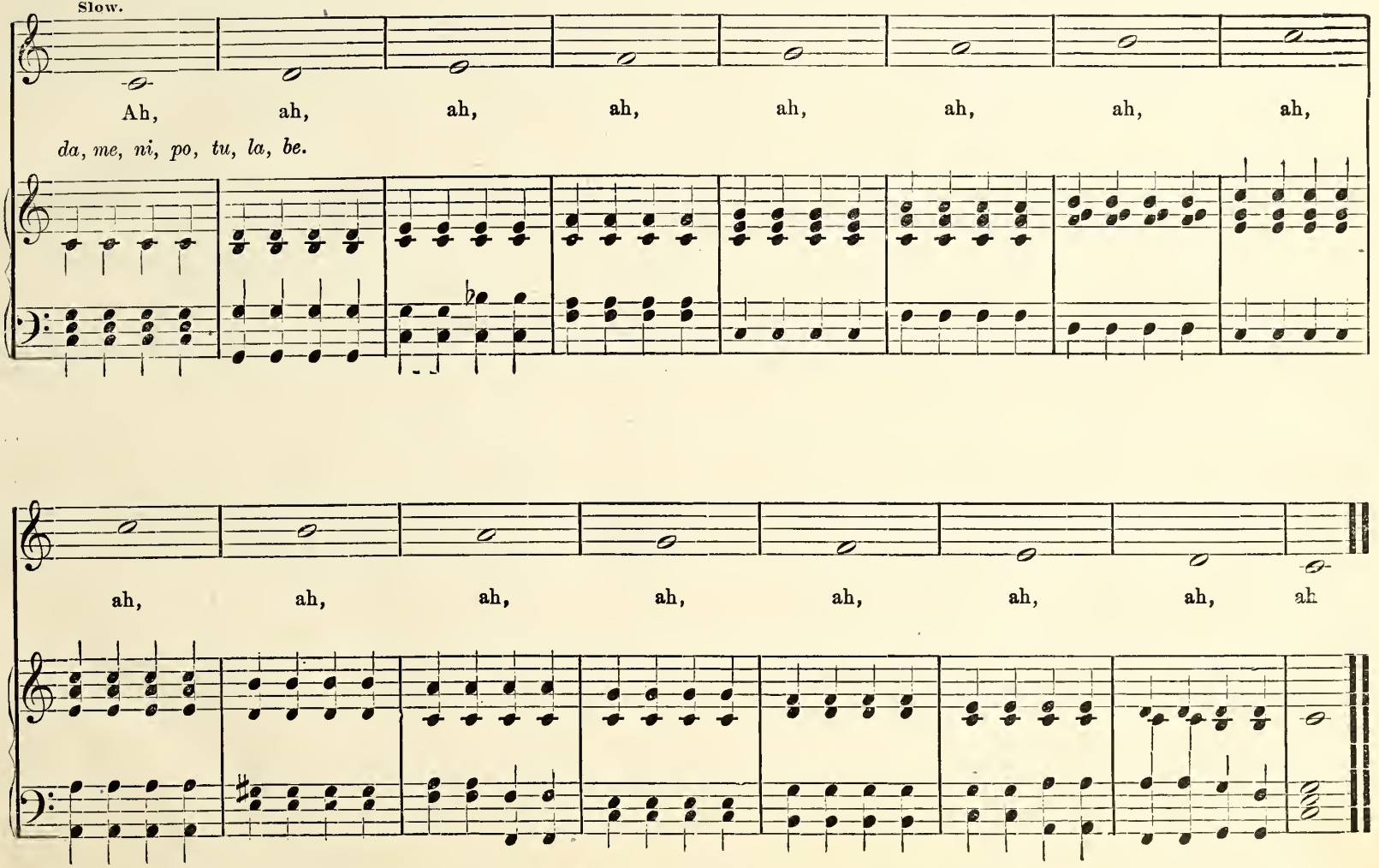
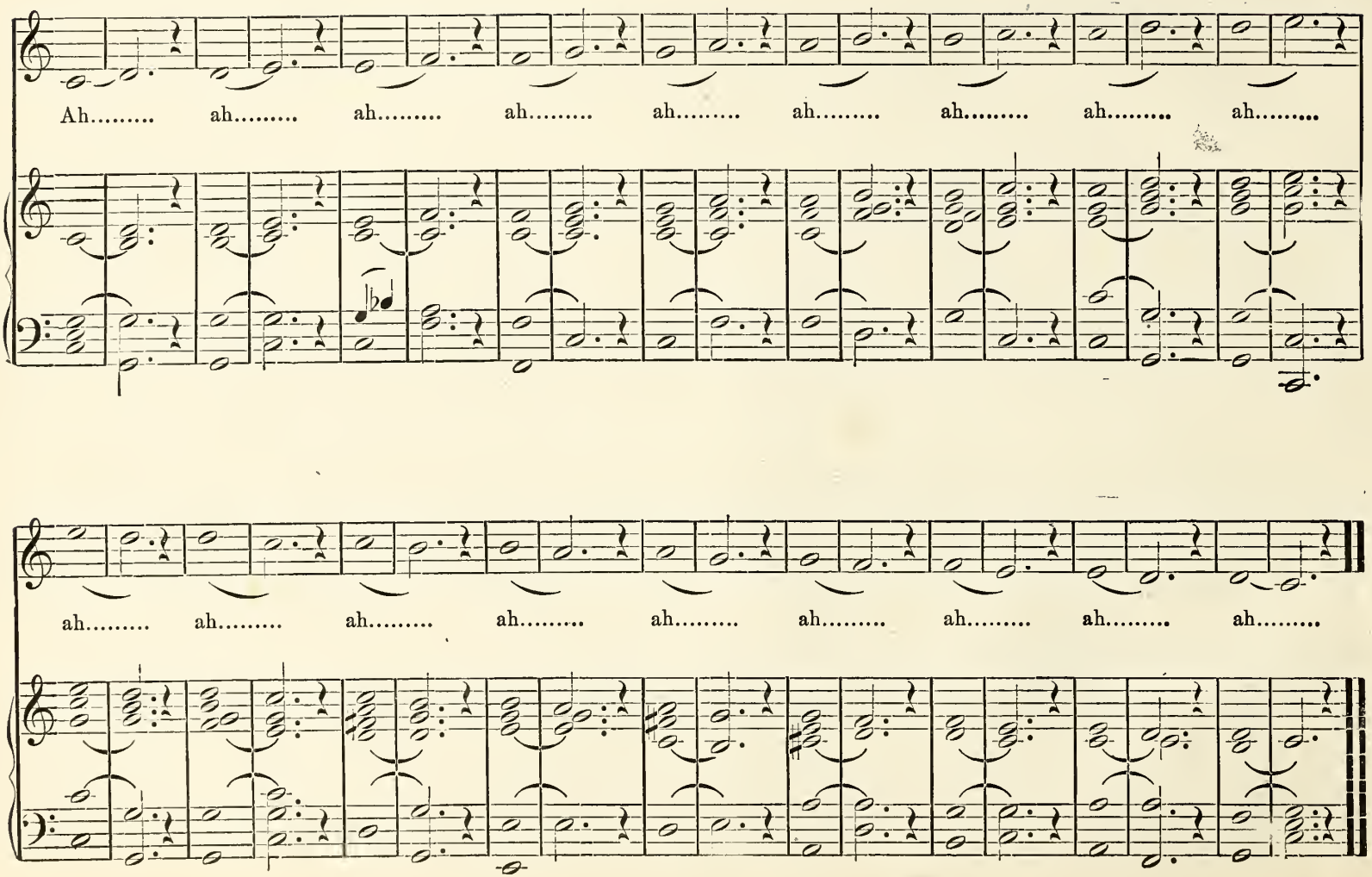

Take breath after each tone.

Slow.

NOTE.—Give the Italian pronunciation to each syllable, The syllables do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, may be applied to each tone.

No. 5.



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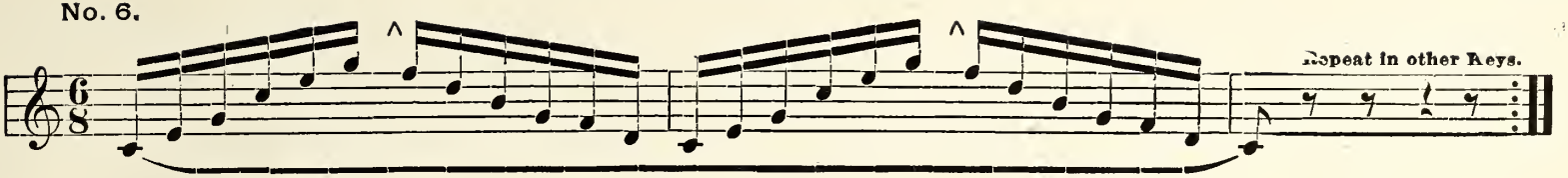
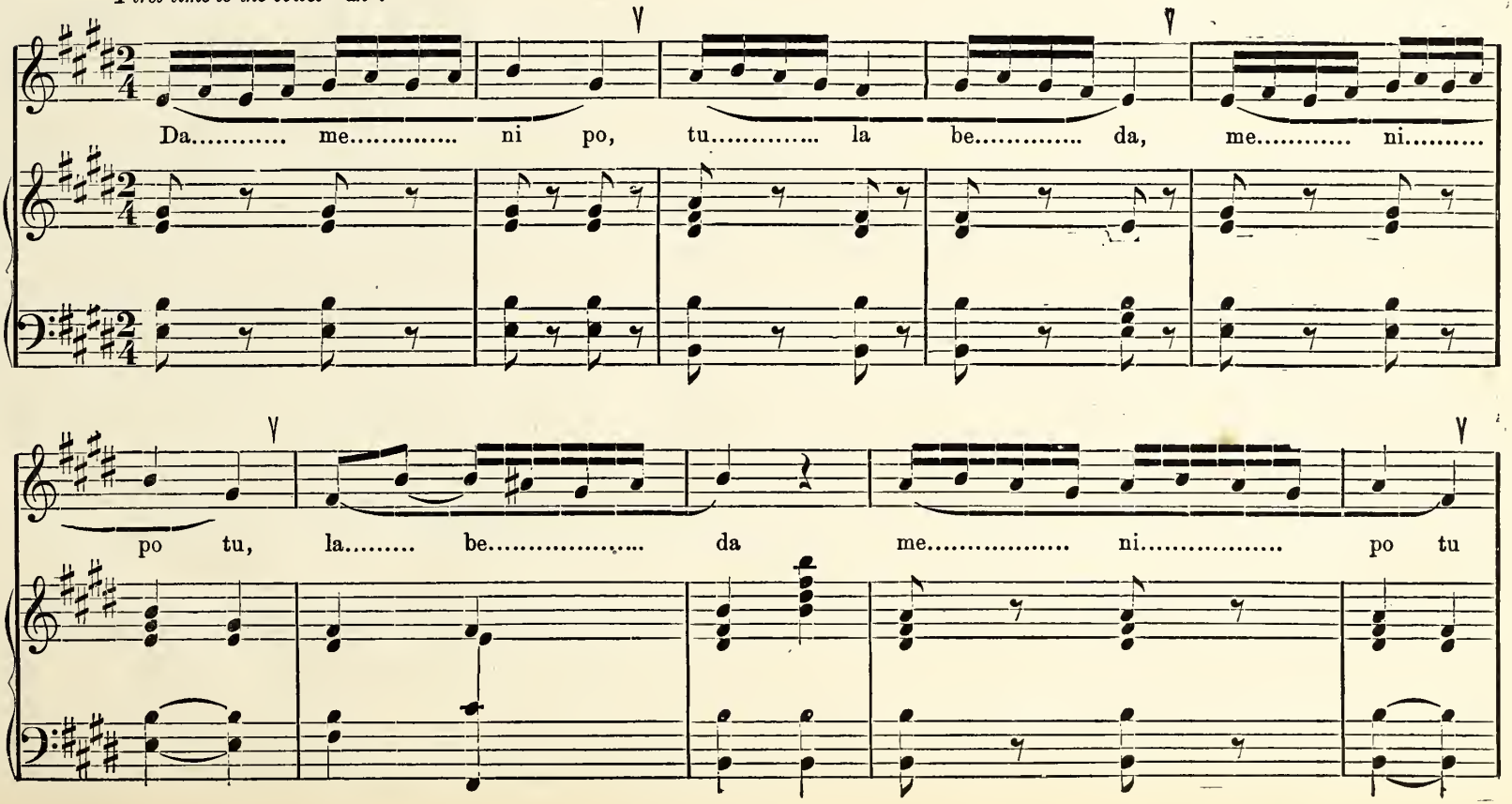
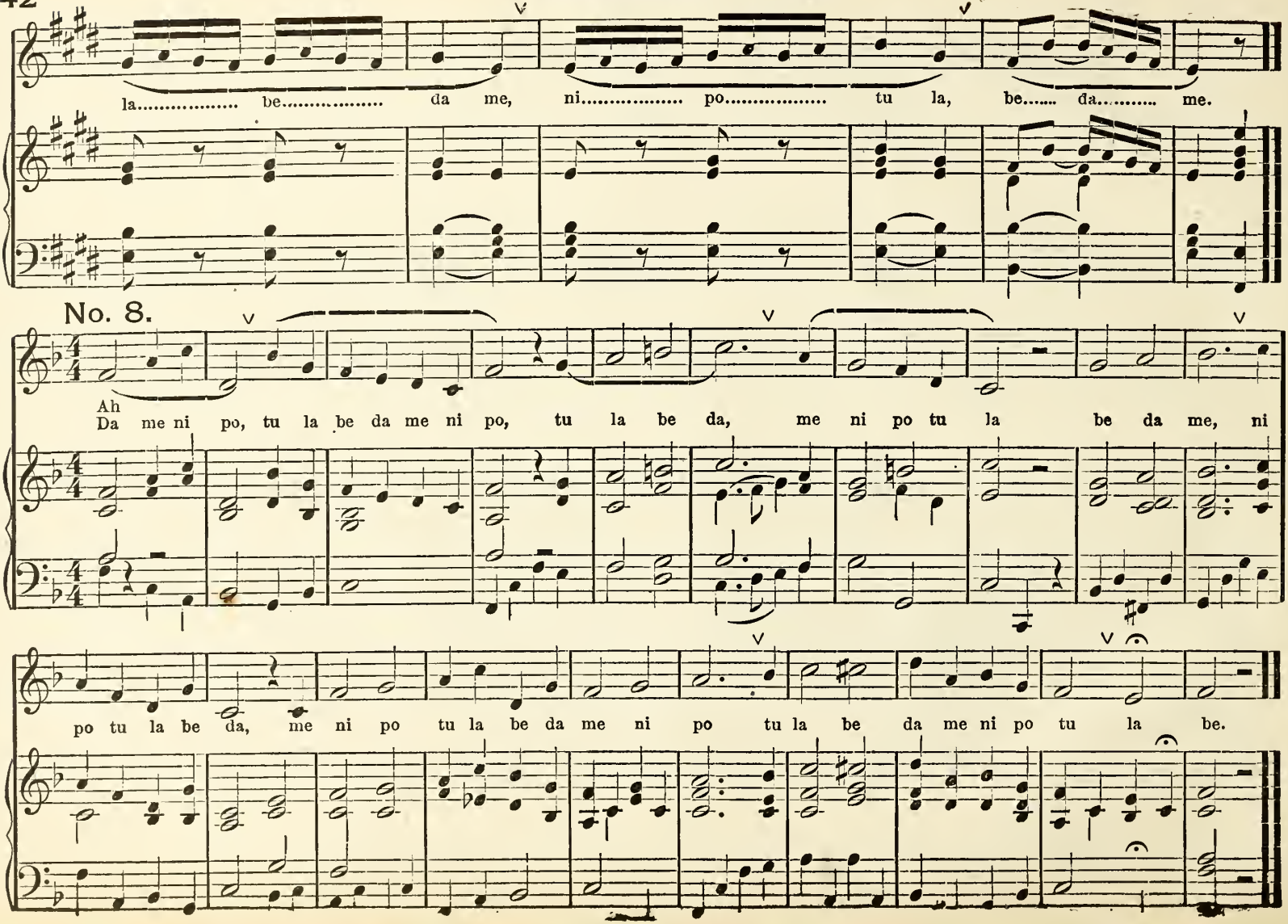
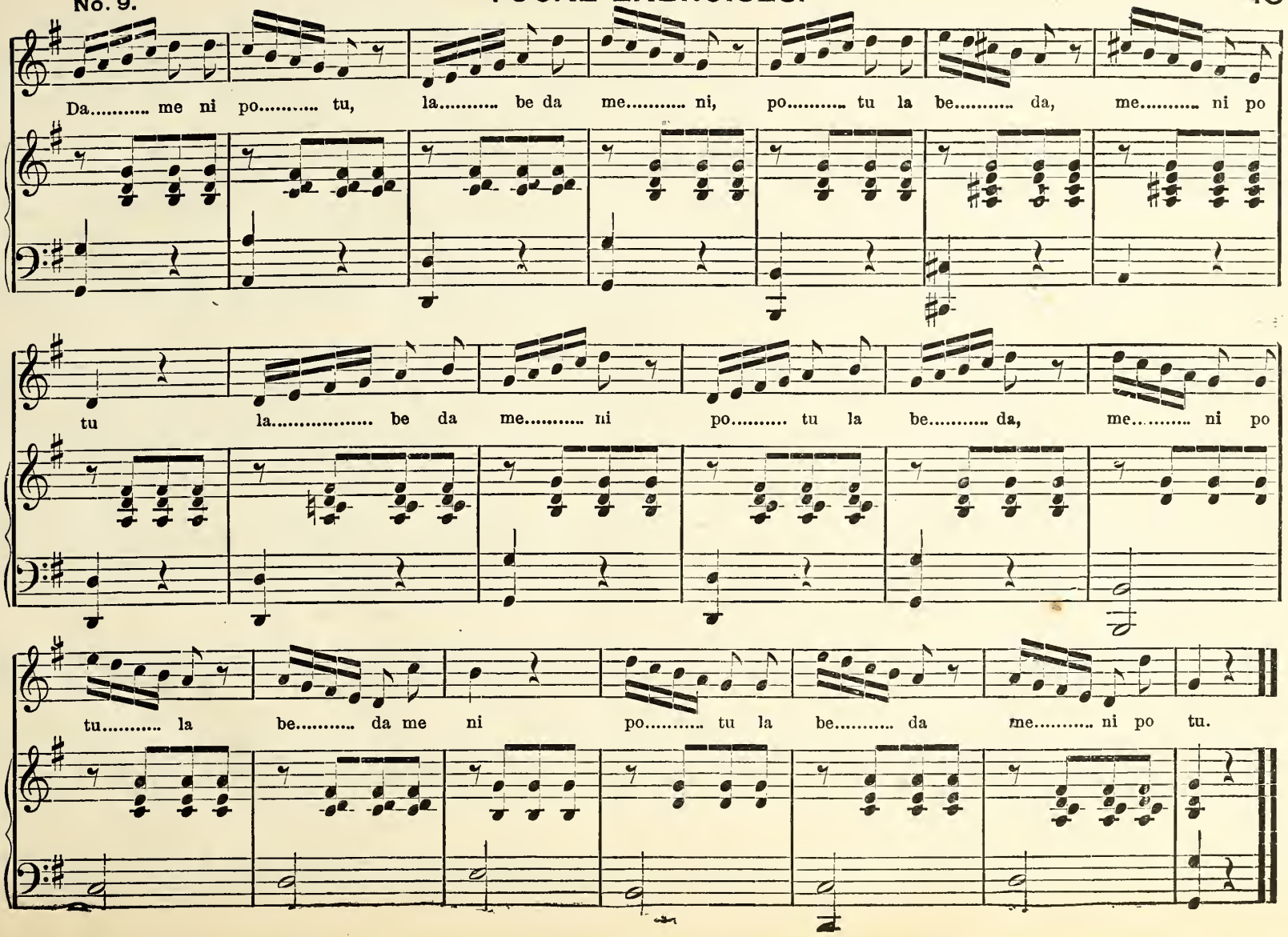
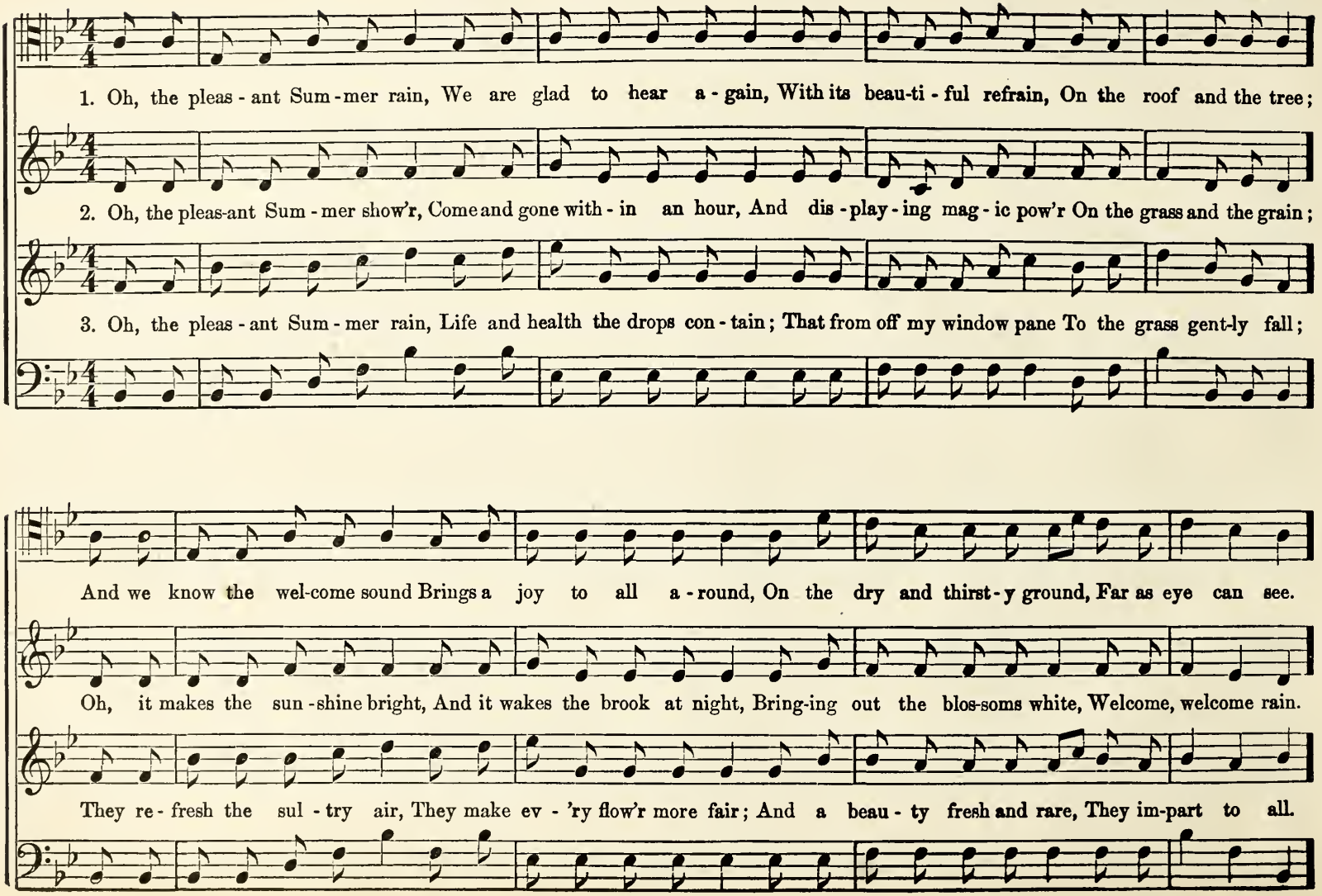
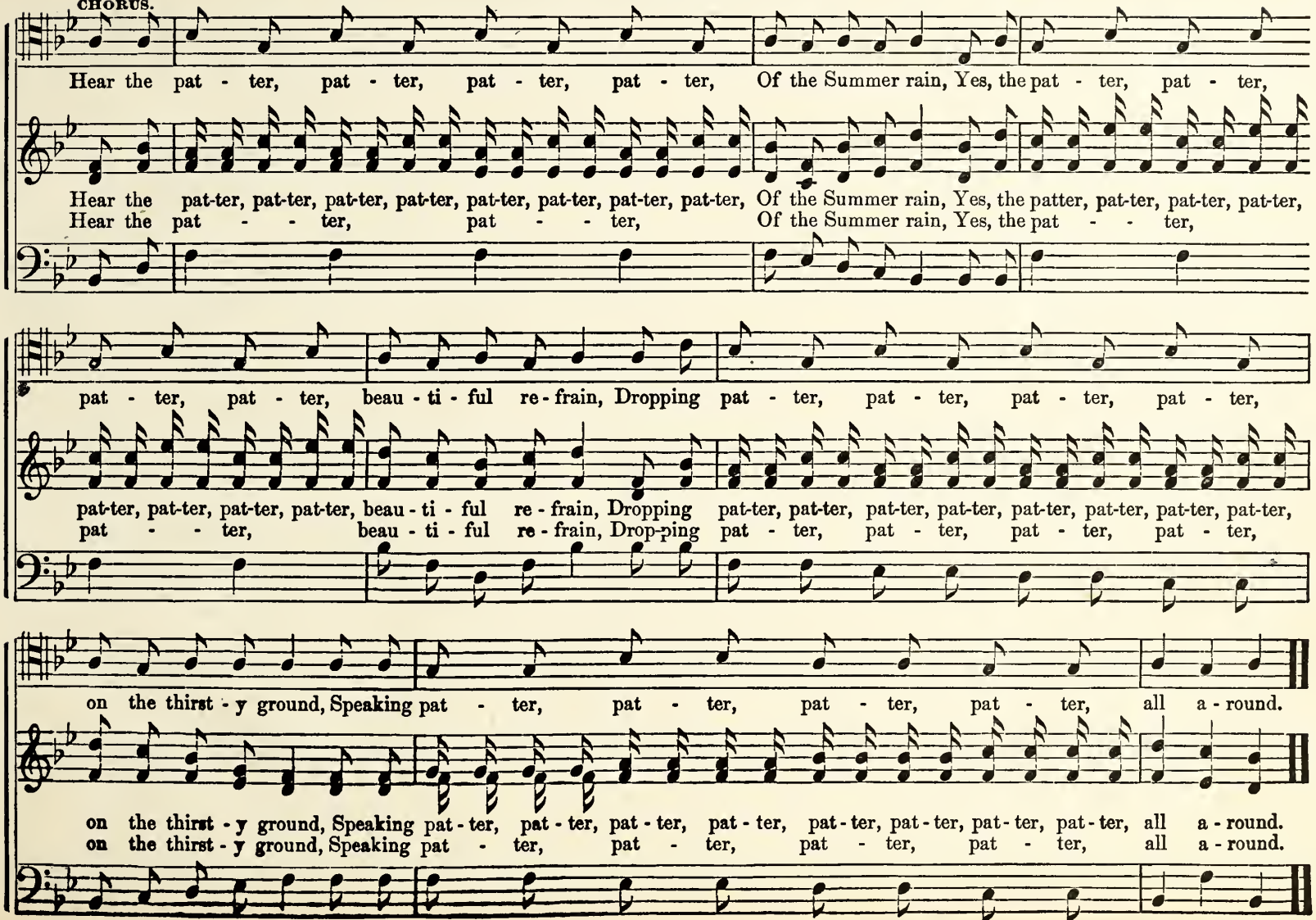

No. 7.

First time to the vowel "ah".

la..... be..... da me, ni..... po..... tu la, be..... da..... me.
No. 8.
Ah
Da me ni po, tu la be da me ni po, tu la be da, me ni po tu la be da me, ni
po tu la be da, me ni po tu la be da me ni po tu la be da me ni po tu la be.

No. 9.

Da..... me ni po..... tu, la..... be da me..... ni, po..... tu la be..... da, me..... ni po
tu la..... be da me..... ni po..... tu la be..... da, me..... ni po
tu..... la be..... da me ni po..... tu la be..... da me..... ni po tu.

OH, THE PLEASANT SUMMER RAIN.

J. F. KINSEY.

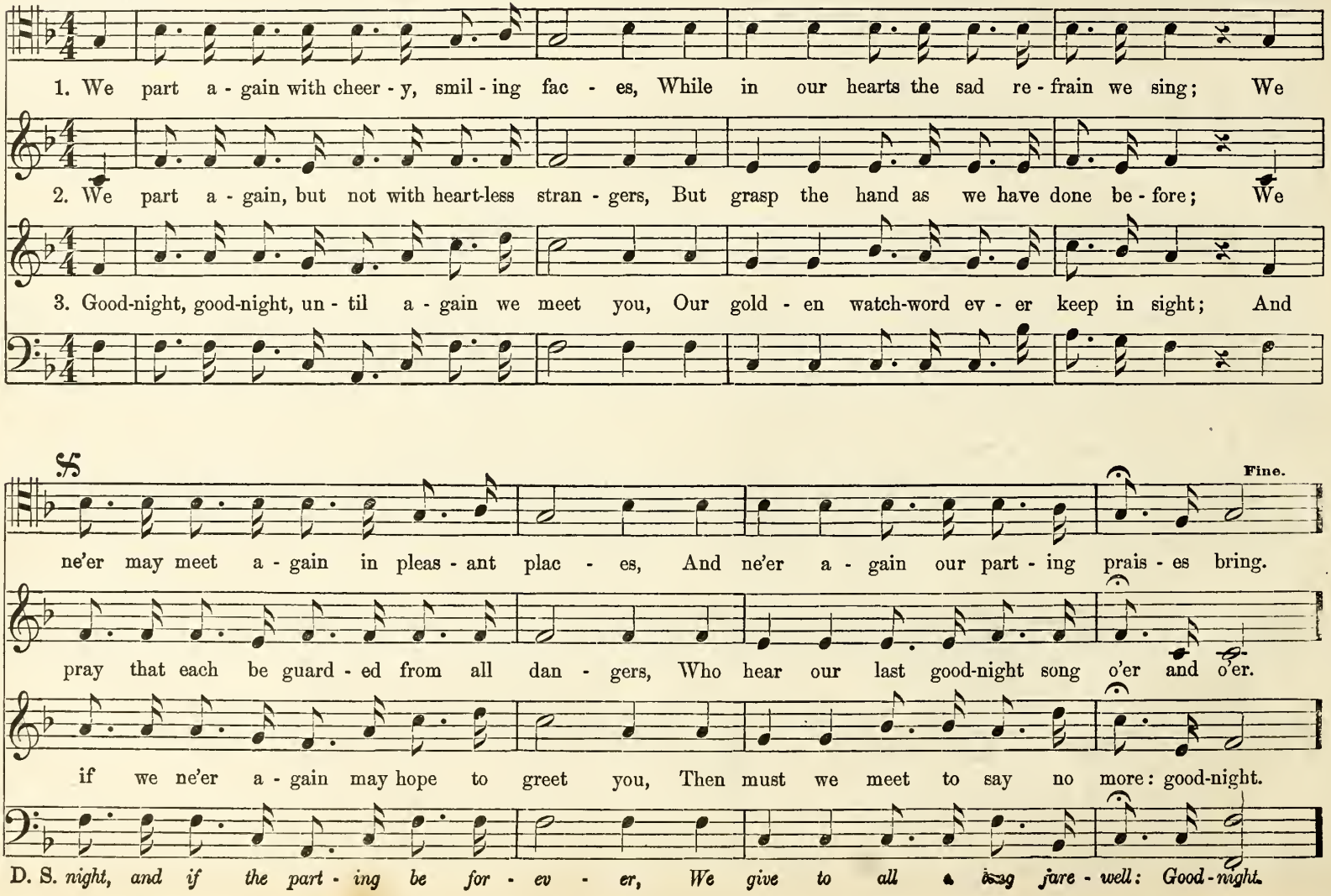

1. Oh, the pleas - ant Sum - mer rain, We are glad to hear a - gain, With its beau-ti - ful refrain, On the roof and the tree;
2. Oh, the pleas-ant Sum - mer show'r, Come and gone with - in an hour, And dis - play - ing mag - ic pow'r On the grass and the grain;
3. Oh, the pleas - ant Sum - mer rain, Life and health the drops con - tain; That from off my window pane To the grass gent-ly fall;
And we know the wel-come sound Brings a joy to all a - round, On the dry and thirst - y ground, Far as eye can see.
Oh, it makes the sun - shine bright, And it wakes the brook at night, Bring-ing out the blos-soms white, Welcome, welcome rain.
They re - fresh the sul - try air, They make ev - 'ry flow'r more fair; And a beau - ty fresh and rare, They im-part to all.

CHORUS.
Hear the pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, Of the Summer rain, Yes, the pat - ter, pat - ter,
Hear the pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, Of the Summer rain, Yes, the patter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter,
Hear the pat - - - ter, pat - - - ter, Of the Summer rain, Yes, the pat - - - ter,
pat - ter, pat - ter, beau - ti - ful re - frain, Dropping pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter,
pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, beau - ti - ful re - frain, Dropping pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter,
pat - - - ter, beau - ti - ful re - frain, Drop-ping pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter,
on the thirst - y ground, Speaking pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, all a - round.
on the thirst - y ground, Speaking pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, all a - round.
on the thirst - y ground, Speaking pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, all a - round.

A KIND GOOD-NIGHT.

A. J. KRIDER.

J. F. KINSEY.

Moderato.


1. We part a - gain with cheer - y, smil - ing fac - es, While in our hearts the sad re - frain we sing; We
2. We part a - gain, but not with heart-less stran - gers, But grasp the hand as we have done be - fore; We
3. Good-night, good-night, un - til a - gain we meet you, Our gold - en watch-word ev - er keep in sight; And
𝄋
Fine.
ne'er may meet a - gain in pleas - ant plac - es, And ne'er a - gain our part - ing prais - es bring.
pray that each be guard - ed from all dan - gers, Who hear our last good-night song o'er and o'er.
if we ne'er a - gain may hope to greet you, Then must we meet to say no more: good-night.
D. S. night, and if the part - ing be for - ev - er, We give to all a long fare - well: Good - night.

A KIND GOOD-NIGHT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

D. S.

A kind good-night we give to all at part - ing, Your mot - to may it ev - er be the right; Good-

A kind good-night we give to all at part - ing, Your mot - to may it ev - er be the right; Good-

BLOW, BLOW, BLOW.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

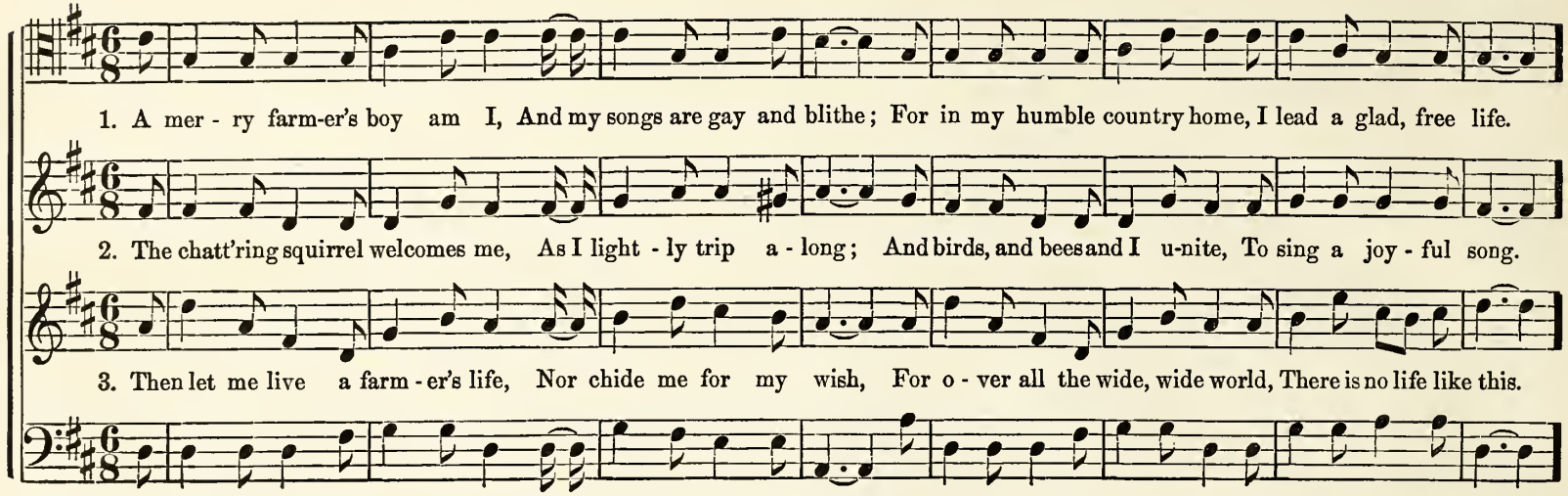
1. Blow, blow, blow, Wind of the west - ern sea,
   Blow, blow, blow, Blow him a - gain to me;
2. Blow, blow, blow, Soon he will be at home,
   Blow, blow, blow, Nev - er a - gain to roam;

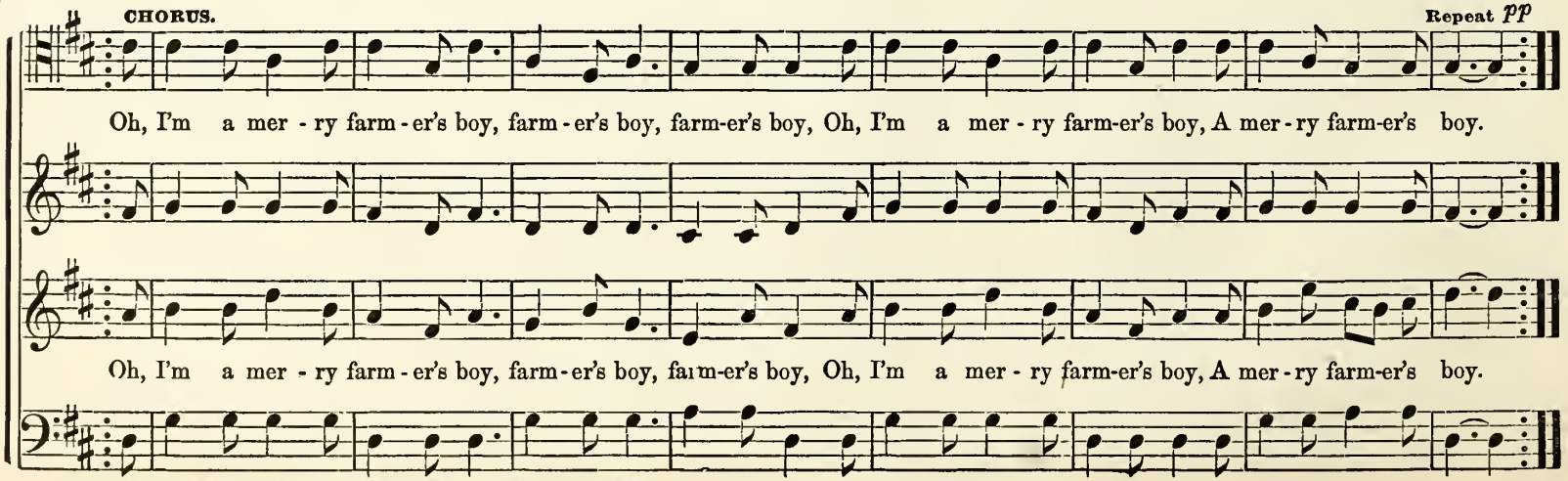
Blow from the caves of the o - cean deep,
Blow him, ye winds of the o - cean main,

Blow, with your wild and win - try sweep, Blow him a - gain to those who weep! Blow, blow, blow.
Blow him along to his home a - gain, Blow till we greet him with glad ac - claim! Blow, blow, blow.

A MERRY FARMER'S BOY.

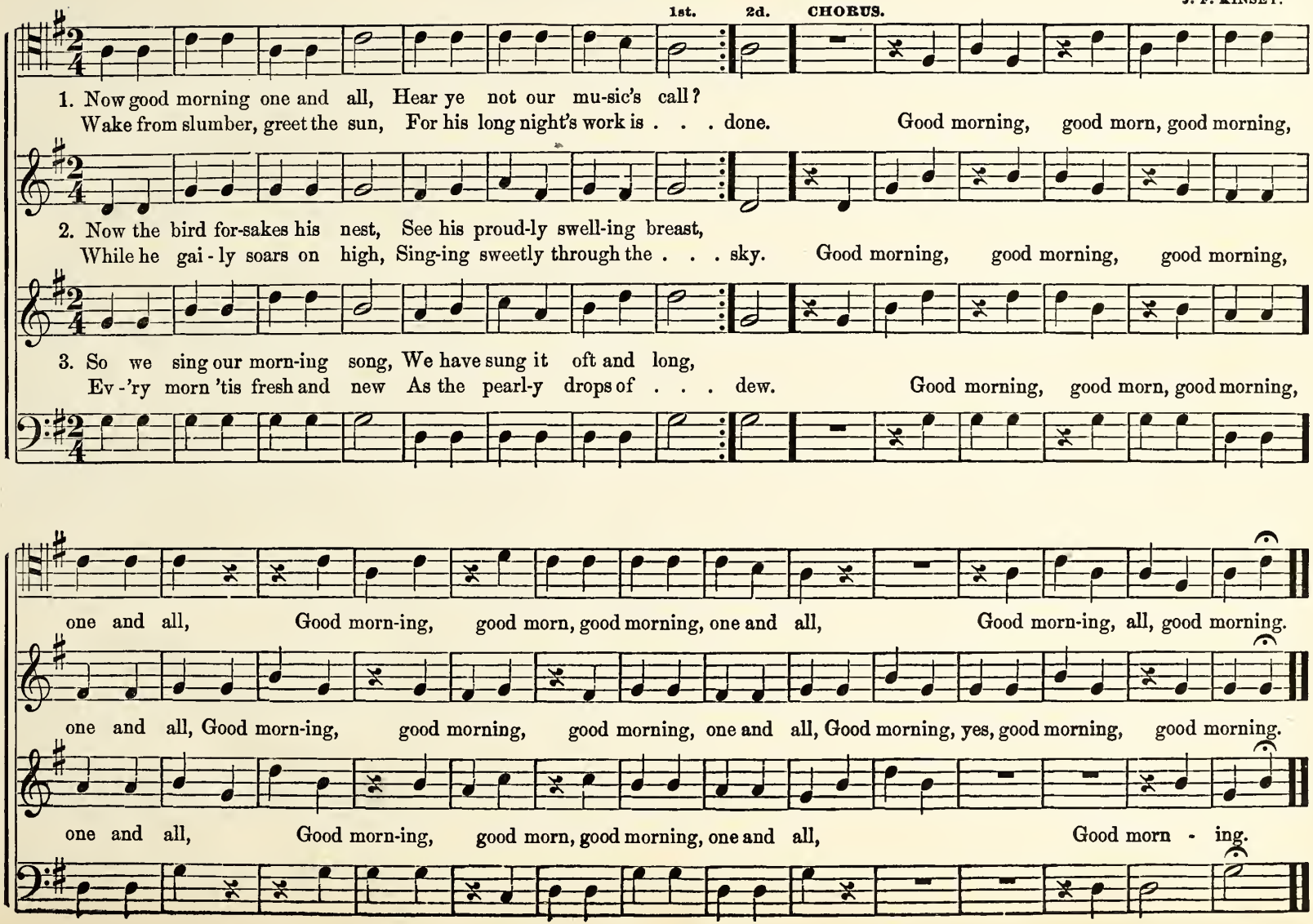
J. H. KISSINGER.


1. A mer - ry farm-er's boy am I, And my songs are gay and blithe; For in my humble country home, I lead a glad, free life.
2. The chatt'ring squirrel welcomes me, As I light - ly trip a - long; And birds, and bees and I u-nite, To sing a joy - ful song.
3. Then let me live a farm - er's life, Nor chide me for my wish, For o - ver all the wide, wide world, There is no life like this.


CHORUS.
Repeat pp
Oh, I'm a mer - ry farm - er's boy, farm - er's boy, farm-er's boy, Oh, I'm a mer - ry farm-er's boy, A mer - ry farm-er's boy.
Oh, I'm a mer - ry farm - er's boy, farm - er's boy, farm-er's boy, Oh, I'm a mer - ry farm-er's boy, A mer - ry farm-er's boy.

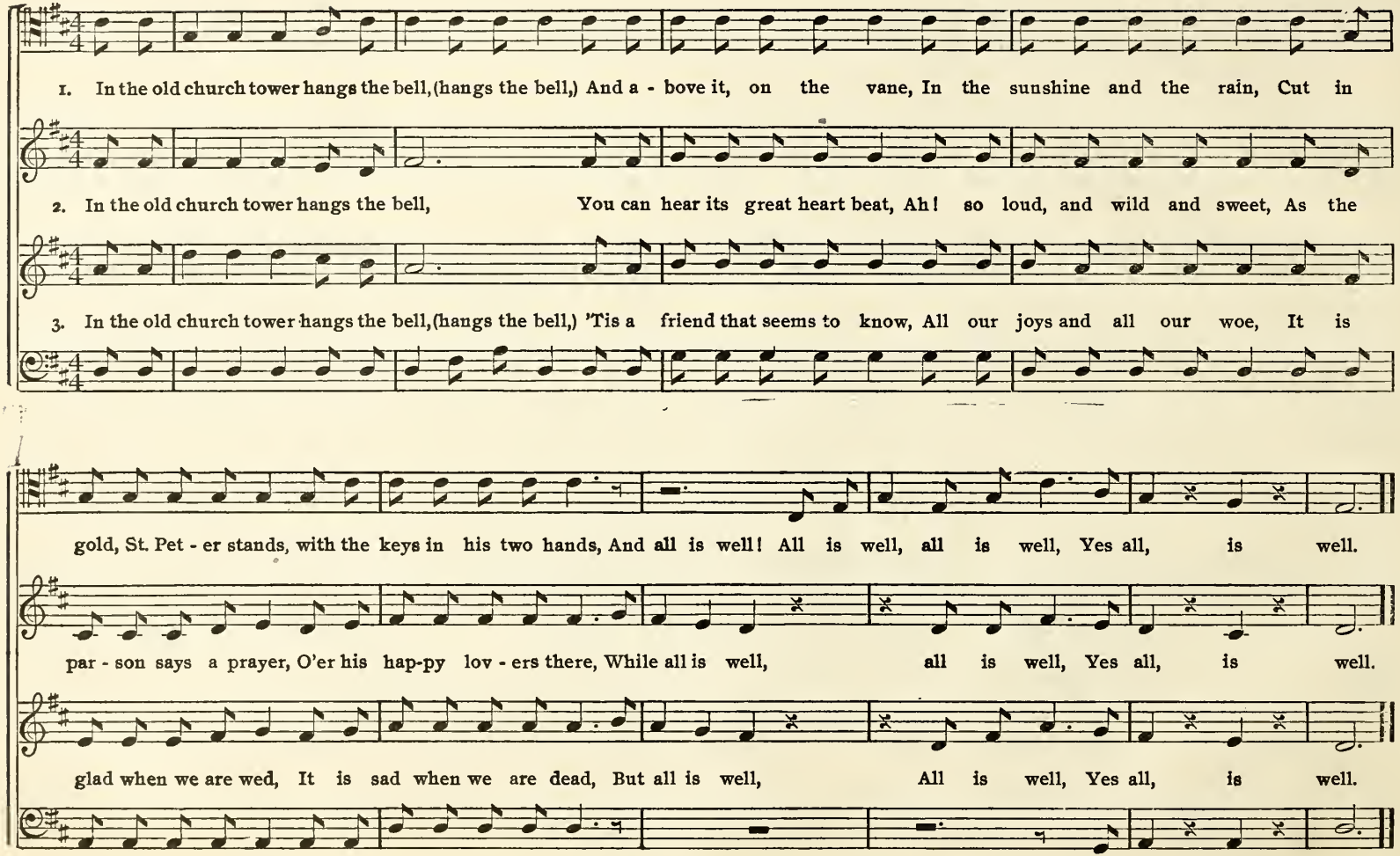
NOTE.—Chorus may be repeated as a whistling interlude with good effect

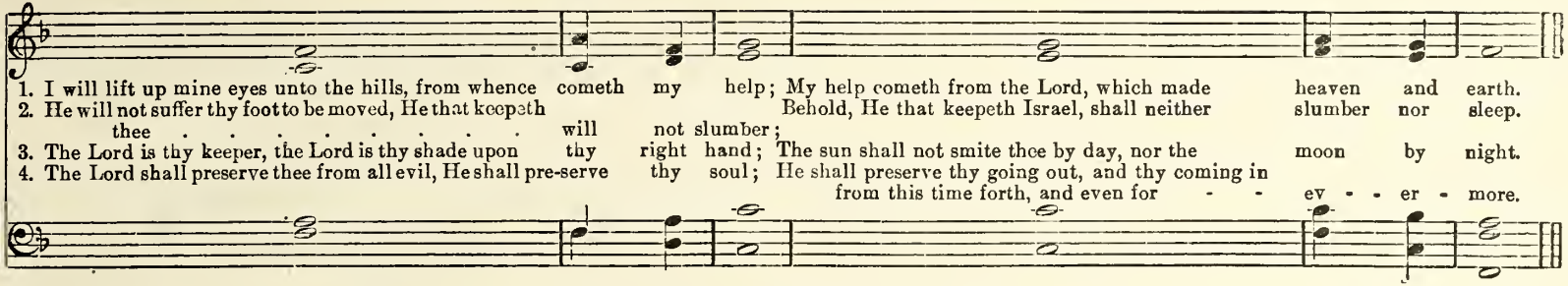
NOW, GOOD MORNING.

J. F. KINSEY.

1st.
2d.
CHORUS.
1. Now good morning one and all, Hear ye not our mu-sic's call?
Wake from slumber, greet the sun, For his long night's work is . . . done.
Good morning, good morn, good morning,
2. Now the bird for-sakes his nest, See his proud-ly swell-ing breast,
While he gai - ly soars on high, Sing-ing sweetly through the . . . sky.
Good morning, good morning, good morning,
3. So we sing our morn-ing song, We have sung it oft and long,
Ev - 'ry morn 'tis fresh and new As the pearl-y drops of . . . dew.
Good morning, good morn, good morning,
one and all, Good morn-ing, good morn, good morning, one and all, Good morn-ing, all, good morning.
one and all, Good morn-ing, good morning, good morning, one and all, Good morning, yes, good morning, good morning.
one and all, Good morn-ing, good morn, good morning, one and all, Good morn - ing.

HANGS THE BELL.

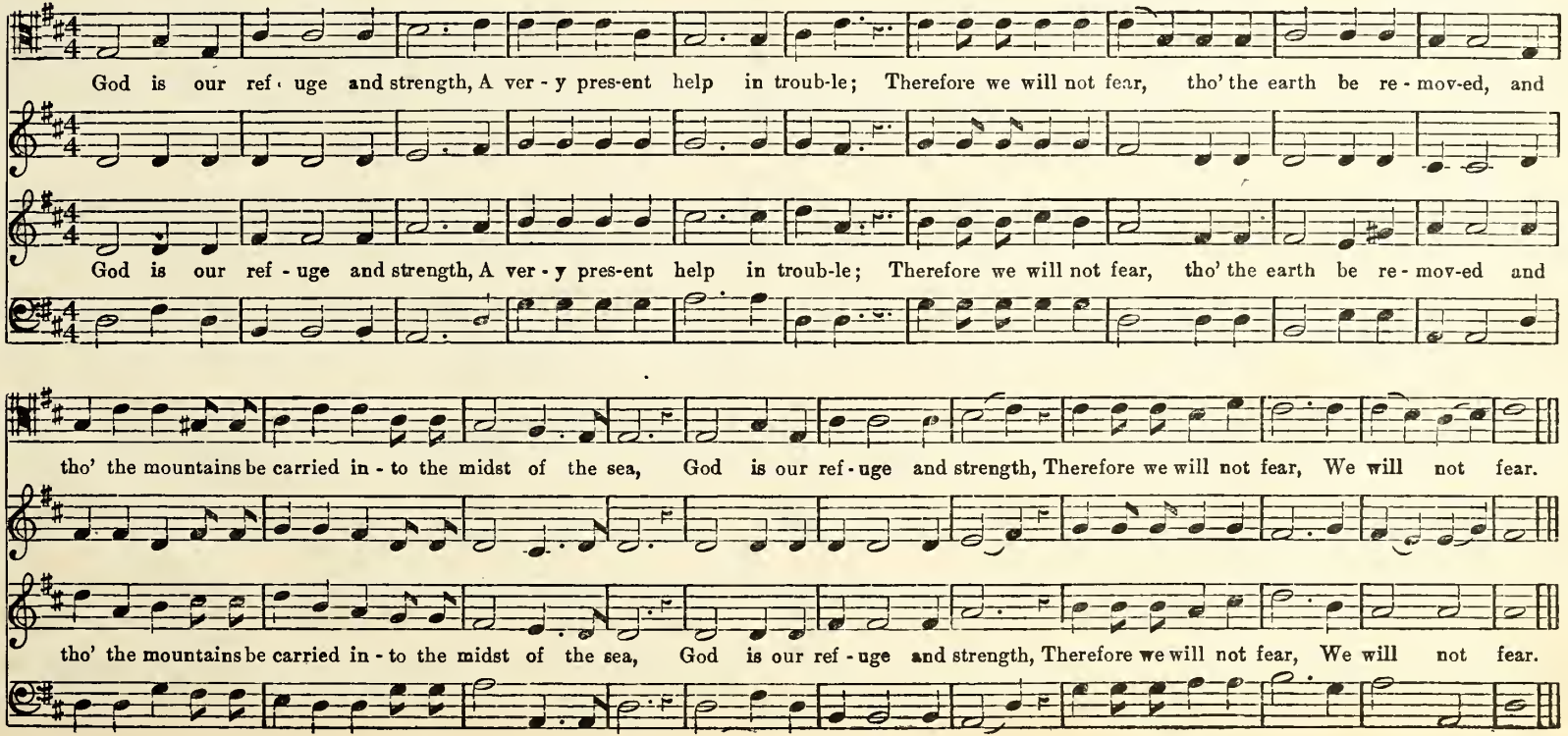
J. F. KINSEY.


1. In the old church tower hangs the bell, (hangs the bell,) And a - bove it, on the vane, In the sunshine and the rain, Cut in
2. In the old church tower hangs the bell, You can hear its great heart beat, Ah! so loud, and wild and sweet, As the
3. In the old church tower hangs the bell, (hangs the bell,) 'Tis a friend that seems to know, All our joys and all our woe, It is
gold, St. Pet - er stands, with the keys in his two hands, And all is well! All is well, all is well, Yes all, is well.
par - son says a prayer, O'er his hap-py lov - ers there, While all is well, all is well, Yes all, is well.
glad when we are wed, It is sad when we are dead, But all is well, All is well, Yes all, is well.


1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help; My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, He that keepeth Behold, He that keepeth Israel, shall neither slumber nor sleep.
thee will not slumber;
3. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand; The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, He shall pre-serve thy soul; He shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in
from this time forth, and even for - - ev - - er - more.

GOD IS OUR REFUGE.

J. F. KINSEY.


God is our ref - uge and strength, A ver - y pres-ent help in troub-le; Therefore we will not fear, tho' the earth be re - mov-ed, and
God is our ref - uge and strength, A ver - y pres-ent help in troub-le; Therefore we will not fear, tho' the earth be re - mov-ed and
tho' the mountains be carried in - to the midst of the sea, God is our ref - uge and strength, Therefore we will not fear, We will not fear.
tho' the mountains be carried in - to the midst of the sea, God is our ref - uge and strength, Therefore we will not fear, We will not fear.

HAPPY WE.

J. F. KINSEY.

Sprightly.

1. Come let's sing a merry round, Wake the cheer - ful glee; Sing a - loud with joy - ful sound, Hap - py, hap - py we.

2. En - vy, an - ger, hence a - way, E - vil pas - sions flee; Why should we in - dulge them, say? Hap - py, hap - py we.

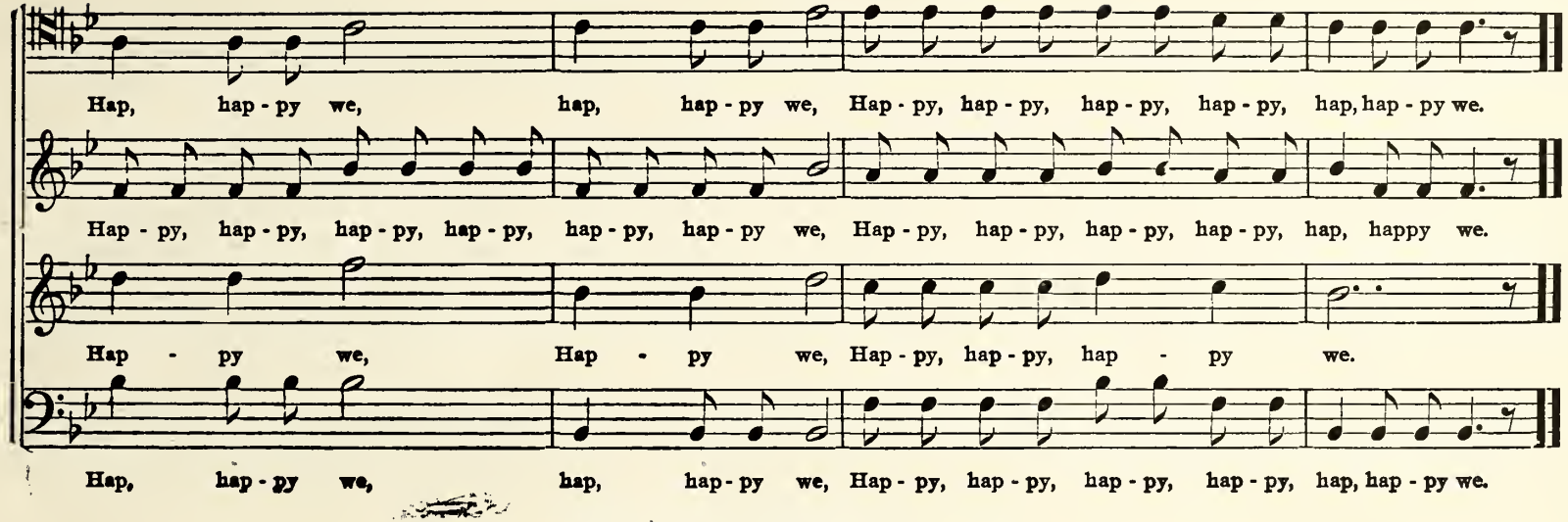
3. All may join us in our song, Come then, come a - way; And we'll each the strain pro - long, With our mer - ry lay.

CHORUS.

Hap, hap - py we, hap, hap - py we, Happy, happy, happy, happy, hap - py, hap - py we.

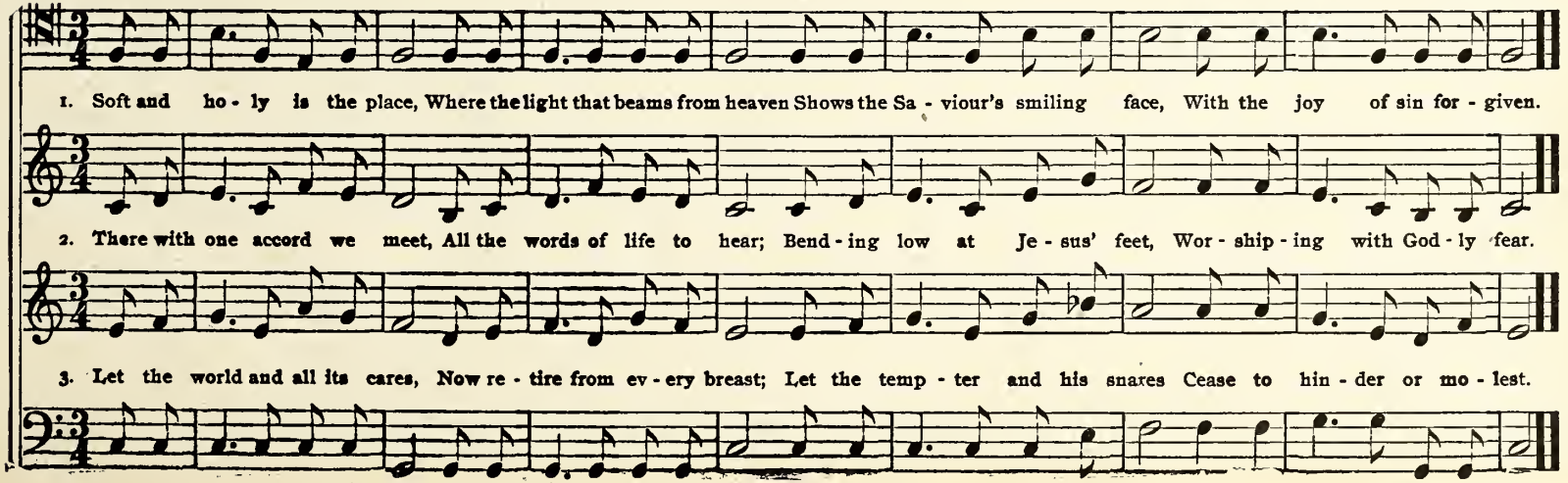
Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py hap - py, hap - py we, Hap - py, hap - py, happy, hap - py, hap, hap - py we.

Hap - py we, hap - py we, Hap - py Hap - py, Hap - py we,

Hap, hap - py we, hap, happy we, Happy, happy, happy, happy, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

Hap, hap - py we, hap, hap - py we, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap, hap - py we.
Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap, happy we.
Hap - py we, Hap - py we, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we.
Hap, hap - py we, hap, hap - py we, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap, hap - py we.

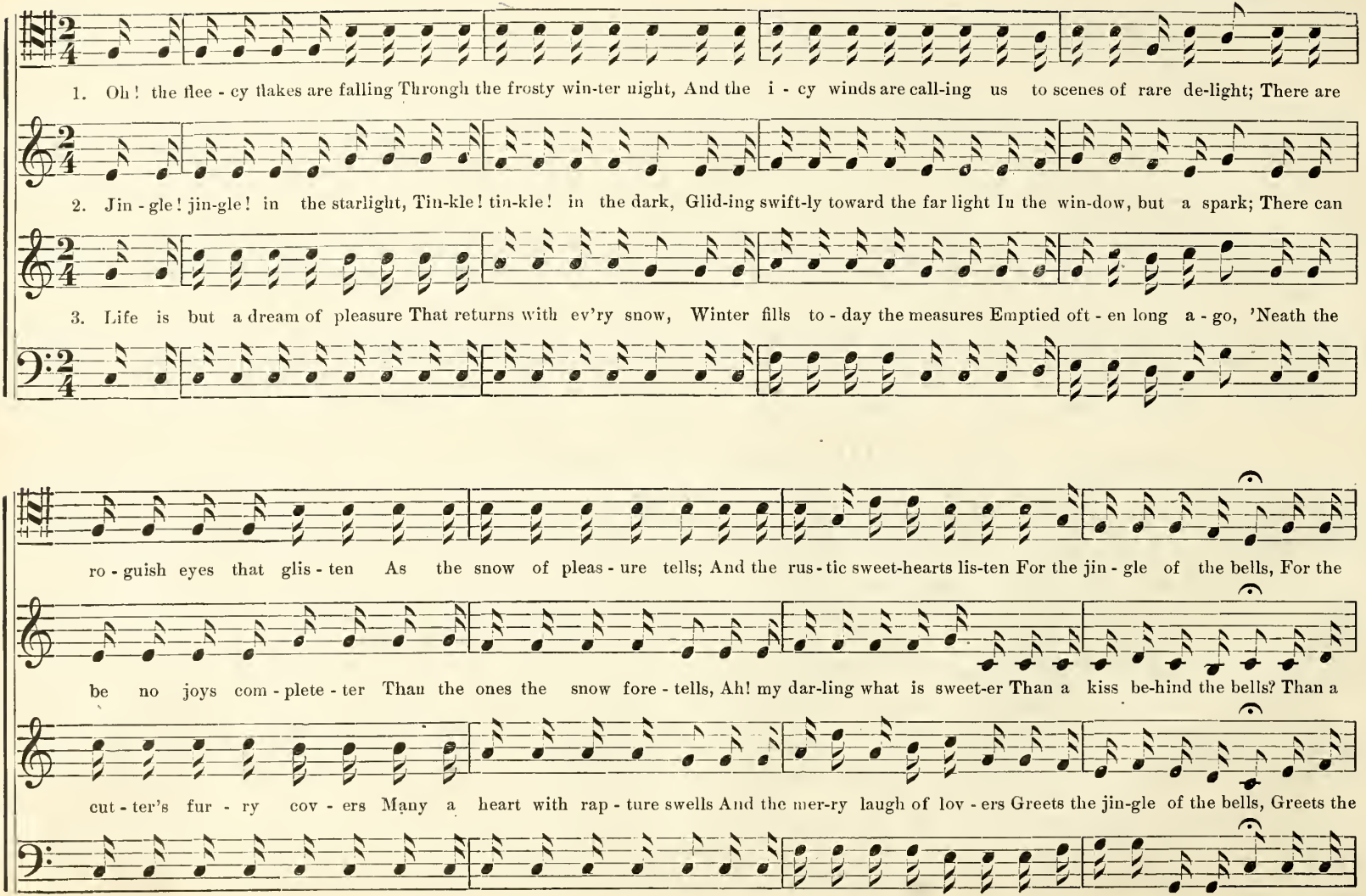
HOLY IS THE PLACE.

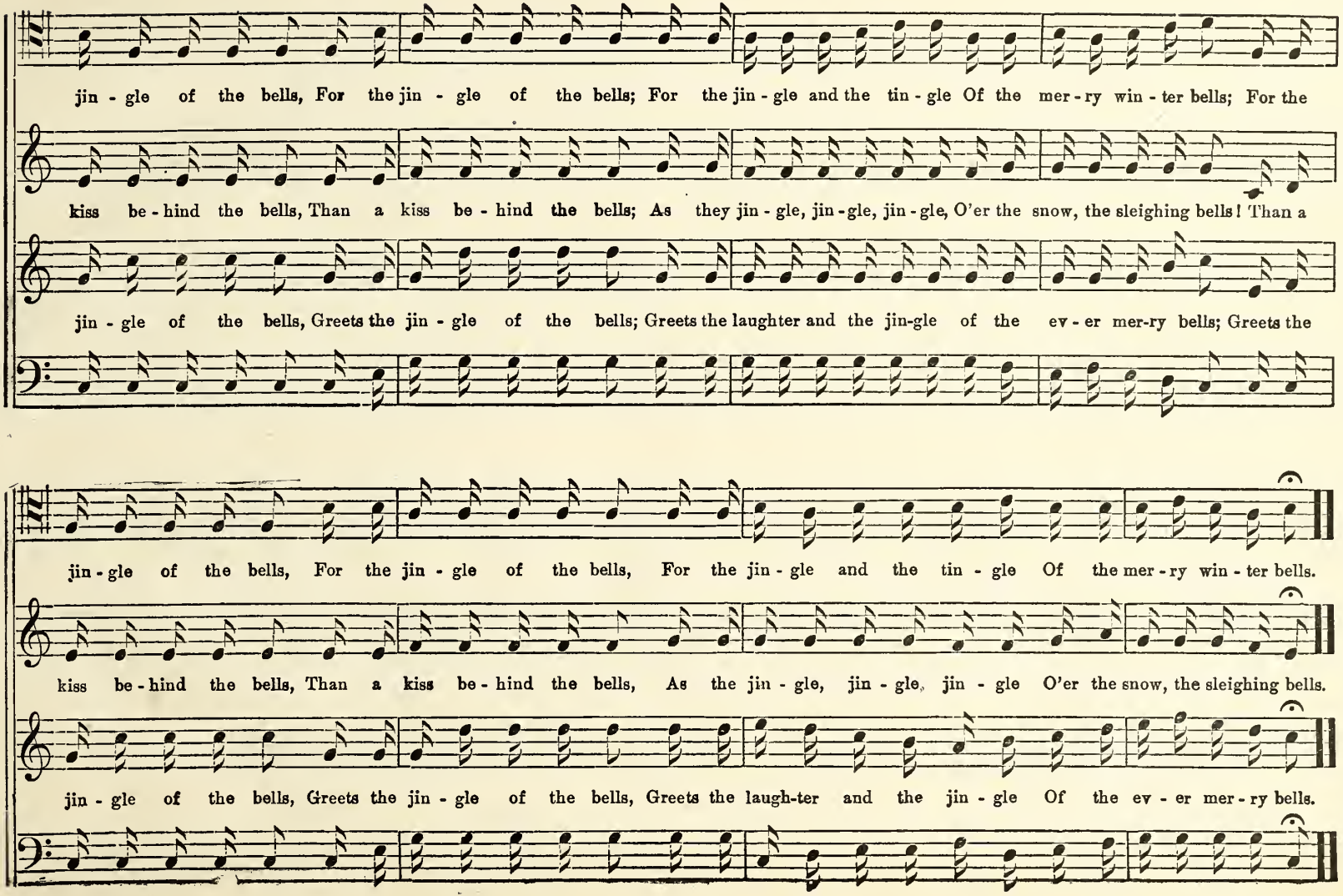
J. F. K.


1. Soft and ho - ly is the place, Where the light that beams from heaven Shows the Sa - viour's smiling face, With the joy of sin for - given.
2. There with one accord we meet, All the words of life to hear; Bend - ing low at Je - sus' feet, Wor - ship - ing with God - ly fear.
3. Let the world and all its cares, Now re - tire from ev - ery breast; Let the temp - ter and his snares Cease to hin - der or mo - lest.

SLEIGH RIDE GLEE.

M. L. BARTLETT.


1. Oh! the flee - cy flakes are falling Through the frosty win-ter night, And the i - cy winds are call-ing us to scenes of rare de-light; There are
2. Jin - gle! jin-gle! in the starlight, Tin-kle! tin-kle! in the dark, Glid-ing swift-ly toward the far light In the win-dow, but a spark; There can
3. Life is but a dream of pleasure That returns with ev'ry snow, Winter fills to - day the measures Emptied oft - en long a - go, 'Neath the
ro - guish eyes that glis - ten As the snow of pleas - ure tells; And the rus - tic sweet-hearts lis-ten For the jin - gle of the bells, For the
be no joys com - plete - ter Than the ones the snow fore - tells, Ah! my dar-ling what is sweet-er Than a kiss be-hind the bells? Than a
cut - ter's fur - ry cov - ers Many a heart with rap - ture swells And the mer-ry laugh of lov - ers Greets the jin-gle of the bells, Greets the

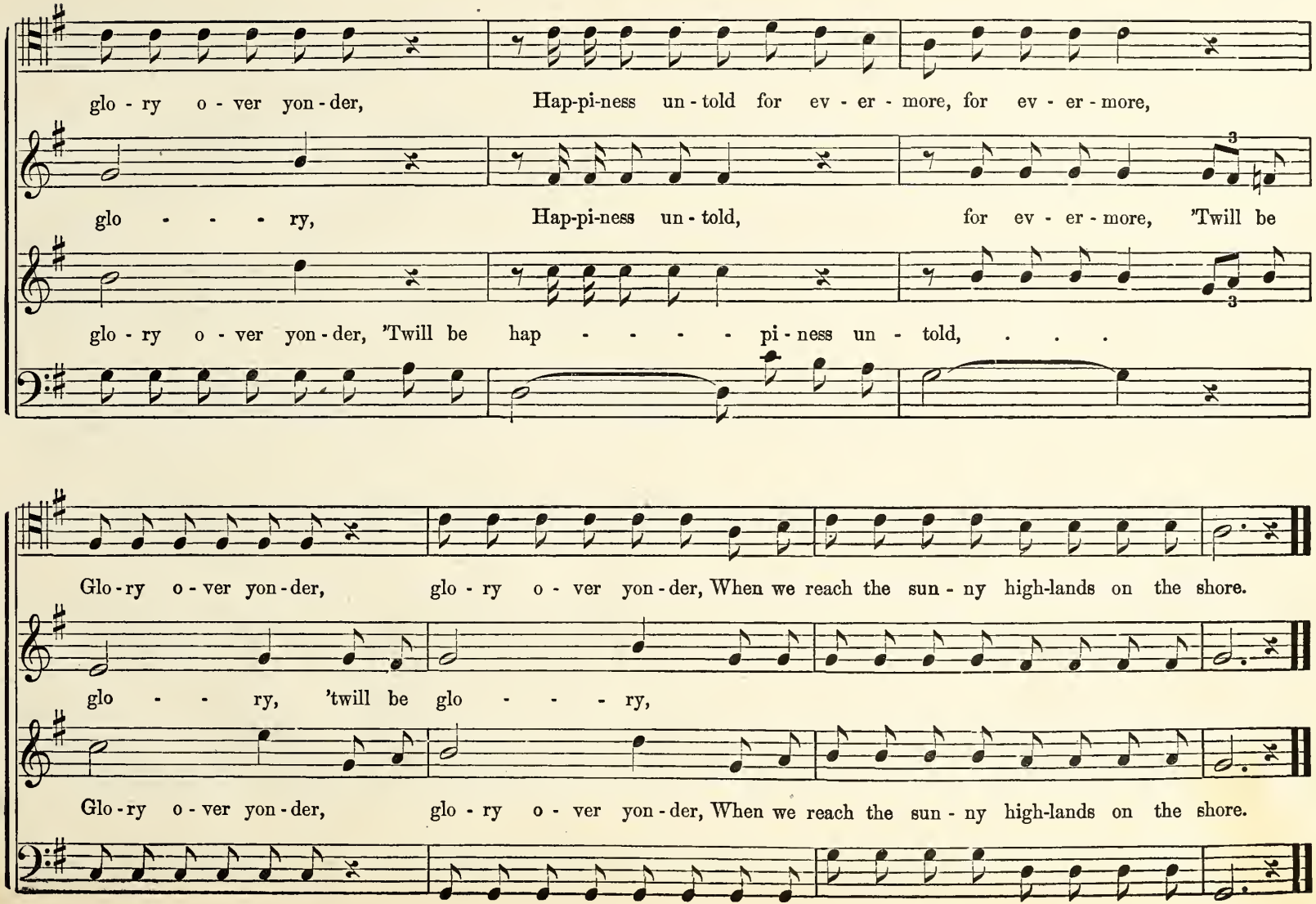

jin - gle of the bells, For the jin - gle of the bells; For the jin - gle and the tin - gle Of the mer - ry win - ter bells; For the
kiss be - hind the bells, Than a kiss be - hind the bells; As they jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle, O'er the snow, the sleighing bells! Than a
jin - gle of the bells, Greets the jin - gle of the bells; Greets the laughter and the jin-gle of the ev - er mer-ry bells; Greets the
jin - gle of the bells, For the jin - gle of the bells, For the jin - gle and the tin - gle Of the mer - ry win - ter bells.
kiss be - hind the bells, Than a kiss be - hind the bells, As the jin - gle, jin - gle, jin - gle O'er the snow, the sleighing bells.
jin - gle of the bells, Greets the jin - gle of the bells, Greets the laugh-ter and the jin - gle Of the ev - er mer - ry bells.

THE HEAVENLY HIGHLANDS.

A. J. K. Companion to The "Highlands of Heaven" by same Author. J. F. KINSEY.

1. Pil-grim on life's rugged journey, worn and wea - ry, Garments travel stained, and bleeding feet and sore; Oh, how sweet the
2. Toil-ers fainting neath your heavy bur-dens ev - er, Want and woe your portion here for ev - er - more; You've a "house of
3. Mourners bow'd with grief, your heart strings torn and bro - ken, You shall clasp a-gain the lov'd one gone be - fore; In that hap-py

REFRAIN.

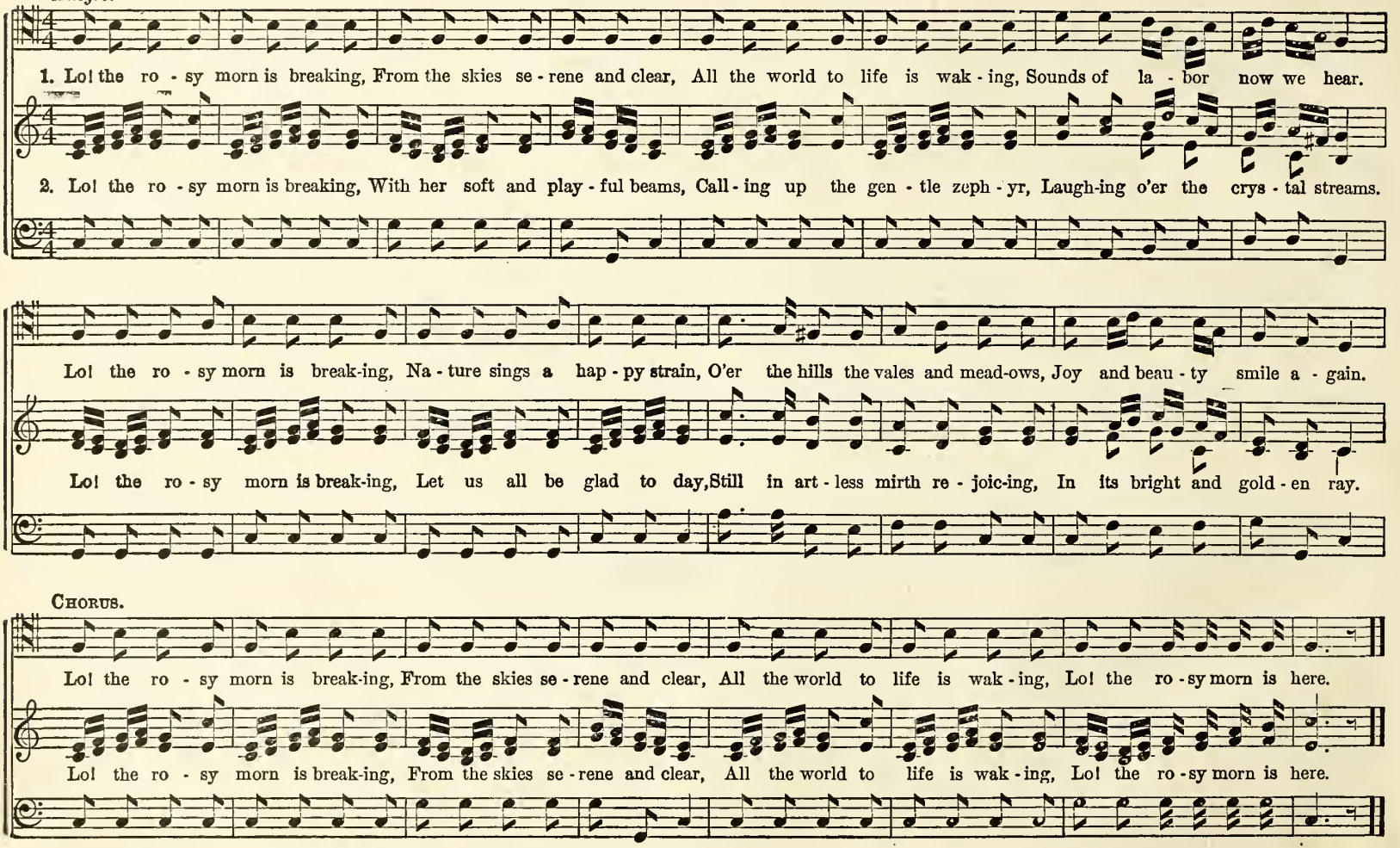
rest beyond the val - ley drear-y, On the sun-ny highlands of the oth - er shore. Glo - ry o - ver yon-der,
ma- ny mansions" o'er the riv - er, On the sun-ny highlands of the oth - er shore. 'Twill be glo - - - ry, 'twill be
clime where farewells ne'er are spok-en, On the sun-ny highlands of the oth - er shore. Glo - ry o - ver yonder,

glo - ry o - ver yon - der, Hap-pi-ness un - told for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more,
glo - - - - ry, Hap-pi-ness un - told, for ev - er - more, 'Twill be
glo - ry o - ver yon - der, 'Twill be hap - - - - - pi - ness un - told, . . .
Glo - ry o - ver yon - der, glo - ry o - ver yon - der, When we reach the sun - ny high-lands on the shore.
glo - - - ry, 'twill be glo - - - - ry,
Glo - ry o - ver yon - der, glo - ry o - ver yon - der, When we reach the sun - ny high-lands on the shore.

LO! THE ROSY MORN IS BREAKING.

M. L. B.

Allegro.

M. L. Bartlett.


1. Lo! the ro - sy morn is breaking, From the skies se - rene and clear, All the world to life is wak - ing, Sounds of la - bor now we hear.
2. Lo! the ro - sy morn is breaking, With her soft and play - ful beams, Call - ing up the gen - tle zeph - yr, Laugh-ing o'er the crys - tal streams.
Lo! the ro - sy morn is break-ing, Na - ture sings a hap - py strain, O'er the hills the vales and mead-ows, Joy and beau - ty smile a - gain.
Lo! the ro - sy morn is break-ing, Let us all be glad to day, Still in art - less mirth re - joic-ing, In its bright and gold - en ray.
Chorus.
Lo! the ro - sy morn is break-ing, From the skies se - rene and clear, All the world to life is wak - ing, Lo! the ro - sy morn is here.
Lo! the ro - sy morn is break-ing, From the skies se - rene and clear, All the world to life is wak - ing, Lo! the ro - sy morn is here.

WHAT ARE OUR MEMORIES SAYING?

W. F. HEATH.

1. What are our mem-o-ries say - ing? Speaking in tones soft and low, . . . Telling what treasures are stay - ing
D. S. Watching its fad-ing of flow - ers,

low, soft and low,
ten-der-ly sweet,

2. What are our mem-o-ries tell . ing? Strains o'er us ten-der-ly sweet, . . . Childhood's dear music in-dwell - ing,
D. S. Soft-ly and sweetly re-peat - ing,

Fine.

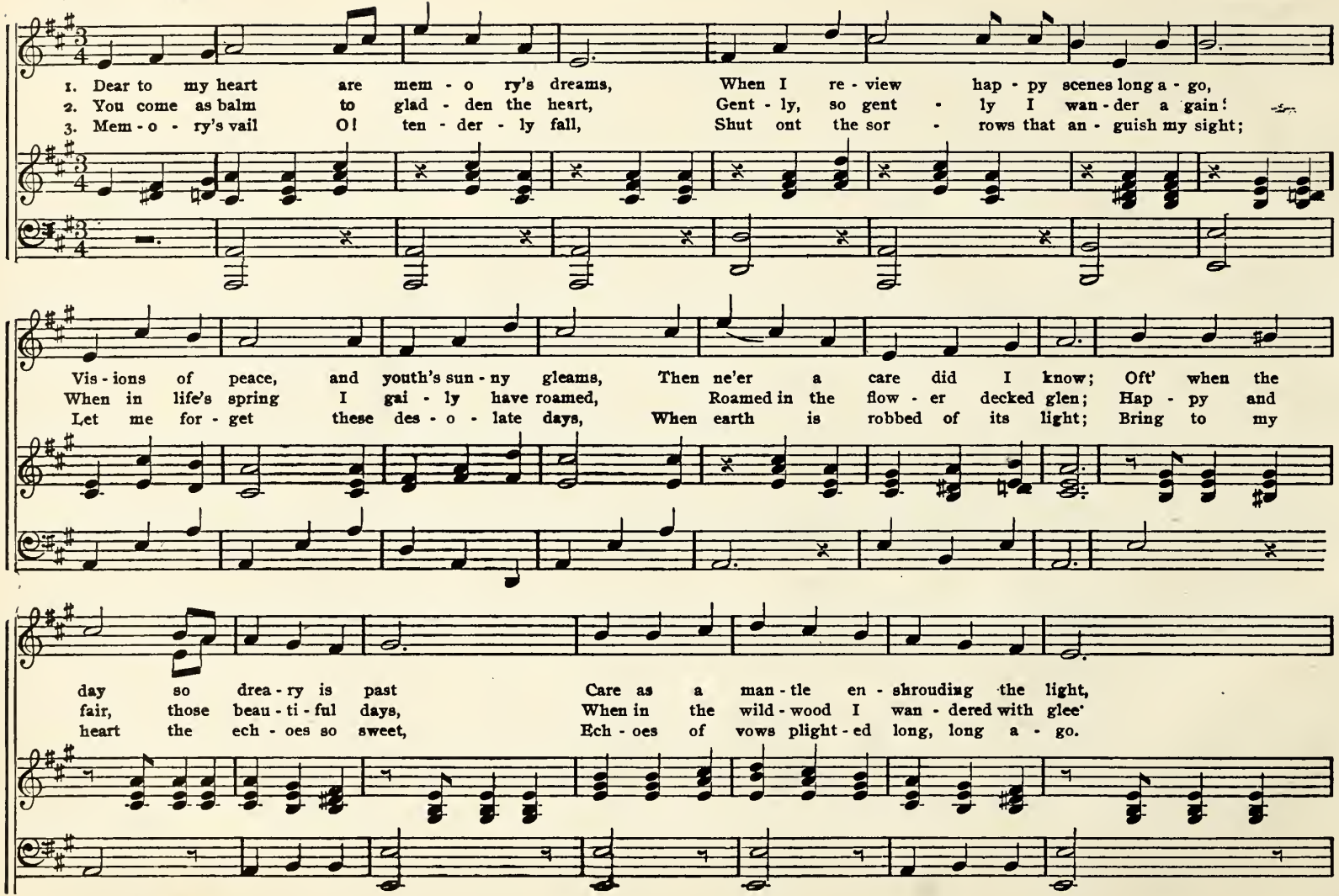
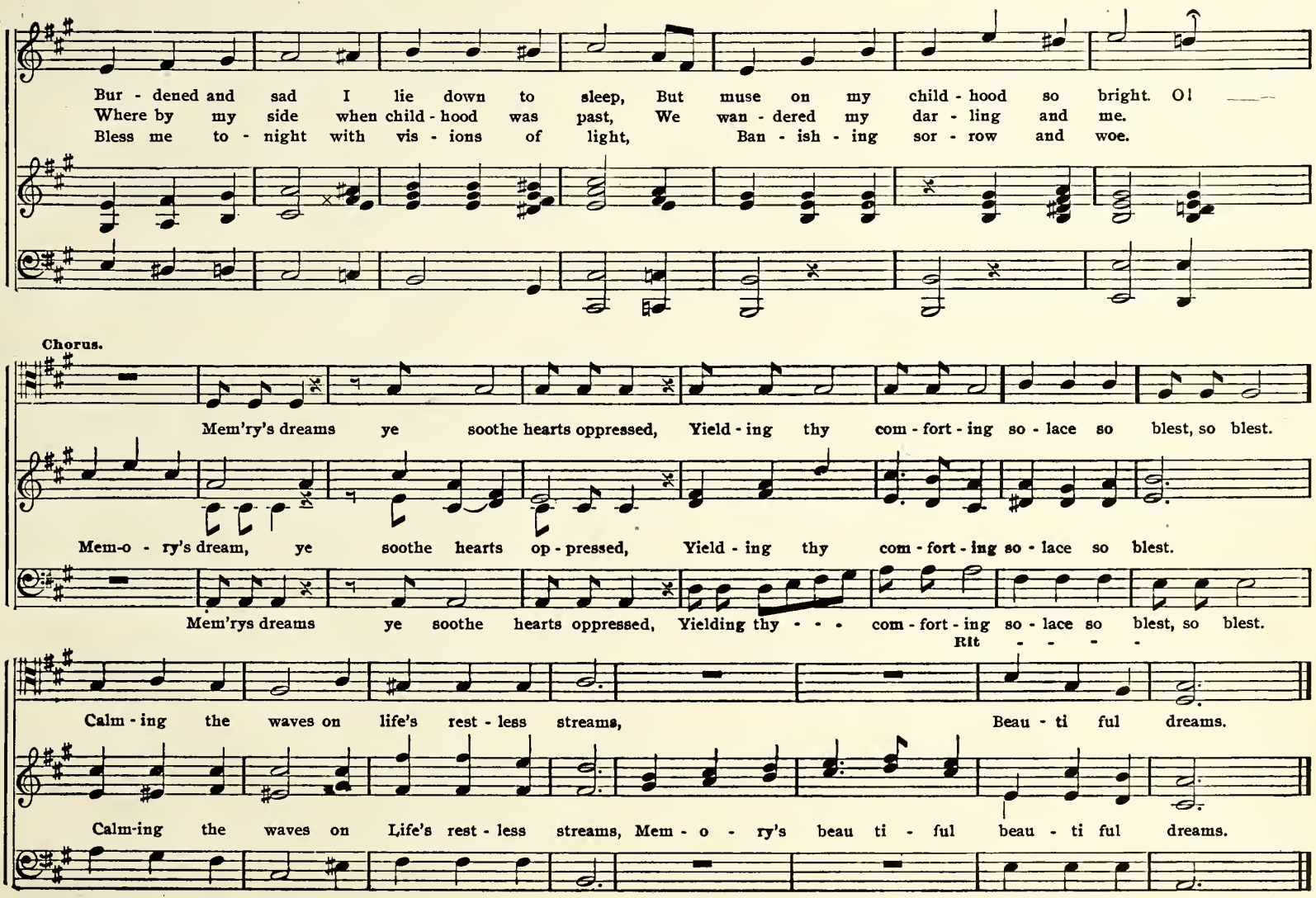
D. S.

In the green isle long a - go, ... Joys that no long - - er are ours, Hearts al-most shad - owed, it seems.
Si-lent-ly dreaming its dream. . . .

Joys that no long-er are ours, Hearts almost shadowed it seems.
Ev-er thus treasured and keeping, Guiding and lov-ing-ly stay.

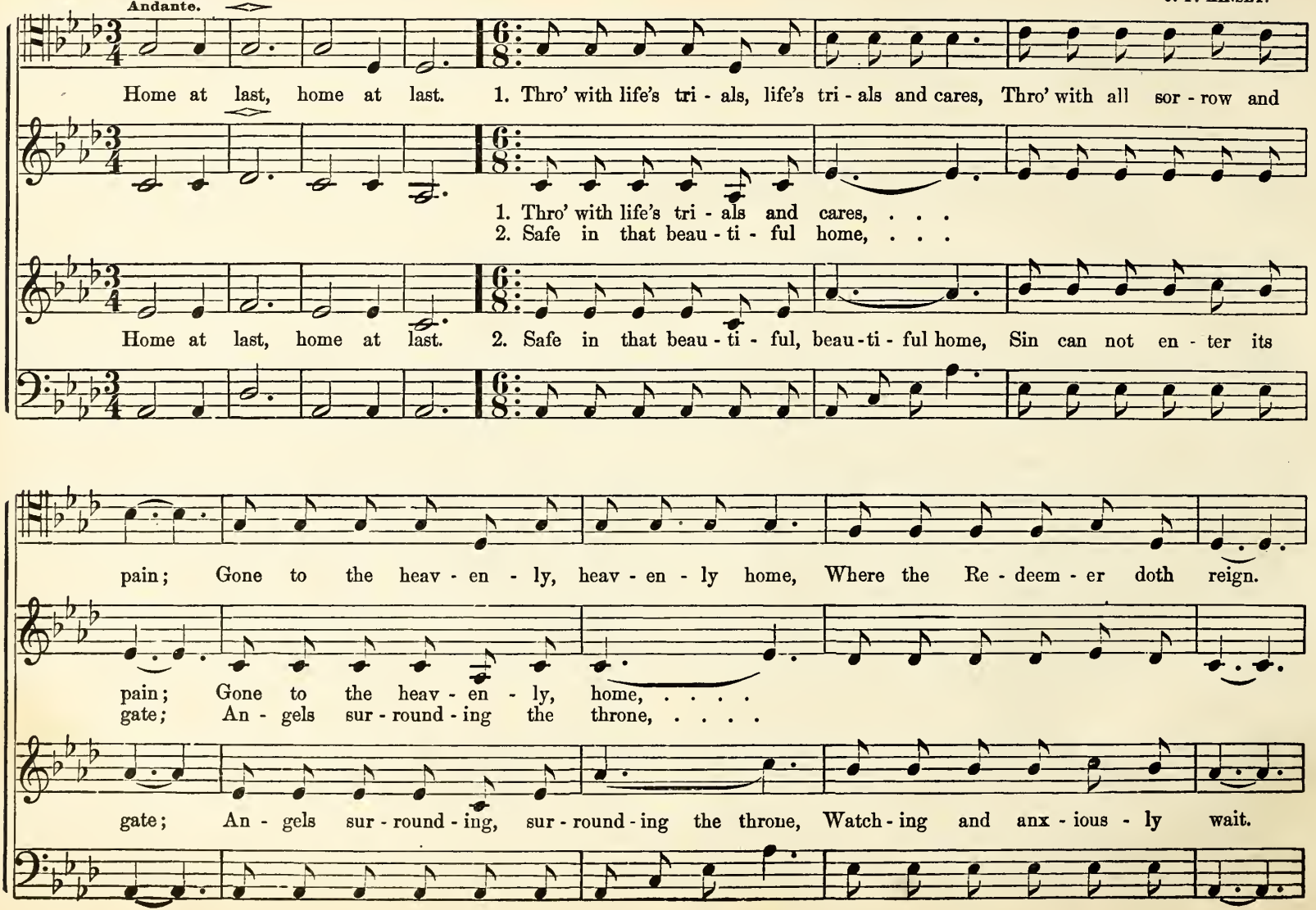
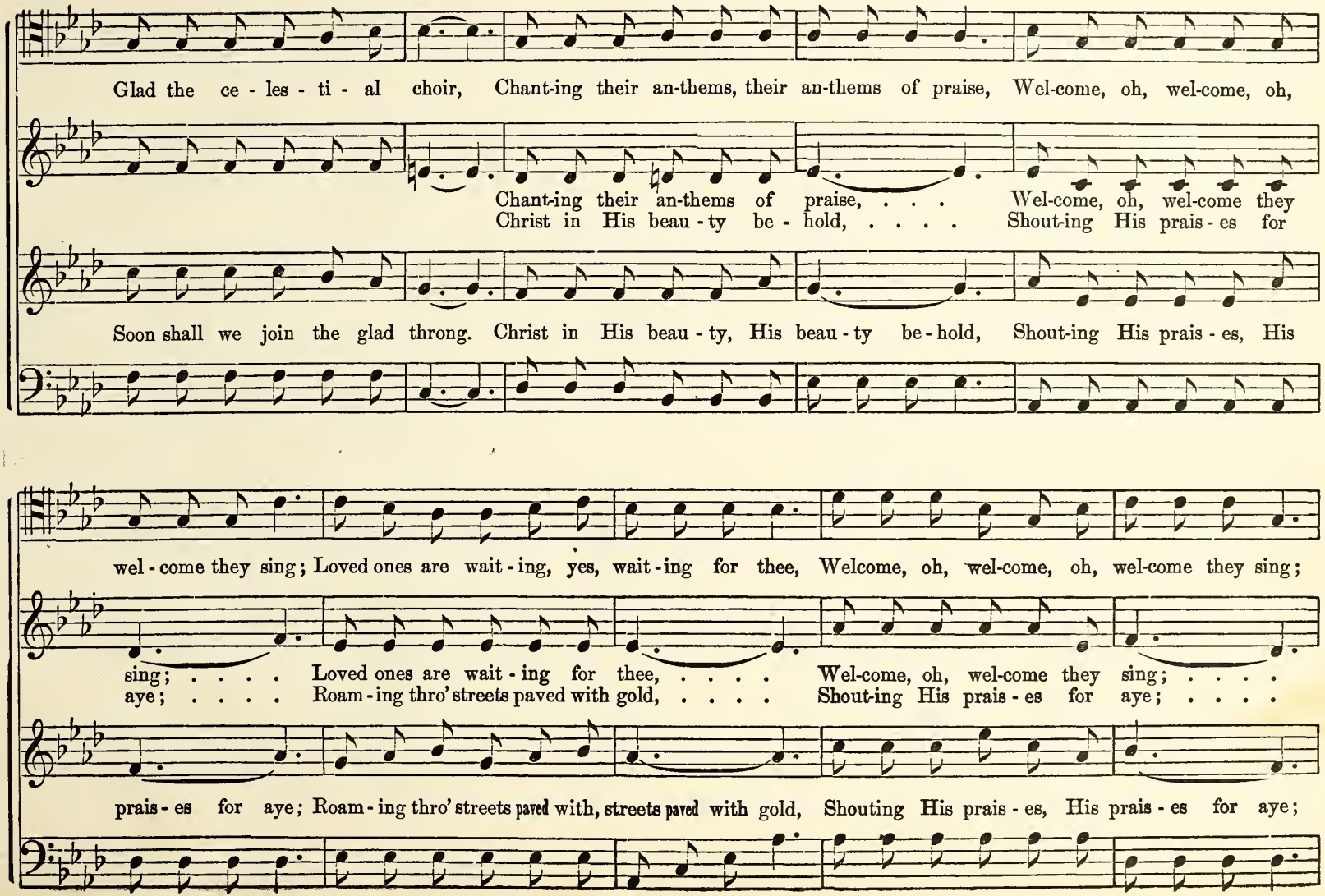
Hearts that so hap-pi-ly speak, . . . Ev-er thus treas - ured and keeping, Guiding and lov - ing-ly stay.
Pray'rs that we all used to pray. . . .

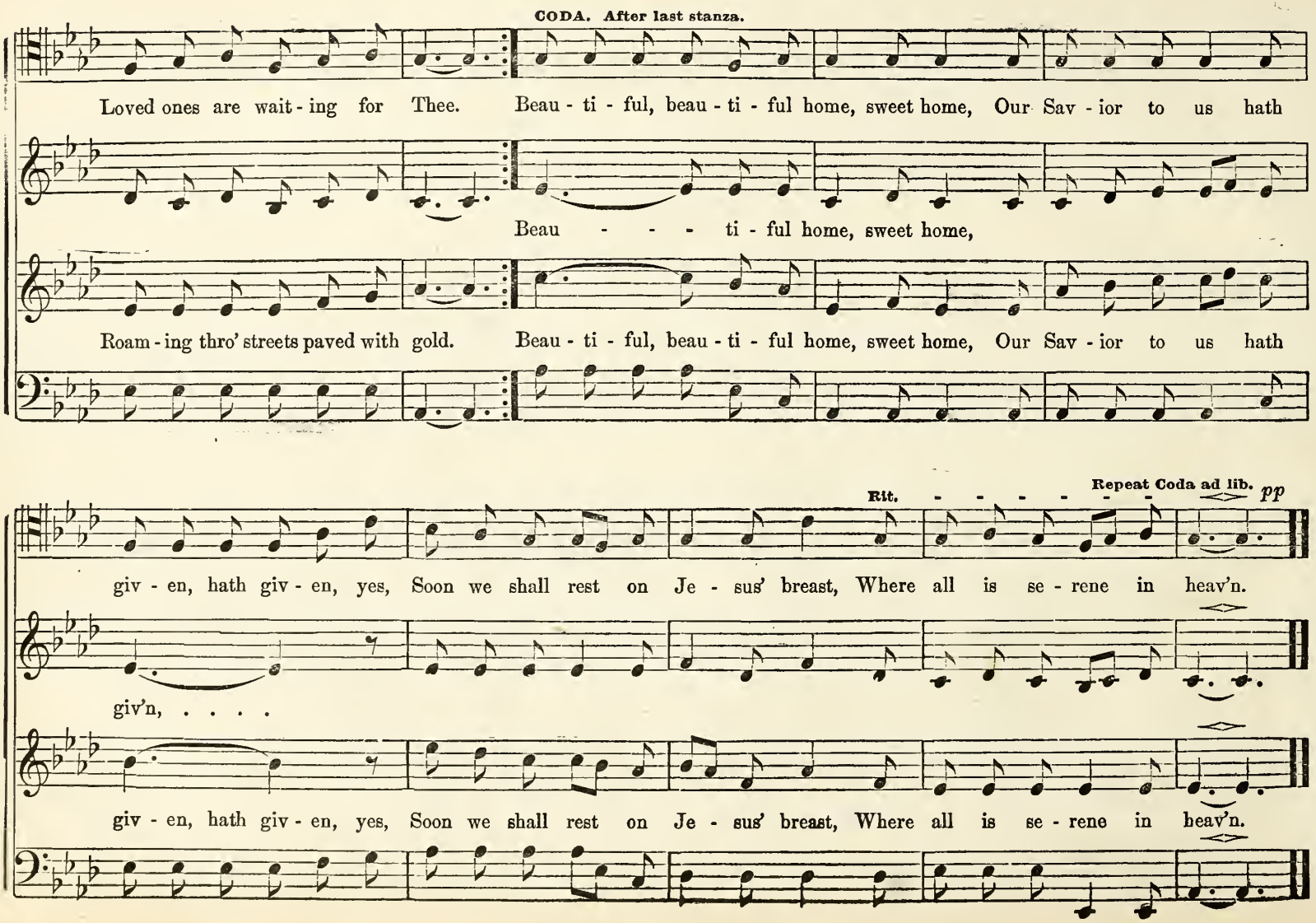
MEMORY'S DREAMS.

LAURA E. NEWELL. W. S. SUTTON.

1. Dear to my heart are mem - o ry's dreams, When I re - view hap - py scenes long a - go,
2. You come as balm to glad - den the heart, Gent - ly, so gent - ly I wan - der a gain!
3. Mem - o - ry's vail O! ten - der - ly fall, Shut ont the sor - rows that an - guish my sight;
Vis - ions of peace, and youth's sun - ny gleams, Then ne'er a care did I know; Oft' when the
When in life's spring I gai - ly have roamed, Roamed in the flow - er decked glen; Hap - py and
Let me for - get these des - o - late days, When earth is robbed of its light; Bring to my
day so drea - ry is past Care as a man - tle en - shrouding the light,
fair, those beau - ti - ful days, When in the wild - wood I wan - dered with glee'
heart the ech - oes so sweet, Ech - oes of vows plight - ed long, long a - go.

Bur - dened and sad I lie down to sleep, But muse on my child - hood so bright. O!
Where by my side when child - hood was past, We wan - dered my dar - ling and me.
Bless me to - night with vis - ions of light, Ban - ish - ing sor - row and woe.
Chorus.
Mem'ry's dreams ye soothe hearts oppressed, Yield - ing thy com - fort - ing so - lace so blest, so blest.
Mem-o - ry's dream, ye soothe hearts op - pressed, Yield - ing thy com - fort - ing so - lace so blest.
Mem'rys dreams ye soothe hearts oppressed, Yielding thy - - - com - fort - ing so - lace so blest, so blest.
Rit - - - -
Calm - ing the waves on life's rest - less streams, Beau - ti ful dreams.
Calm-ing the waves on Life's rest - less streams, Mem - o - ry's beau ti - ful beau - ti ful dreams.

HOME AT LAST.

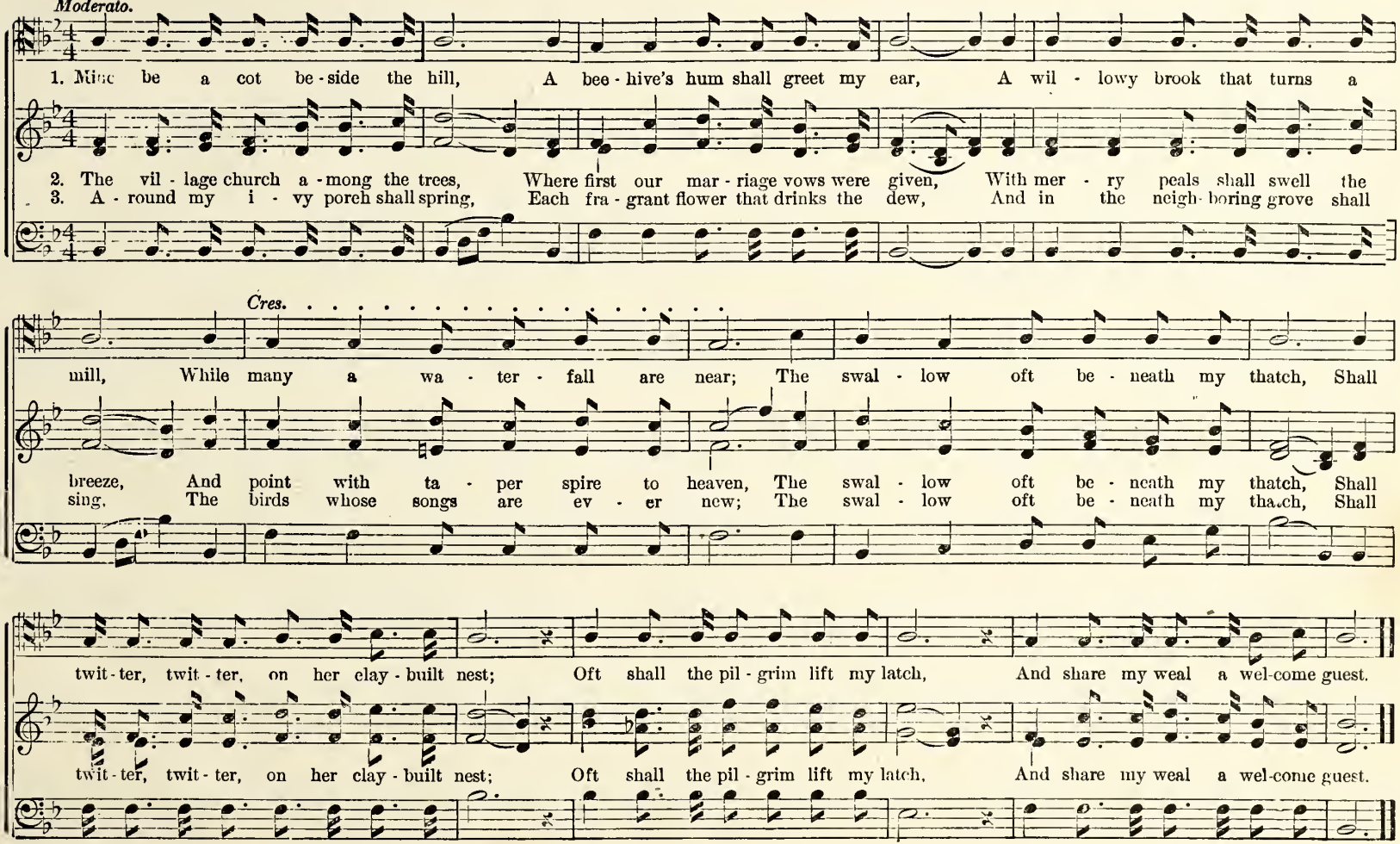
MRS. J. F. KINSEY.
Andante.

J. F. KINSEY.

Home at last, home at last. 1. Thro' with life's tri - als, life's tri - als and cares, Thro' with all sor - row and
1. Thro' with life's tri - als and cares, . . .
2. Safe in that beau - ti - ful home, . . .
Home at last, home at last. 2. Safe in that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, Sin can not en - ter its
pain; Gone to the heav - en - ly, heav - en - ly home, Where the Re - deem - er doth reign.
pain; Gone to the heav - en - ly, home, ...
gate; An - gels sur - round - ing the throne, ...
gate; An - gels sur - round - ing, sur - round - ing the throne, Watch - ing and anx - ious - ly wait.

Glad the ce - les - ti - al choir, Chant-ing their an-thems, their an-thems of praise, Wel-come, oh, wel-come, oh,
Chant-ing their an-thems of praise, . . . Wel-come, oh, wel-come they
Christ in His beau - ty be - hold, ... Shout-ing His prais - es for
Soon shall we join the glad throng. Christ in His beau - ty, His beau - ty be - hold, Shout-ing His prais - es, His
wel - come they sing; Loved ones are wait - ing, yes, wait - ing for thee, Welcome, oh, wel-come, oh, wel-come they sing;
sing; . . . . Loved ones are wait - ing for thee, ... Wel-come, oh, wel-come they sing; . . . .
aye; . . . . Roam - ing thro' streets paved with gold, ... Shout-ing His prais - es for aye; . . . .
prais - es for aye; Roam - ing thro' streets paved with, streets paved with gold, Shouting His prais - es, His prais - es for aye;

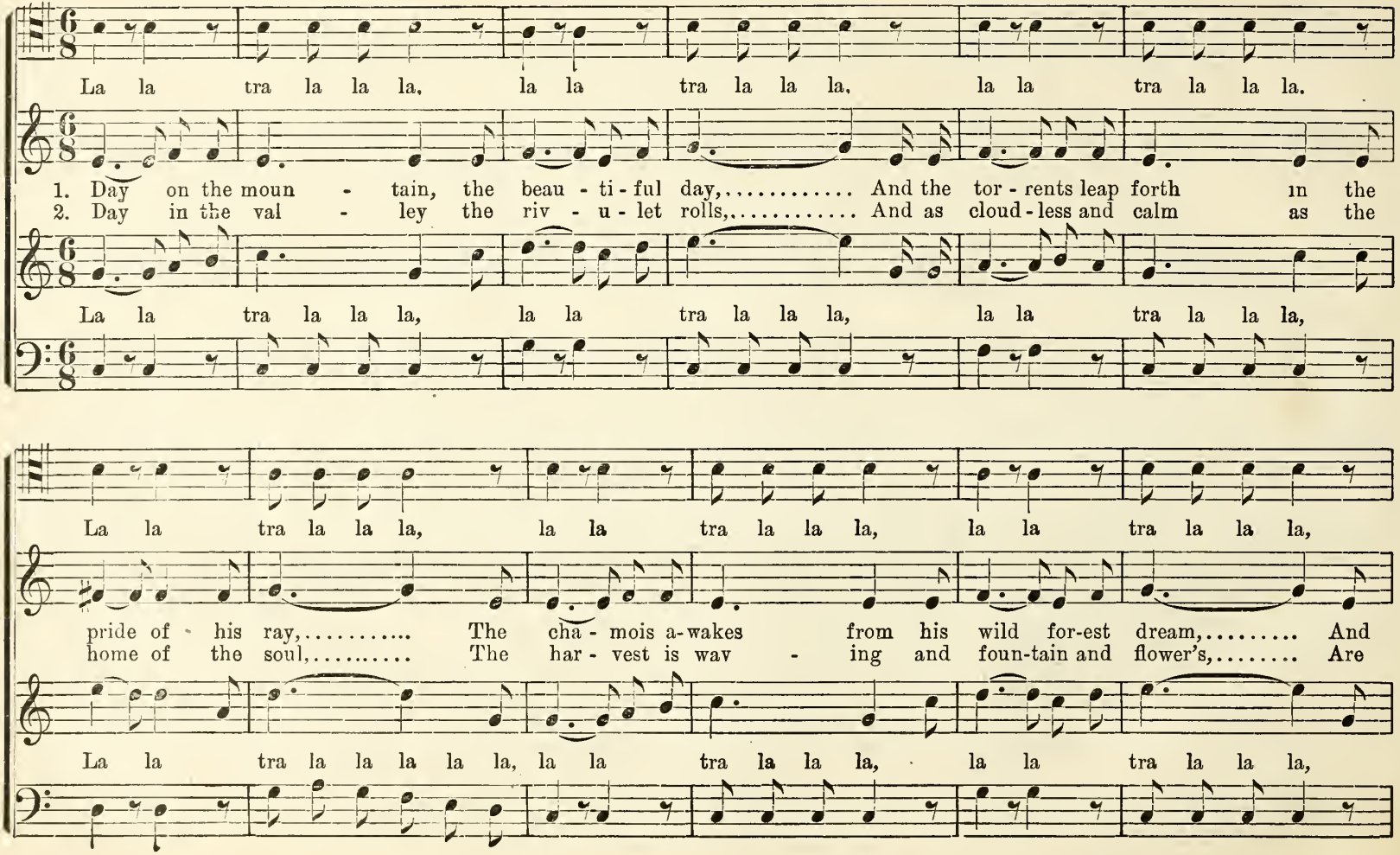
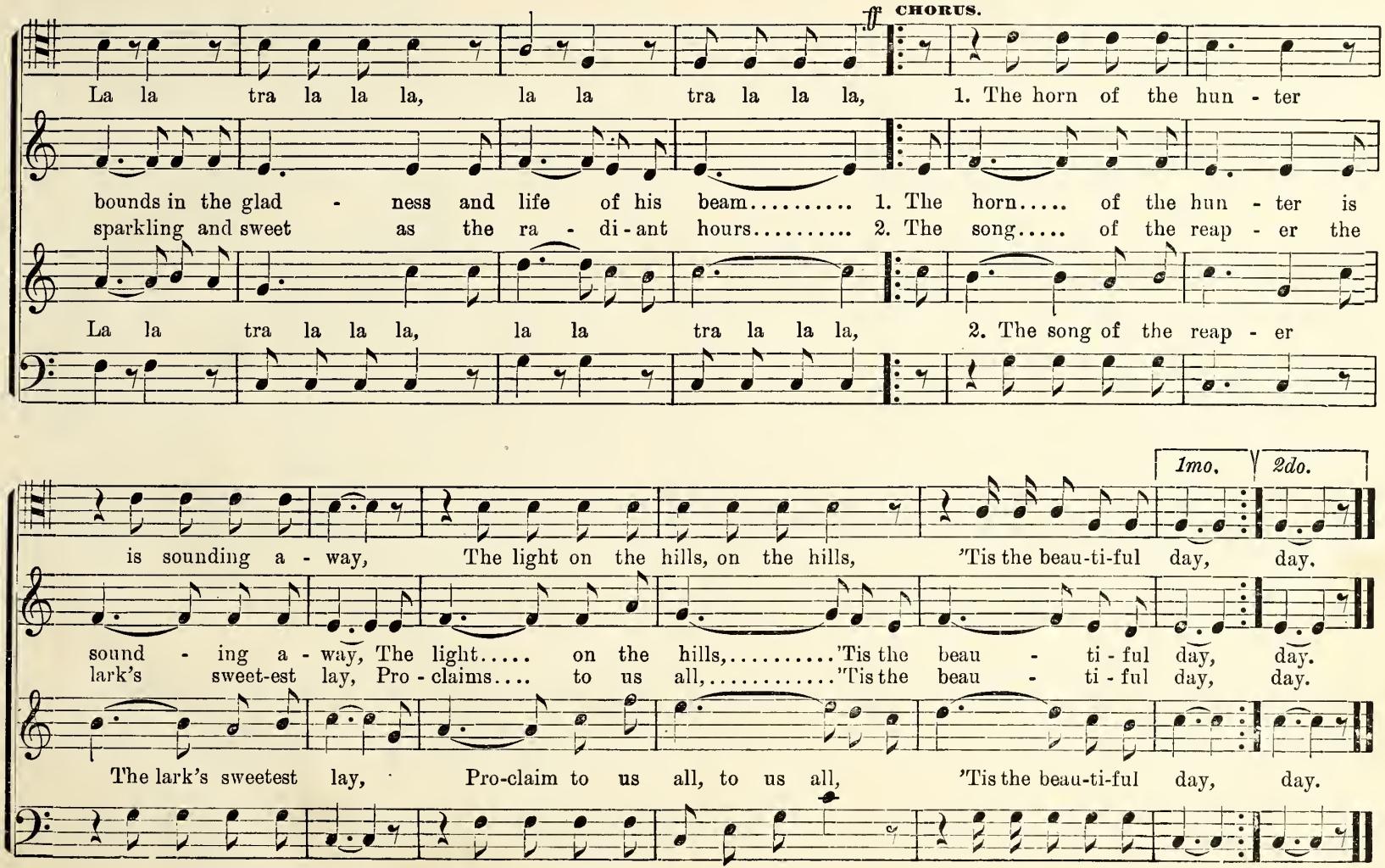
HOME AT LAST. Concluded.

CODA. After last stanza.
Loved ones are wait - ing for Thee. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, sweet home, Our Sav - ior to us hath
Beau - - - ti - ful home, sweet home,
Roam - ing thro' streets paved with gold. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, sweet home, Our Sav - ior to us hath
Rit. - - - - - - -
Repeat Coda ad lib.
pp
giv - en, hath giv - en, yes, Soon we shall rest on Je - sus' breast, Where all is se - rene in heav'n.
giv'n, ...
giv - en, hath giv - en, yes, Soon we shall rest on Je - sus' breast, Where all is se - rene in heav'n.

A COT BESIDE THE HILL.

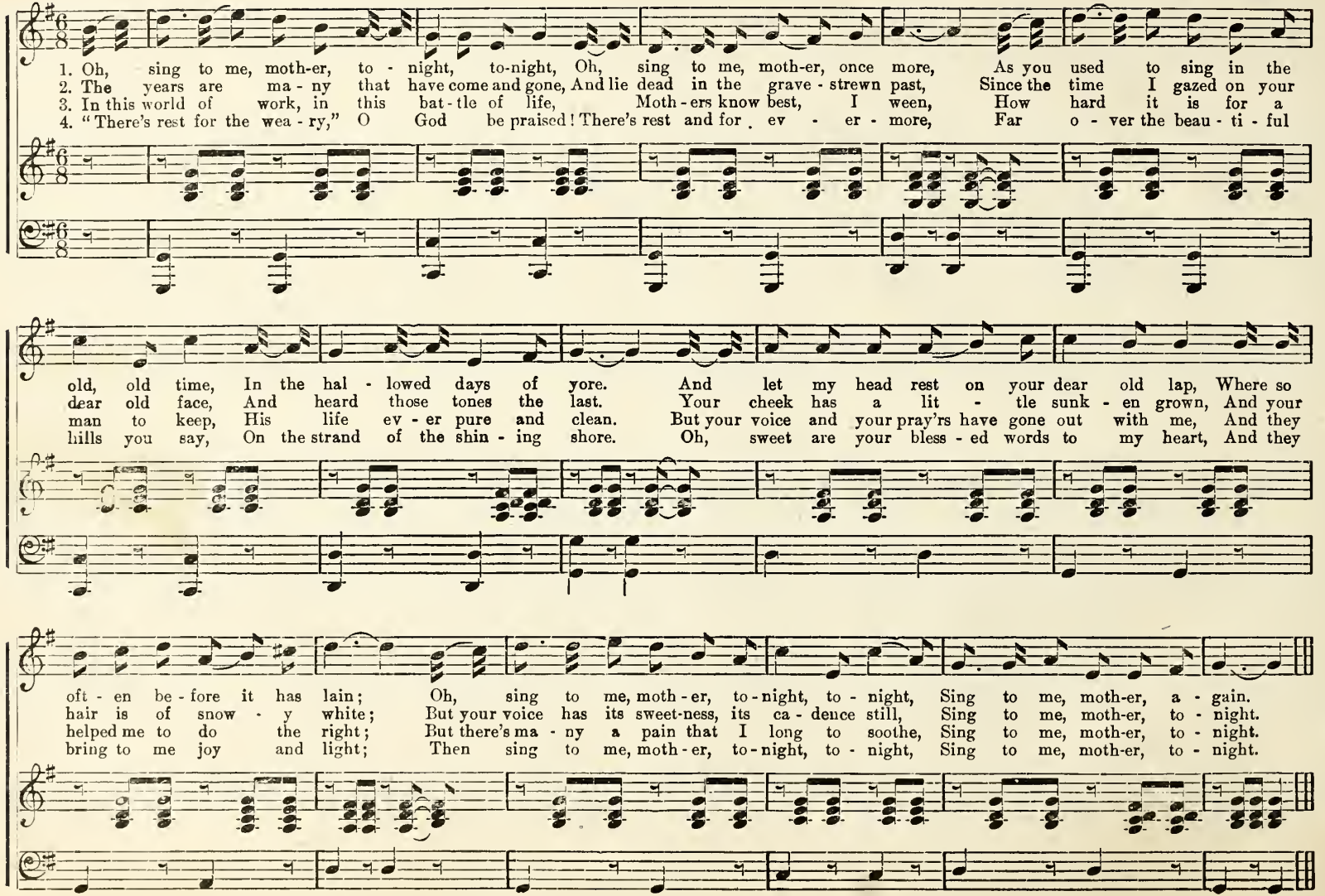
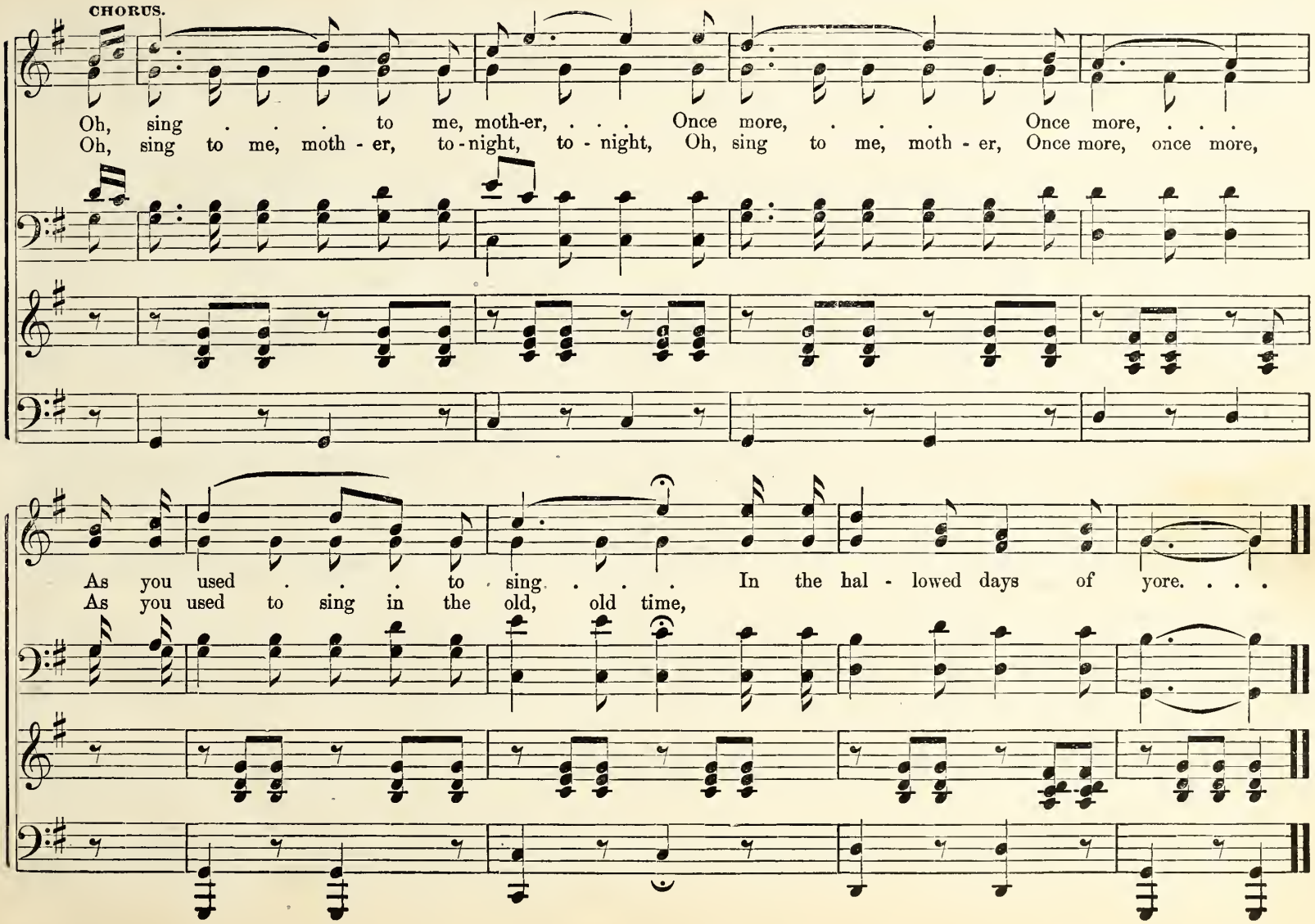
Good for Quartet.

Arr. by J. F. K.

Moderato.
1. Mine be a cot be - side the hill, A bee - hive's hum shall greet my ear, A wil - lowy brook that turns a
2. The vil - lage church a - mong the trees, Where first our mar - riage vows were given, With mer - ry peals shall swell the
3. A - round my i - vy porch shall spring, Each fra - grant flower that drinks the dew, And in the neigh - boring grove shall
Cres.
mill, While many a wa - ter - fall are near; The swal - low oft be - neath my thatch, Shall
breeze, And point with ta - per spire to heaven, The swal - low oft be - neath my thatch, Shall
sing, The birds whose songs are ev - er new; The swal - low oft be - neath my thatch, Shall
twit - ter, twit - ter, on her clay - built nest; Oft shall the pil - grim lift my latch, And share my weal a wel-come guest.
twit - ter, twit - ter, on her clay - built nest; Oft shall the pil - grim lift my latch, And share my weal a wel-come guest.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAY. Glee.

J. W. Stewart.

La la tra la la la, la la tra la la la, la la tra la la la.
1. Day on the moun - tain, the beau - ti - ful day,..... And the tor - rents leap forth in the
2. Day in the val - ley the riv - u - let rolls,..... And as cloud - less and calm as the
La la tra la la la, la la tra la la la, la la tra la la la,
La la tra la la la, la la tra la la la, la la tra la la la,
pride of his ray,..... The cha - mois a-wakes from his wild for-est dream,..... And
home of the soul,..... The har - vest is wav - ing and foun-tain and flower's,..... Are
La la tra la la la la la, la la tra la la la, la la tra la la la,

ff CHORUS.
La la tra la la la, la la tra la la la, 1. The horn of the hun - ter
bounds in the glad - ness and life of his beam..... 1. The horn..... of the hun - ter is
sparkling and sweet as the ra - di - ant hours..... 2. The song..... of the reap - er the
La la tra la la la, la la tra la la la, 2. The song of the reap - er
1mo. 2do.
is sounding a - way, The light on the hills, on the hills, 'Tis the beau-ti-ful day, day.
sound - ing a - way, The light..... on the hills,.....'Tis the beau - ti - ful day, day.
lark's sweet-est lay, Pro - claims.... to us all,.....'Tis the beau - ti - ful day, day.
The lark's sweetest lay, Pro-claim to us all, to us all, 'Tis the beau-ti-ful day, day.

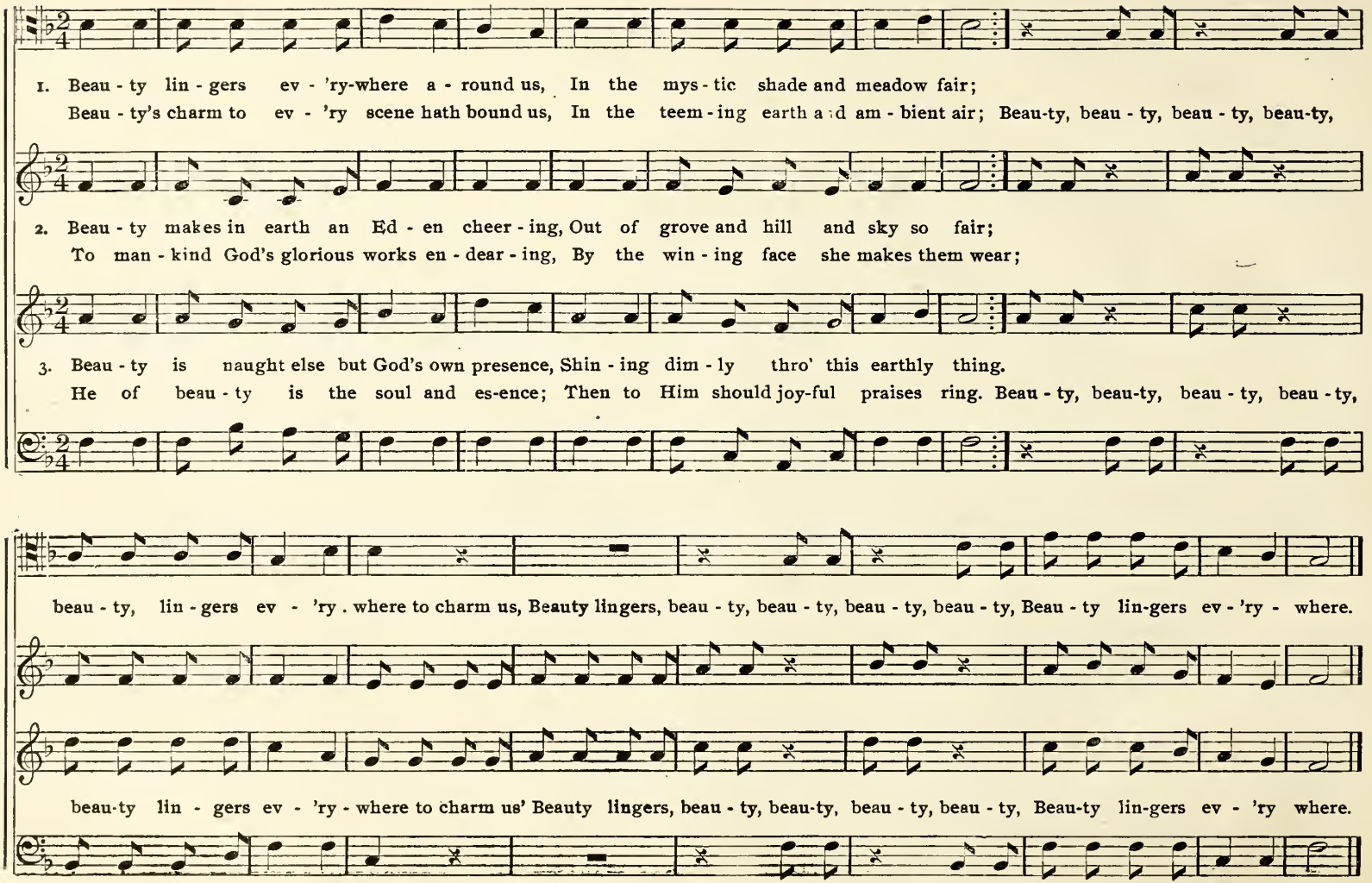
SING TO ME, MOTHER.

Words Arr. L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. Oh, sing to me, moth-er, to - night, to-night, Oh, sing to me, moth-er, once more, As you used to sing in the
2. The years are ma - ny that have come and gone, And lie dead in the grave - strewn past, Since the time I gazed on your
3. In this world of work, in this bat - tle of life, Moth - ers know best, I ween, How hard it is for a
4. "There's rest for the wea - ry," O God be praised! There's rest and for ev - er - more, Far o - ver the beau - ti - ful
old, old time, In the hal - lowed days of yore. And let my head rest on your dear old lap, Where so
dear old face, And heard those tones the last. Your cheek has a lit - tle sunk - en grown, And your
man to keep, His life ev - er pure and clean. But your voice and your pray'rs have gone out with me, And they
hills you say, On the strand of the shin - ing shore. Oh, sweet are your bless - ed words to my heart, And they
oft - en be - fore it has lain; Oh, sing to me, moth - er, to - night, to - night, Sing to me, moth-er, a - gain.
hair is of snow - y white; But your voice has its sweet-ness, its ca - dence still, Sing to me, moth-er, to - night.
helped me to do the right; But there's ma - ny a pain that I long to soothe, Sing to me, moth-er, to - night.
bring to me joy and light; Then sing to me, moth - er, to - night, to - night, Sing to me, moth-er, to - night.

CHORUS.
Oh, sing . . . to me, moth-er, . . . Once more, . . . Once more, ...
Oh, sing to me, moth - er, to - night, to - night, Oh, sing to me, moth - er, Once more, once more,
As you used . . . to sing . . . . In the hal - lowed days of yore. . . .
As you used to sing in the old, old time,

BEAUTY LINGERS.

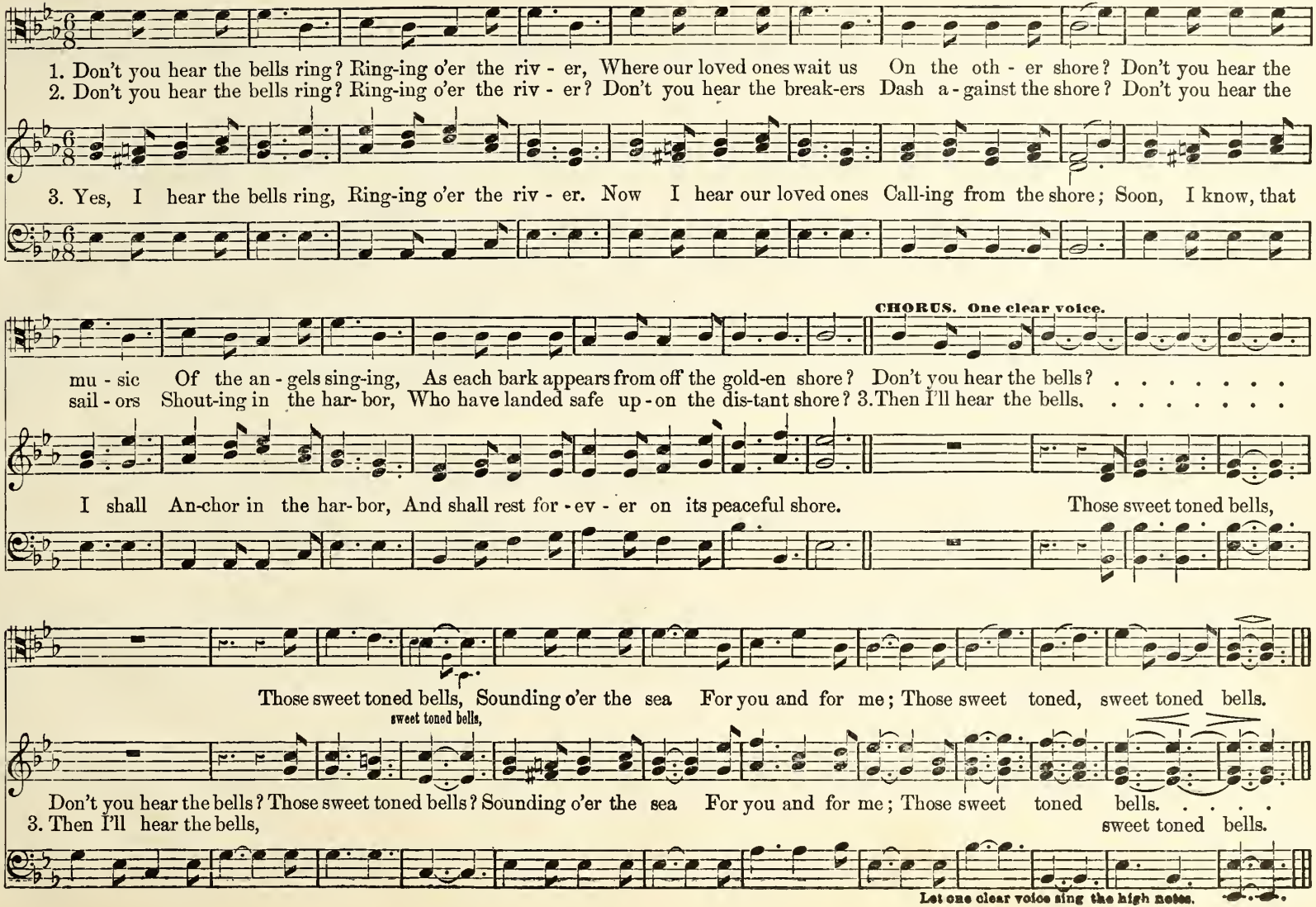
J. F. KINSEY.

Chorus.


1. Beau - ty lin - gers ev - 'ry-where a - round us, In the mys - tic shade and meadow fair;
Beau - ty's charm to ev - 'ry scene hath bound us, In the teem - ing earth a d am - bient air; Beau-ty, beau - ty, beau - ty, beau-ty,
2. Beau - ty makes in earth an Ed - en cheer - ing, Out of grove and hill and sky so fair;
To man - kind God's glorious works en - dear - ing, By the win - ing face she makes them wear;
3. Beau - ty is naught else but God's own presence, Shin - ing dim - ly thro' this earthly thing.
He of beau - ty is the soul and es-ence; Then to Him should joy-ful praises ring. Beau - ty, beau-ty, beau - ty, beau - ty,
beau - ty, lin - gers ev - 'ry . where to charm us, Beauty lingers, beau - ty, beau - ty, beau - ty, beau - ty, Beau - ty lin-gers ev - 'ry - where.
beau-ty lin - gers ev - 'ry - where to charm us' Beauty lingers, beau - ty, beau-ty, beau - ty, beau - ty, Beau-ty lin-gers ev - 'ry where.

THOSE SWEET TONED BELLS.

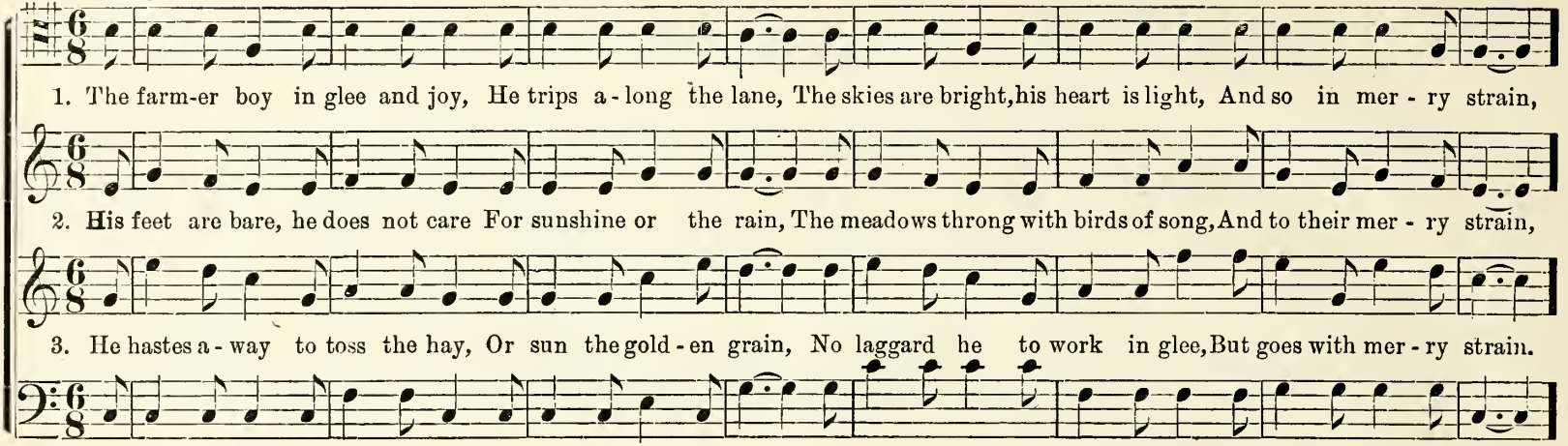
J. M.

JOHN MARCH, Jr., Arr. by J. F. K.

1. Don't you hear the bells ring? Ring-ing o'er the riv - er, Where our loved ones wait us On the oth - er shore? Don't you hear the
2. Don't you hear the bells ring? Ring-ing o'er the riv - er? Don't you hear the break-ers Dash a - gainst the shore? Don't you hear the
3. Yes, I hear the bells ring, Ring-ing o'er the riv - er. Now I hear our loved ones Call-ing from the shore; Soon, I know, that
CHORUS. One clear voice.
mu - sic Of the an - gels sing-ing, As each bark appears from off the gold-en shore? Don't you hear the bells? . . . . . .
sail - ors Shout-ing in the har- bor, Who have landed safe up - on the dis-tant shore? 3. Then I'll hear the bells. . . . . .
I shall An-chor in the har- bor, And shall rest for - ev - er on its peaceful shore.
Those sweet toned bells,
Those sweet toned bells, Sounding o'er the sea For you and for me; Those sweet toned, sweet toned bells.
sweet toned bells,
Don't you hear the bells? Those sweet toned bells? Sounding o'er the sea For you and for me; Those sweet toned bells. . . . .
3. Then I'll hear the bells, sweet toned bells.
Let one clear voice sing the high notes.

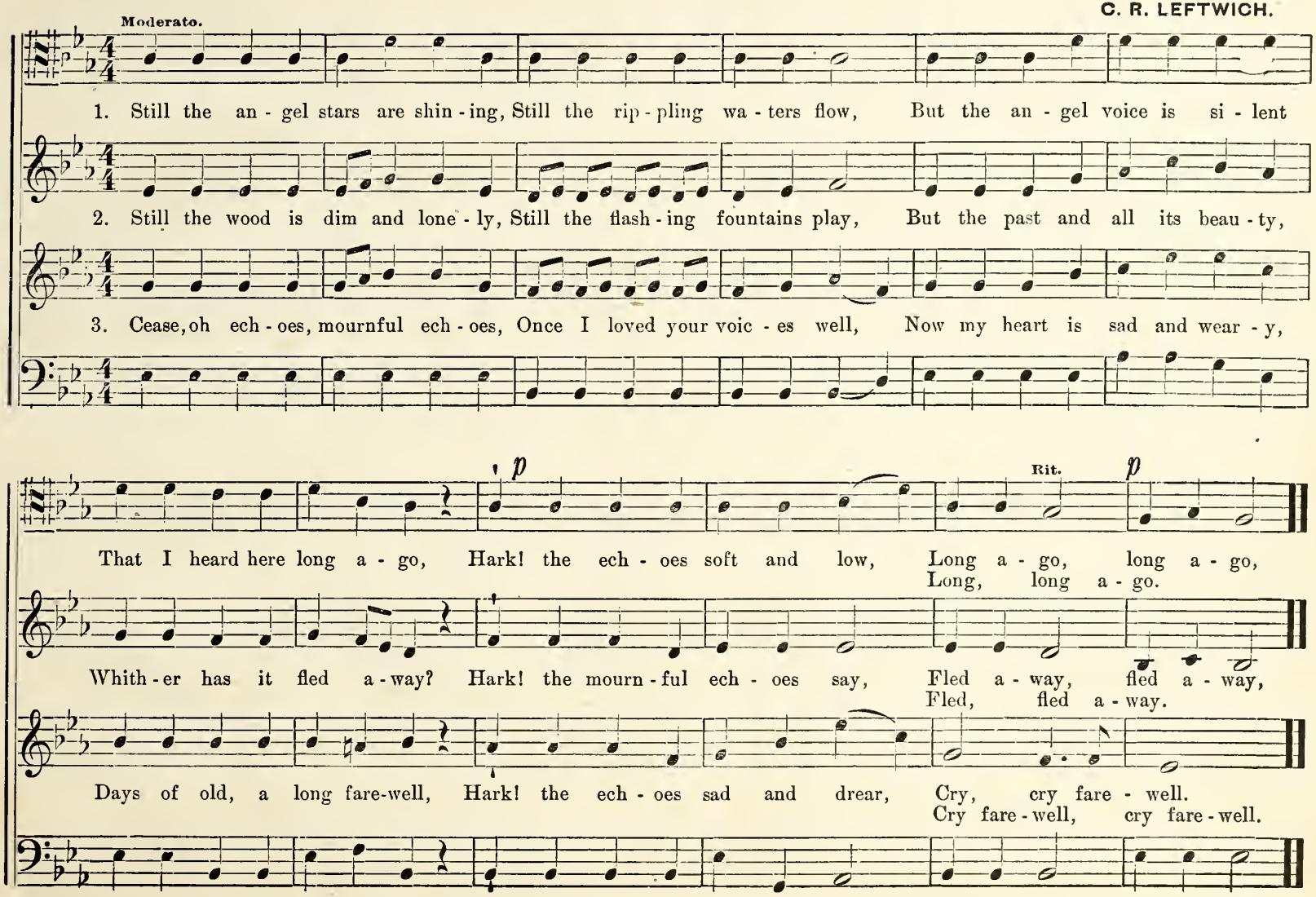
THE WHISTLING FARMER BOY.

A. W. F.

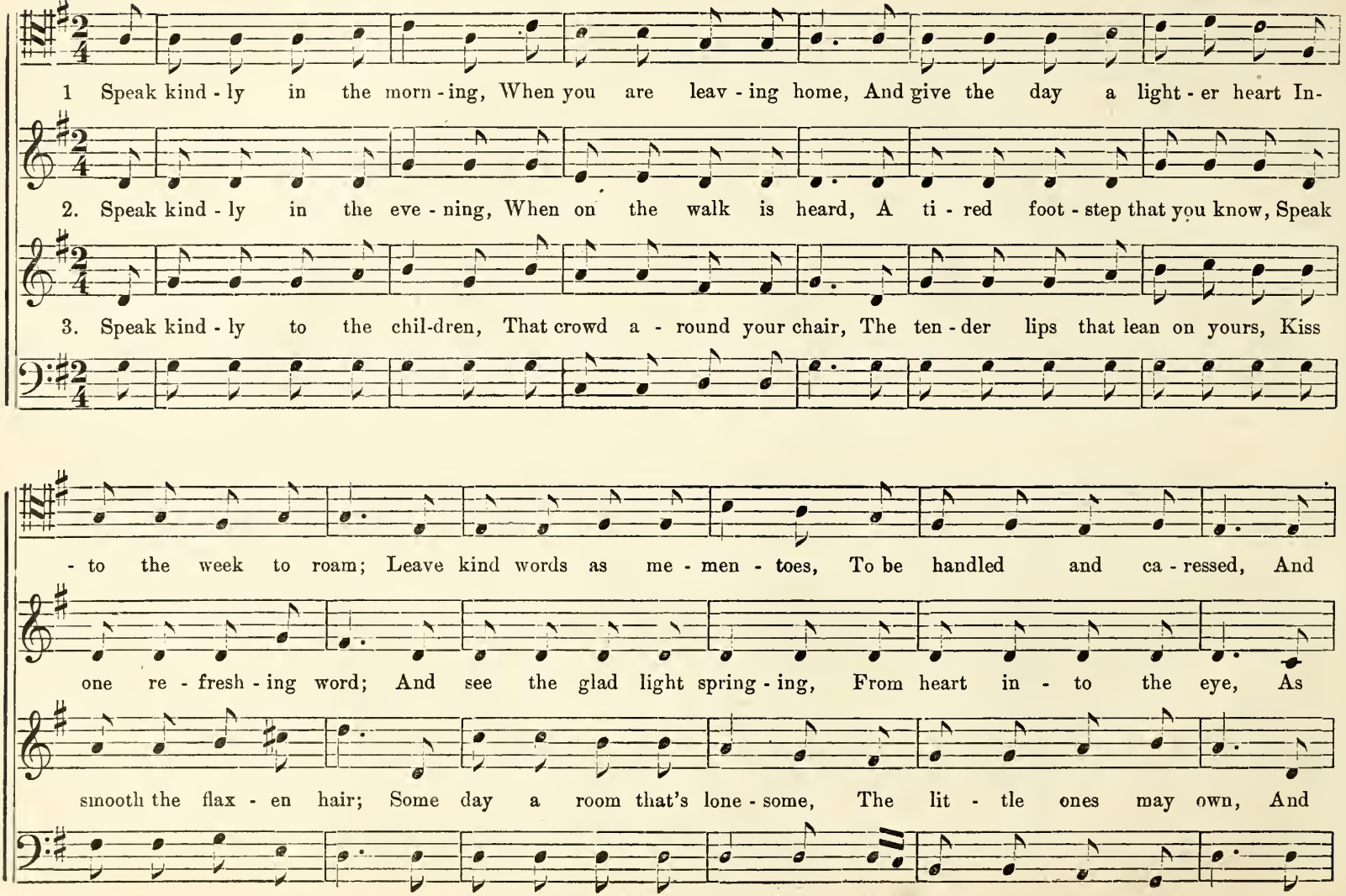
J. F. KINSEY.

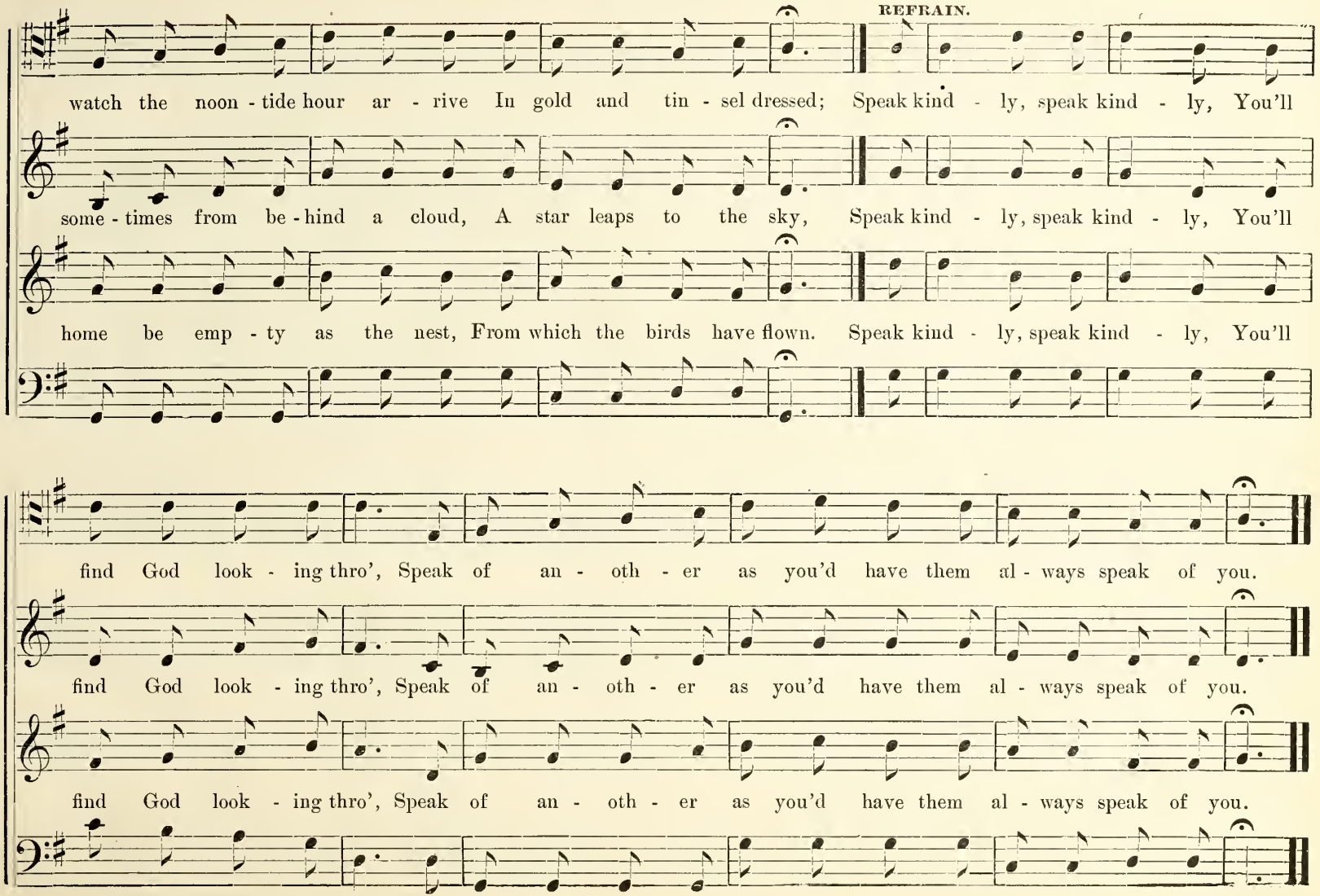
Lively.

1. The farm-er boy in glee and joy, He trips a-long the lane, The skies are bright, his heart is light, And so in mer-ry strain,
2. His feet are bare, he does not care For sunshine or the rain, The meadows throng with birds of song, And to their mer-ry strain,
3. He hastes a-way to toss the hay, Or sun the gold-en grain, No laggard he to work in glee, But goes with mer-ry strain.
CHORUS.
He whistles his gay re-frain, He whistles his gay re-frain.
He whistles his gay re-frain, He whistles his gay re-frain.

(Small notes of Chorus to be whistled.)

C. R. LEFTWICH.

Moderato.
1. Still the an - gel stars are shin - ing, Still the rip - pling wa - ters flow, But the an - gel voice is si - lent
2. Still the wood is dim and lone - ly, Still the flash - ing fountains play, But the past and all its beau - ty,
3. Cease, oh ech - oes, mournful ech - oes, Once I loved your voic - es well, Now my heart is sad and wear - y,
p
Rit.
p
That I heard here long a - go, Hark! the ech - oes soft and low, Long a - go, long a - go,
Long, long a - go.
Whith - er has it fled a - way? Hark! the mourn - ful ech - oes say, Fled a - way, fled a - way,
Fled, fled a - way.
Days of old, a long fare-well, Hark! the ech - oes sad and drear, Cry, cry fare - well.
Cry fare - well, cry fare - well.

SPEAK KINDLY.

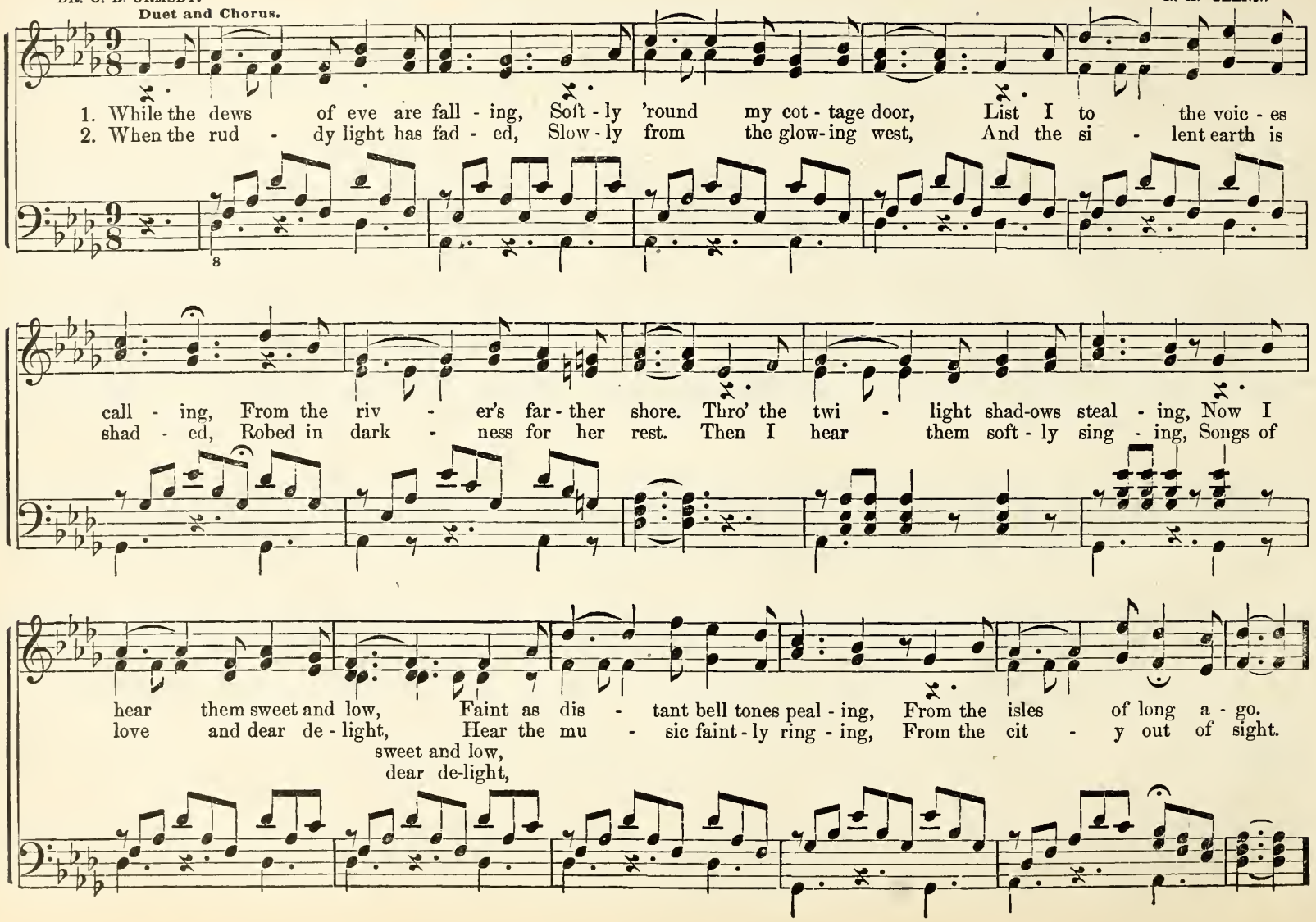
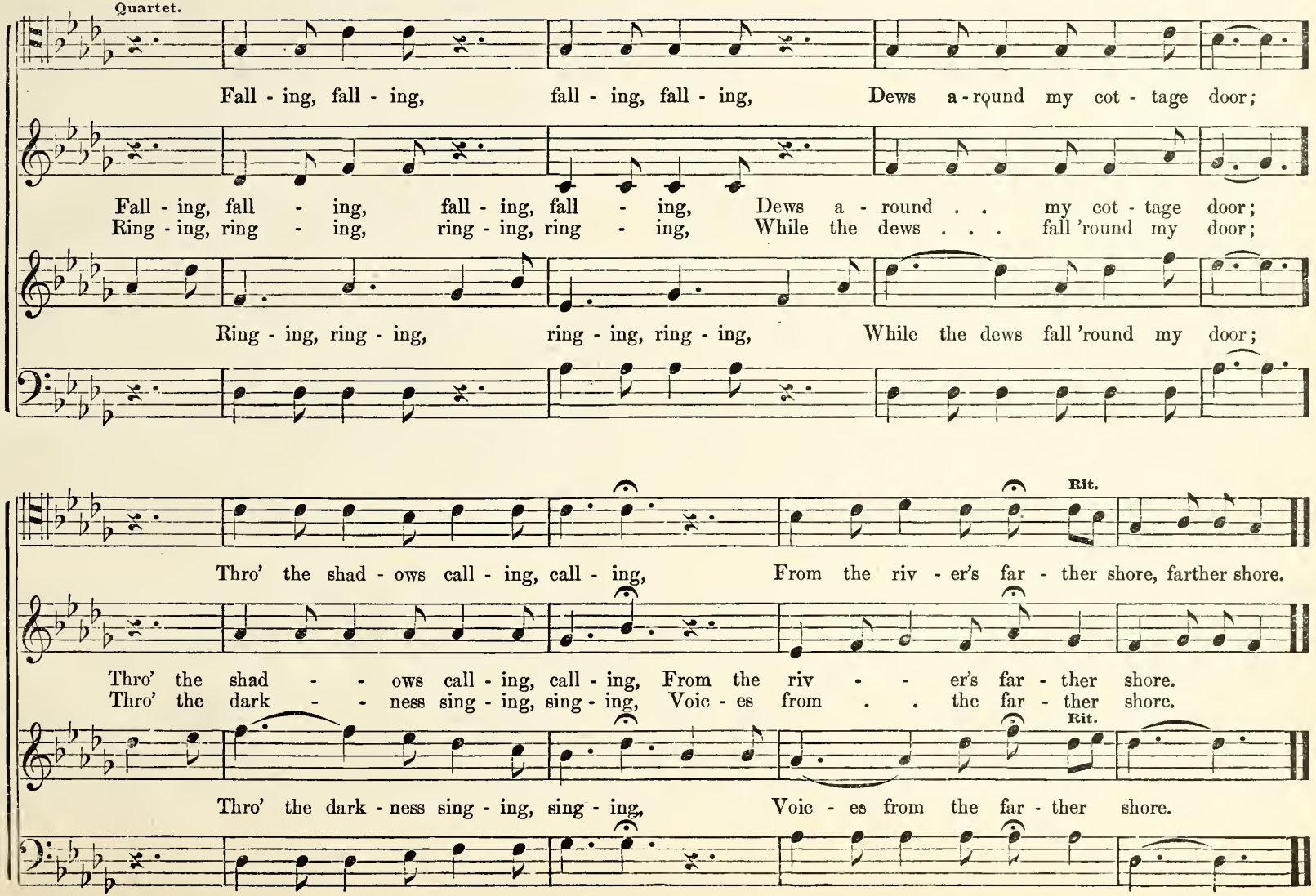
M. L. BARTLETT.

1 Speak kind - ly in the morn - ing, When you are leav - ing home, And give the day a light - er heart In-
2. Speak kind - ly in the eve - ning, When on the walk is heard, A ti - red foot - step that you know, Speak
3. Speak kind - ly to the chil-dren, That crowd a - round your chair, The ten - der lips that lean on yours, Kiss
- to the week to roam; Leave kind words as me - men - toes, To be handled and ca - ressed, And
one re - fresh - ing word; And see the glad light spring - ing, From heart in - to the eye, As
smooth the flax - en hair; Some day a room that's lone - some, The lit - tle ones may own, And


REFRAIN.
watch the noon - tide hour ar - rive In gold and tin - sel dressed; Speak kind - ly, speak kind - ly, You'll
some - times from be - hind a cloud, A star leaps to the sky, Speak kind - ly, speak kind - ly, You'll
home be emp - ty as the nest, From which the birds have flown. Speak kind - ly, speak kind - ly, You'll
find God look - ing thro', Speak of an - oth - er as you'd have them al - ways speak of you.
find God look - ing thro', Speak of an - oth - er as you'd have them al - ways speak of you.
find God look - ing thro', Speak of an - oth - er as you'd have them al - ways speak of you.

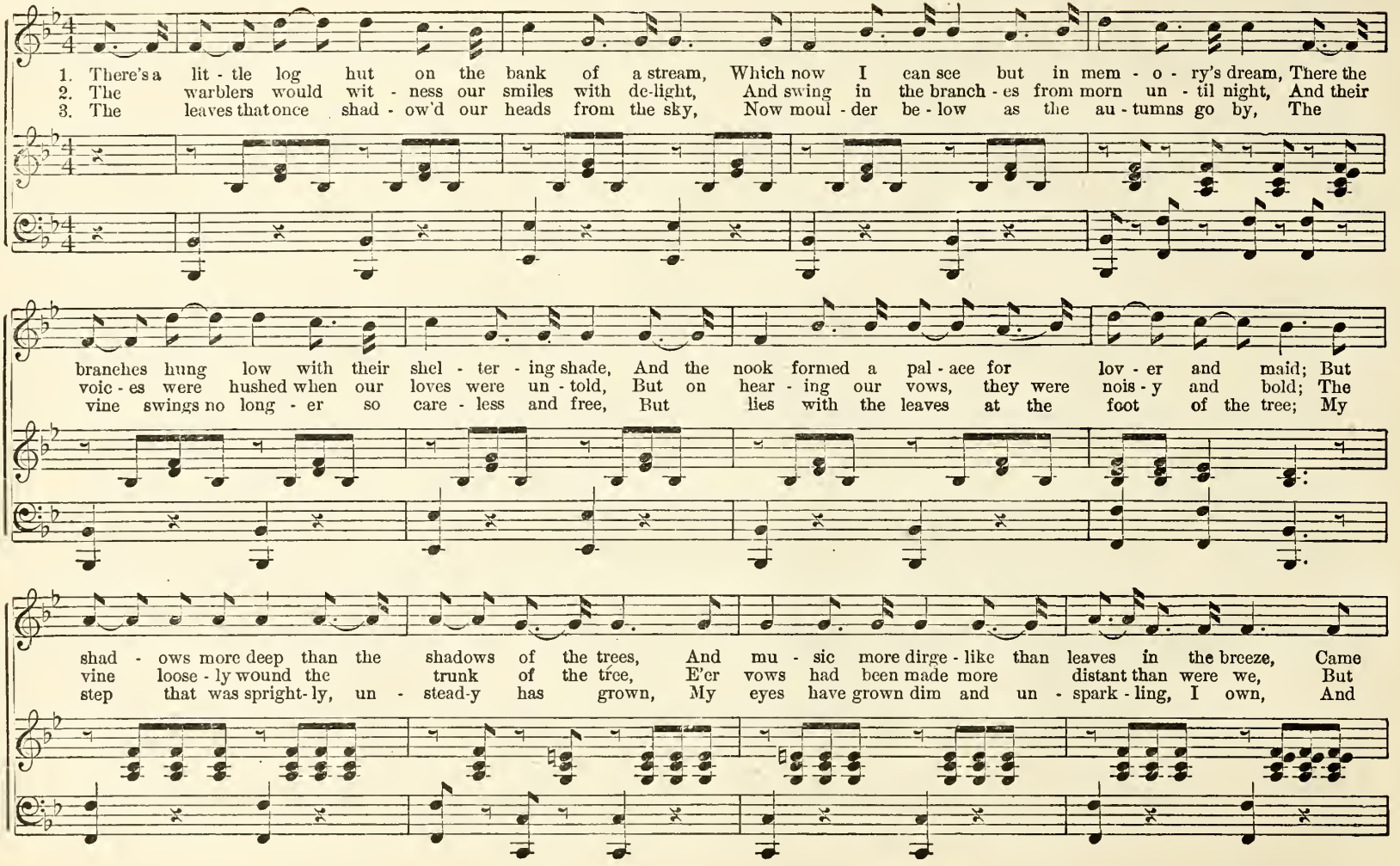
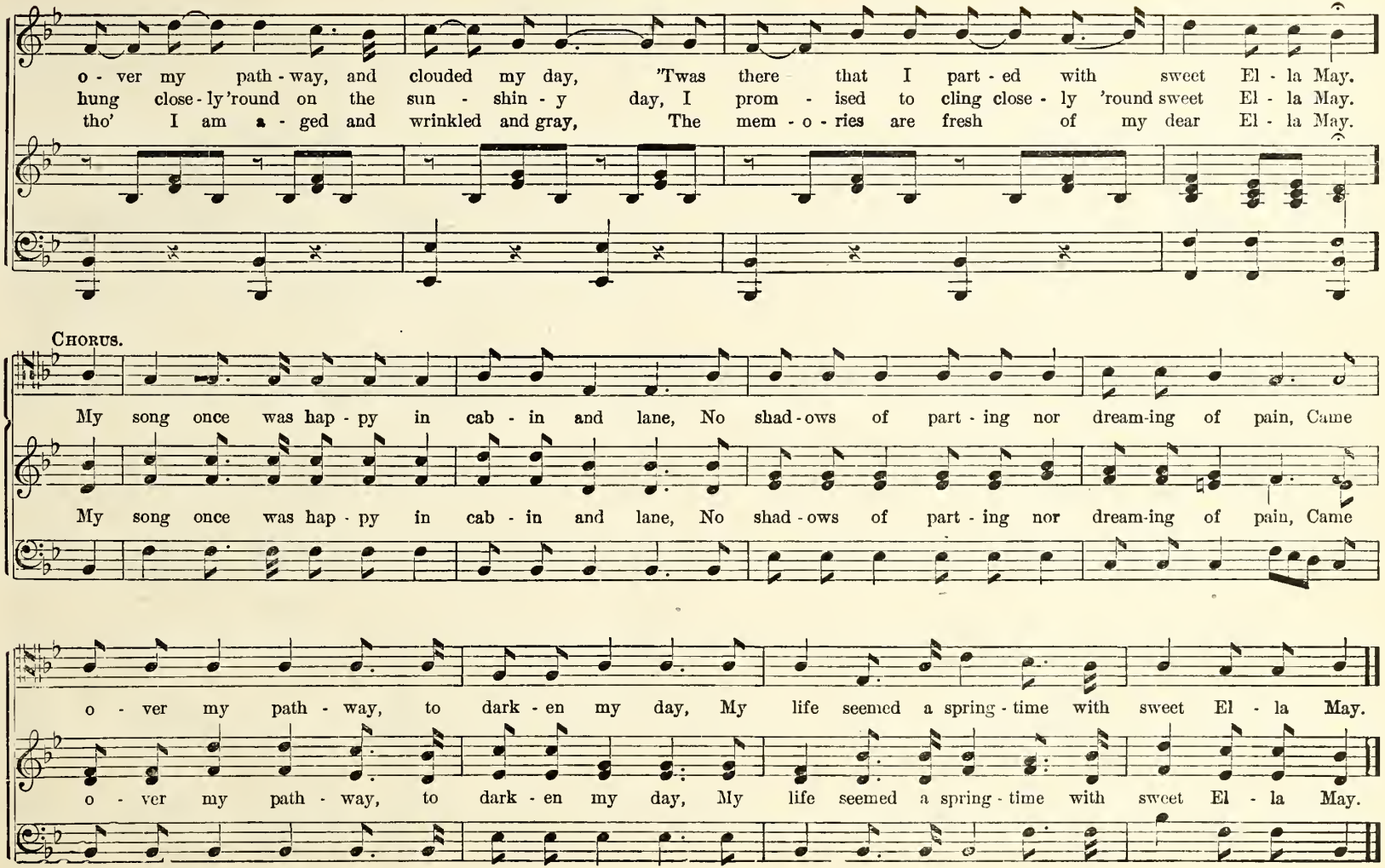
VOICES FROM THE FARTHER SHORE.

DR. O. B. ORMSBY.

Duet and Chorus.

R. A. GLENN.

1. While the dews of eve are fall - ing, Soft - ly 'round my cot - tage door, List I to the voic - es
2. When the rud - dy light has fad - ed, Slow - ly from the glow-ing west, And the si - lent earth is
call - ing, From the riv - er's far - ther shore. Thro' the twi - light shad-ows steal - ing, Now I
shad - ed, Robed in dark - ness for her rest. Then I hear them soft - ly sing - ing, Songs of
hear them sweet and low, Faint as dis - tant bell tones peal - ing, From the isles of long a - go.
love and dear de - light, Hear the mu - sic faint - ly ring - ing, From the cit - y out of sight.
sweet and low,
dear de-light,

Quartet.
Fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing, Dews a - round my cot - tage door;
Fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing, Dews a - round . . my cot - tage door;
Ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, While the dews . . . fall 'round my door;
Ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, While the dews fall 'round my door;
Rit.
Thro' the shad - ows call - ing, call - ing, From the riv - er's far - ther shore, farther shore.
Thro' the shad - - ows call - ing, call - ing, From the riv - - er's far - ther shore.
Thro' the dark - - ness sing - ing, sing - ing, Voic - es from . . the far - ther shore.
Rit.
Thro' the dark - ness sing - ing, sing - ing, Voic - es from the far - ther shore.

ELLA MAY.

A. J. KRIDER. J. F. KINSEY.

1. There's a lit - tle log hut on the bank of a stream, Which now I can see but in mem - o - ry's dream, There the
2. The warblers would wit - ness our smiles with de-light, And swing in the branch - es from morn un - til night, And their
3. The leaves that once shad - ow'd our heads from the sky, Now moul - der be - low as the au - tumns go by, The
branches hung low with their shel - ter - ing shade, And the nook formed a pal - ace for lov - er and maid; But
voic - es were hushed when our loves were un - told, But on hear - ing our vows, they were nois - y and bold; The
vine swings no long - er so care - less and free, But lies with the leaves at the foot of the tree; My
shad - ows more deep than the shadows of the trees, And mu - sic more dirge - like than leaves in the breeze, Came
vine loose - ly wound the trunk of the tree, E'er vows had been made more distant than were we, But
step that was spright - ly, un - stead-y has grown, My eyes have grown dim and un - spark - ling, I own, And

o - ver my path - way, and clouded my day, 'Twas there that I part - ed with sweet El - la May.
hung close - ly 'round on the sun - shin - y day, I prom - ised to cling close - ly 'round sweet El - la May.
tho' I am a - ged and wrinkled and gray, The mem - o - ries are fresh of my dear El - la May.
Chorus.
My song once was hap - py in cab - in and lane, No shad - ows of part - ing nor dream-ing of pain, Came
My song once was hap - py in cab - in and lane, No shad - ows of part - ing nor dream-ing of pain, Came
o - ver my path - way, to dark - en my day, My life seemed a spring - time with sweet El - la May.
o - ver my path - way, to dark - en my day, My life seemed a spring - time with sweet El - la May.

FAREWELL, MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

J. C. B.

Respectfully Inscribed To The Arrendtsville Musical Association.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

Cres.

Rit.

1. Farewell, farewell, my mountain home, I leave with ach - ing heart; Fare-well, dear friends and playmates dear, To-
2. Farewell, green trees and blooming flow'rs, Ye hills that rise in air, Oh, I may nev - er see thee more, Dear
3. Farewell, my sun - ny mountain home, I bow to fate's com - pel; Oh, soon we all will strike glad hands, Where

Dim.

CHORUS.

mor - row we must part.
mountain home, so fair.
com - eth no farewells.

Fare - well, ... my dear old home, ... I can not stay,

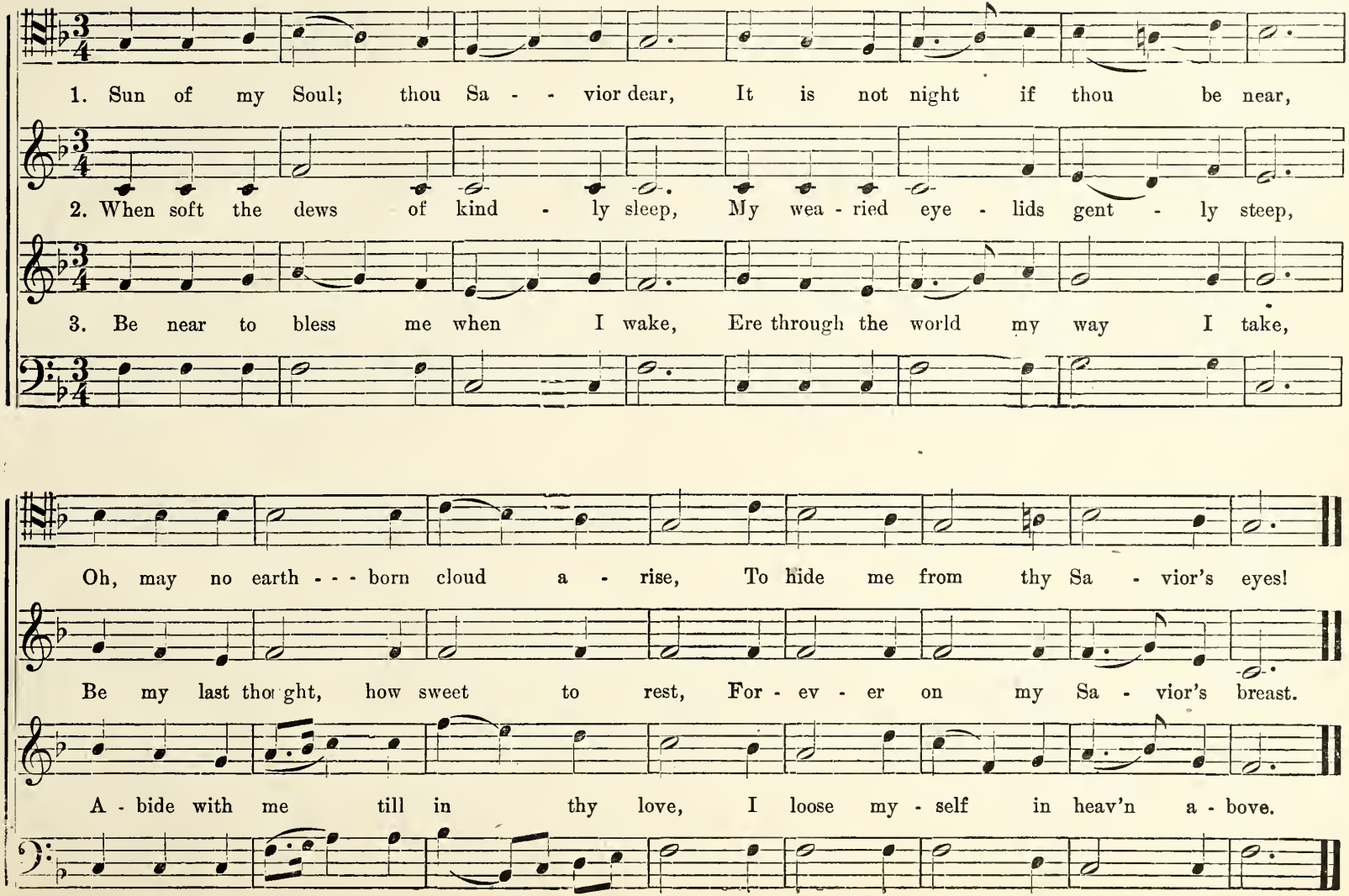
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful, beautiful home; Longer here I can not stay, in dis-tant

Fare - well, ... my mountain home, ... I can not stay,

In lands must dwell; Fare - well, ... my dear old home, ... Once more a long-ing, sad fare - well.

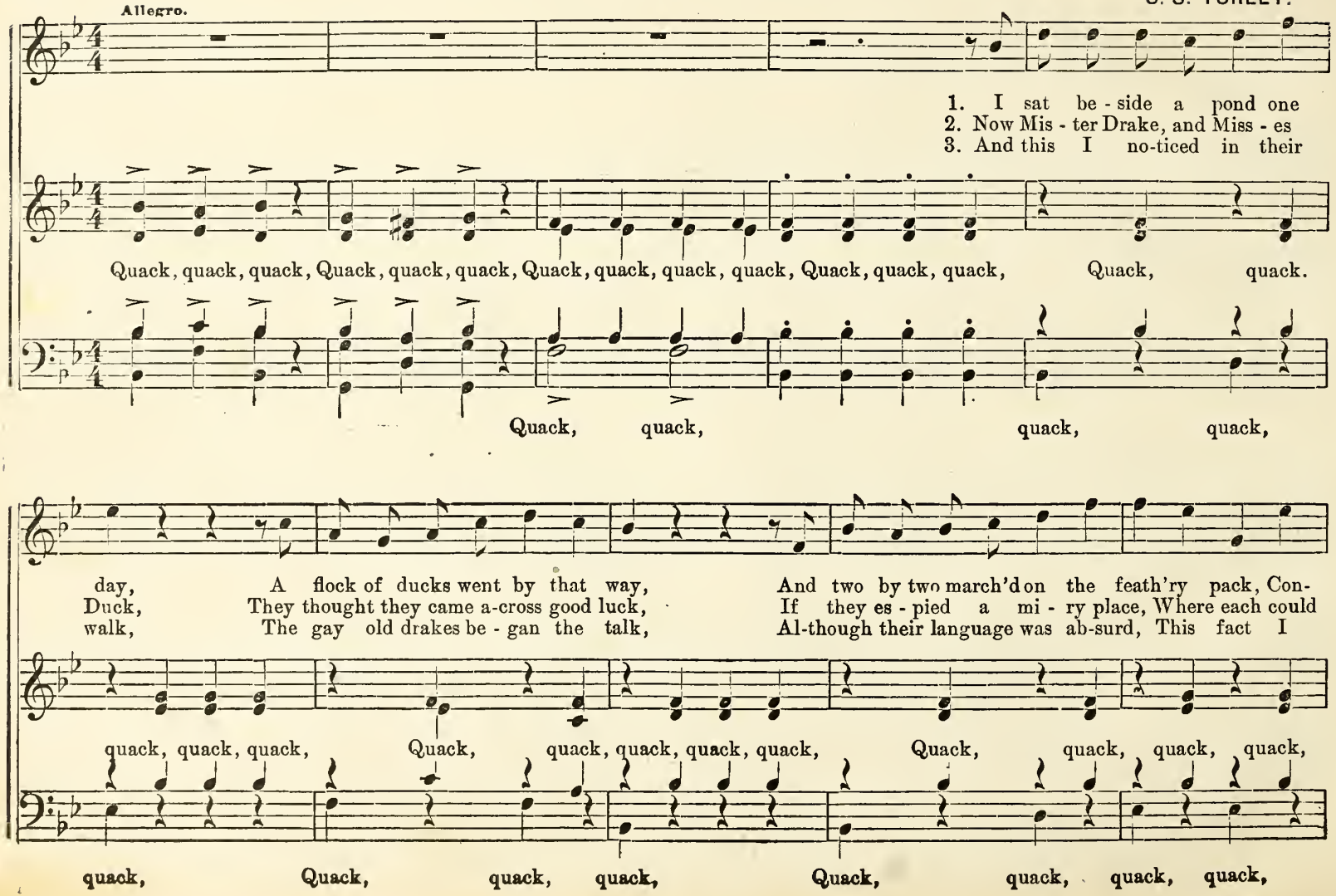
lands must dwell; Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, Once more a long-ing, sad fare - well.

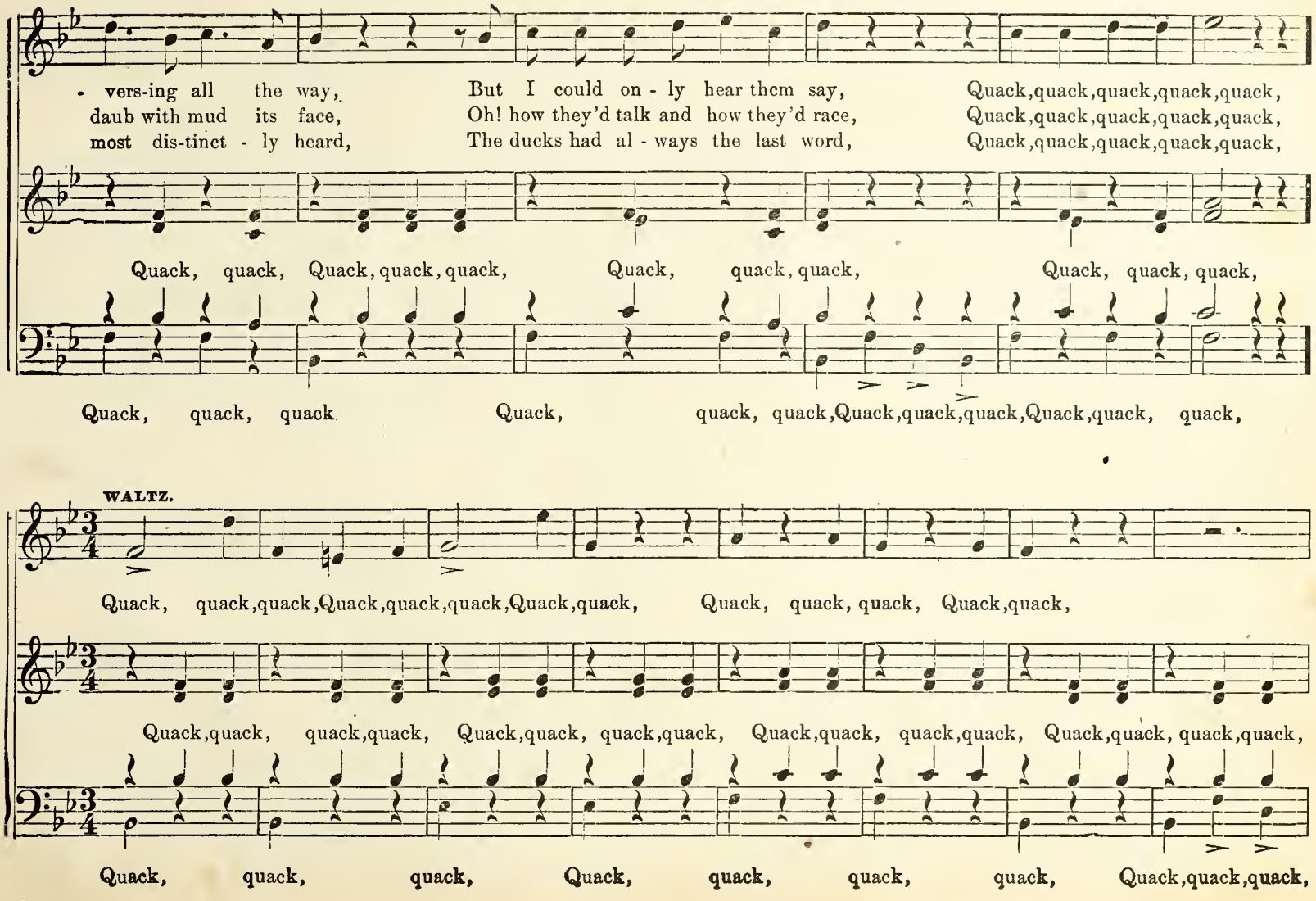
In lands must dwell; Fare - well, ... my dear old home, ... Once more a long-ing, sad fare - well.

M. L. BARTLETT.

1. Sun of my Soul; thou Sa - - vior dear, It is not night if thou be near,
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep, My wea - ried eye - lids gent - ly steep,
3. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere through the world my way I take,
Oh, may no earth - - - born cloud a - rise, To hide me from thy Sa - vior's eyes!
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest, For - ev - er on my Sa - vior's breast.
A - bide with me till in thy love, I loose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

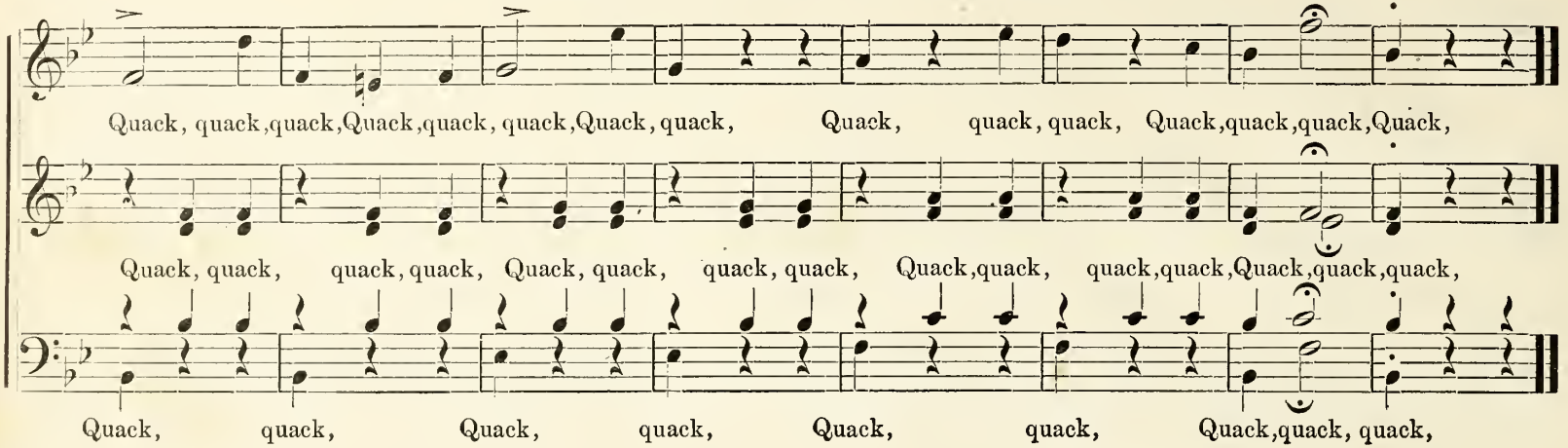
THE SONG OF THE DUCKS. (Burlesque.)

S. S. TURLEY.


Allegro.
1. I sat be - side a pond one
2. Now Mis - ter Drake, and Miss - es
3. And this I no-ticed in their
Quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack.
Quack, quack, quack, quack,
day, A flock of ducks went by that way, And two by two march'd on the feath'ry pack, Con-
Duck, They thought they came a-cross good luck, If they es - pied a mi - ry place, Where each could
walk, The gay old drakes be - gan the talk, Al-though their language was ab-surd, This fact I
quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack, quack,
quack, Quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack, quack,


- vers-ing all the way, But I could on - ly hear them say, Quack,quack,quack,quack,quack,
daub with mud its face, Oh! how they'd talk and how they'd race, Quack,quack,quack,quack,quack,
most dis-tinct - ly heard, The ducks had al - ways the last word, Quack,quack,quack,quack,quack,
Quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack,
Quack, quack, quack Quack, quack, quack, Quack,quack,quack,Quack,quack, quack,
WALTZ.
Quack, quack,quack,Quack,quack,quack,Quack,quack, Quack, quack, quack, Quack,quack,
Quack,quack, quack,quack, Quack,quack, quack,quack, Quack,quack, quack,quack, Quack,quack, quack,quack,
Quack, quack, quack, Quack, quack, quack, quack, Quack,quack,quack,

THE SONG OF THE DUCKS.—Conclued.

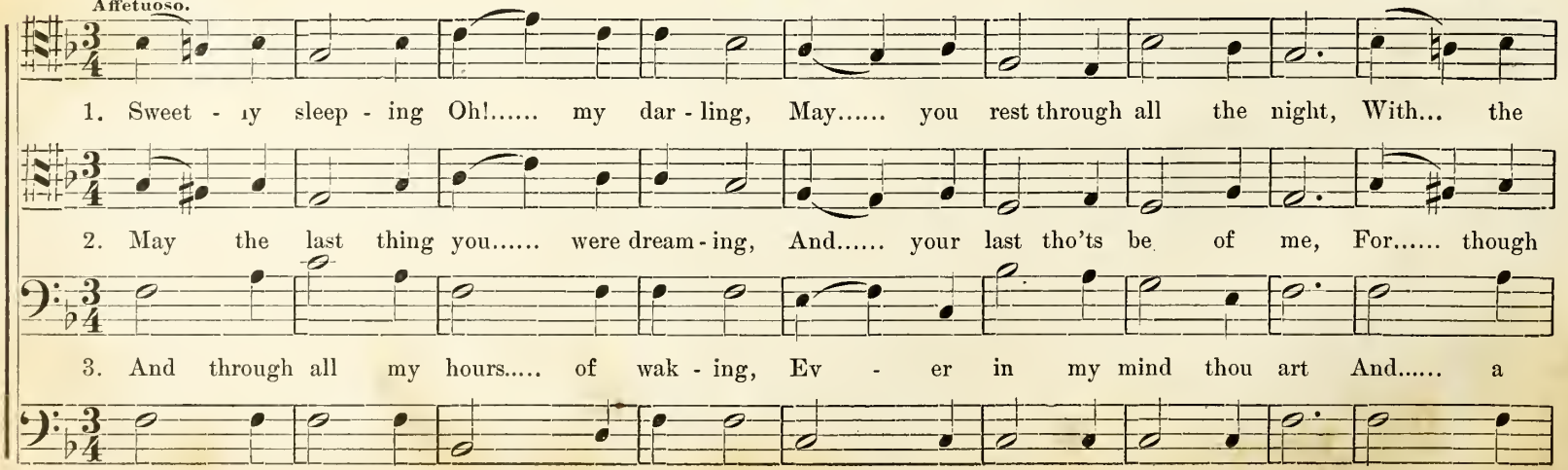
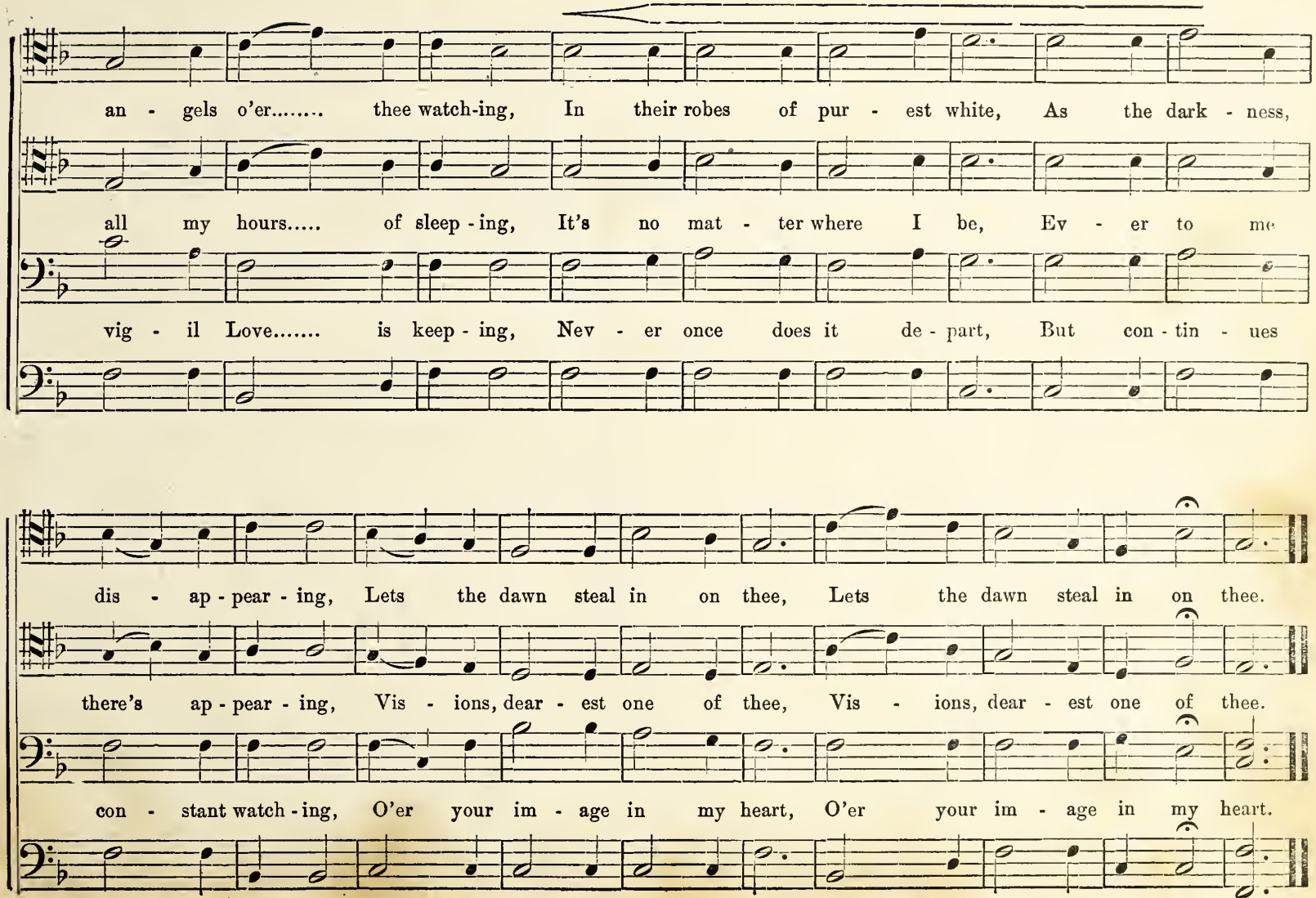


SWEETLY SLEEPING.

J. E. PAULEY.

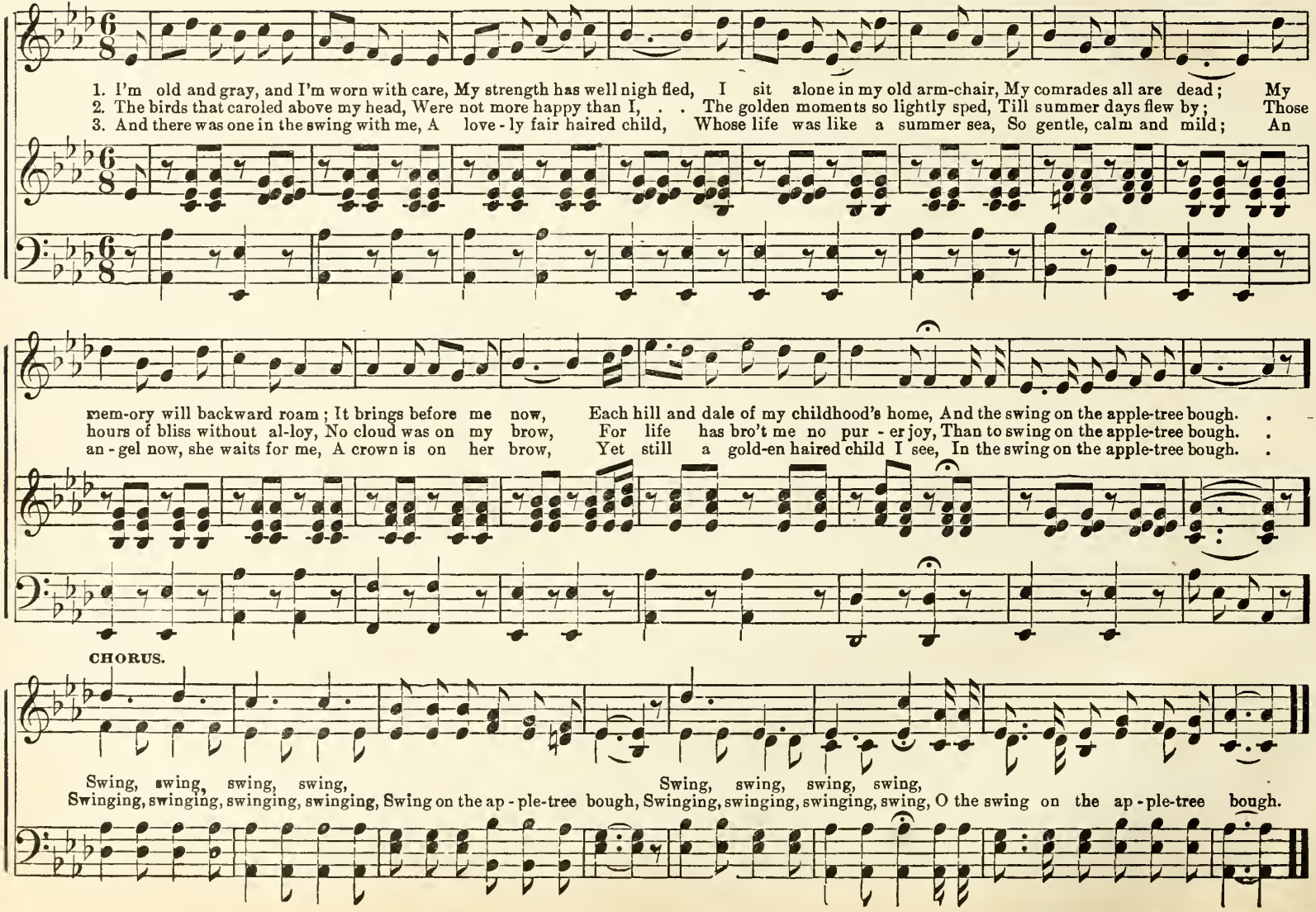
Affetuoso.

(SERENADE.)

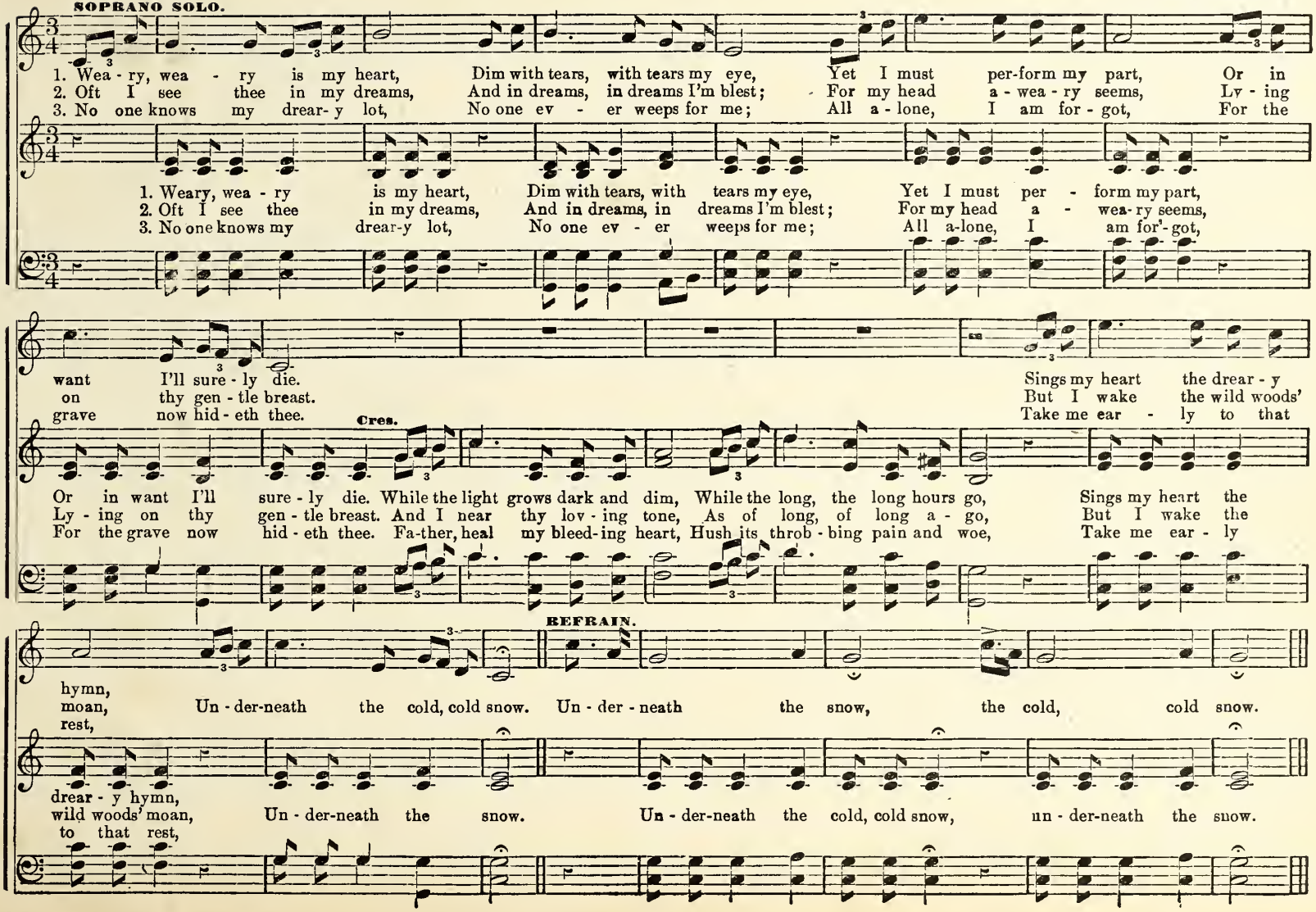
J. F. KINSEY.

1. Sweet - ly sleep - ing Oh!..... my dar - ling, May..... you rest through all the night, With... the
2. May the last thing you..... were dream - ing, And..... your last tho'ts be of me, For..... though
3. And through all my hours..... of wak - ing, Ev - er in my mind thou art And..... a

an - gels o'er..... thee watch-ing, In their robes of pur - est white, As the dark - ness,
all my hours..... of sleep - ing, It's no mat - ter where I be, Ev - er to me
vig - il Love..... is keep - ing, Nev - er once does it de - part, But con - tin - ues
dis - ap - pear - ing, Lets the dawn steal in on thee, Lets the dawn steal in on thee.
there's ap - pear - ing, Vis - ions, dear - est one of thee, Vis - ions, dear - est one of thee.
con - stant watch - ing, O'er your im - age in my heart, O'er your im - age in my heart.

I'M OLD AND GRAY.

S. S. TURLEY.

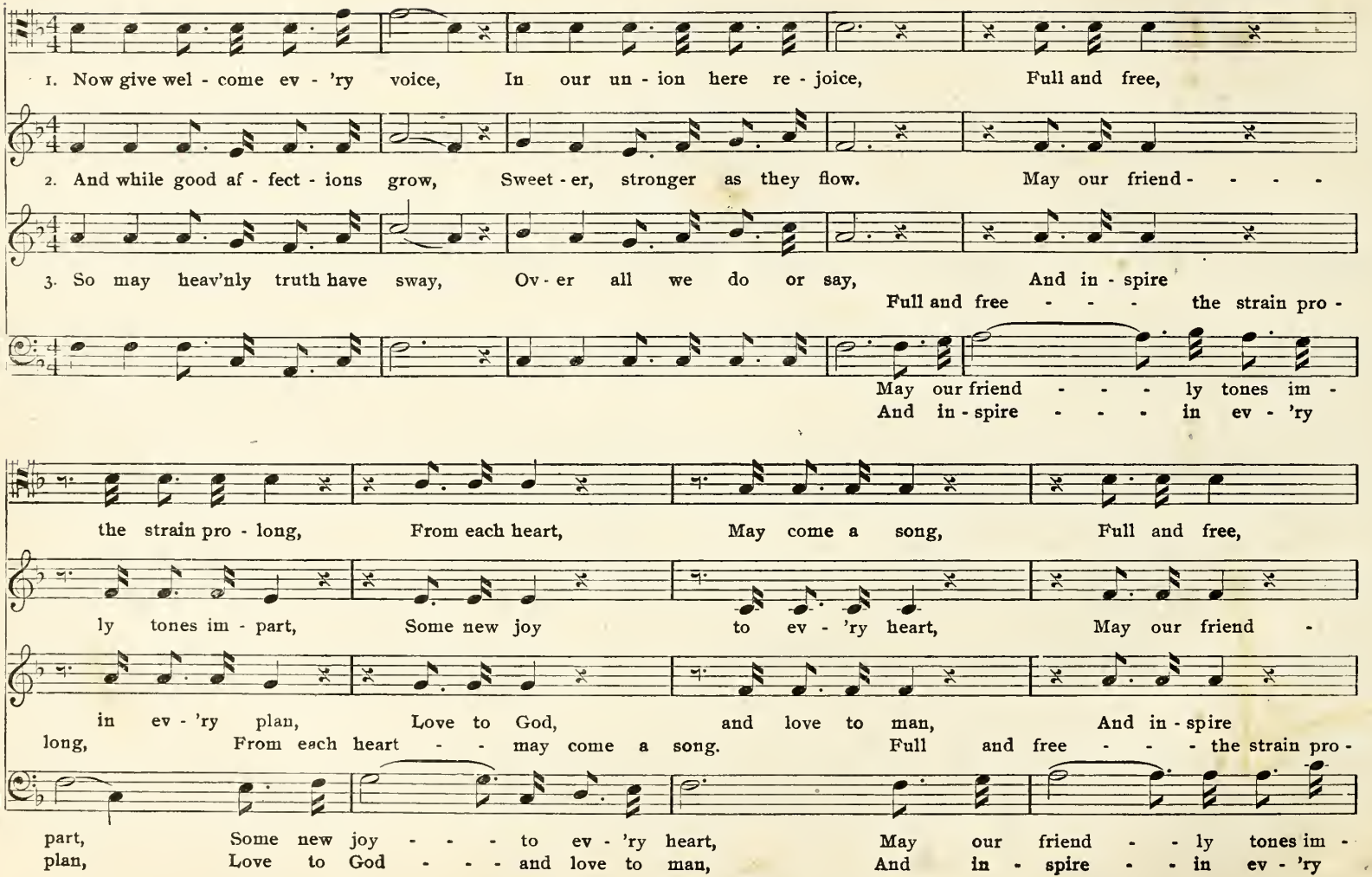
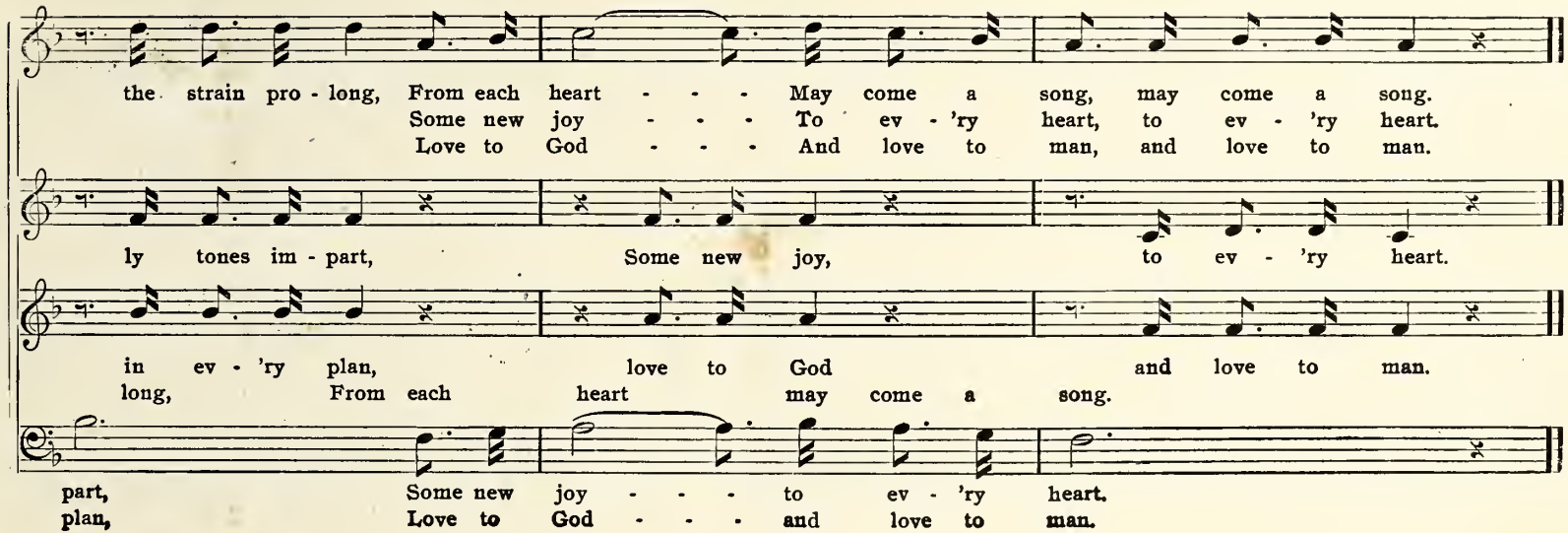

1. I'm old and gray, and I'm worn with care, My strength has well nigh fled, I sit alone in my old arm-chair, My comrades all are dead; My
2. The birds that caroled above my head, Were not more happy than I, . . The golden moments so lightly sped, Till summer days flew by; Those
3. And there was one in the swing with me, A love-ly fair haired child, Whose life was like a summer sea, So gentle, calm and mild; An
mem-ory will backward roam; It brings before me now, Each hill and dale of my childhood's home, And the swing on the apple-tree bough.
hours of bliss without al-loy, No cloud was on my brow, For life has bro't me no pur-er joy, Than to swing on the apple-tree bough.
an-gel now, she waits for me, A crown is on her brow, Yet still a gold-en haired child I see, In the swing on the apple-tree bough.
CHORUS.
Swing, swing, swing, swing, Swing, swing, swing, swing,
Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging, Swing on the ap-ple-tree bough, Swinging, swinging, swinging, swing, O the swing on the ap-ple-tree bough.

UNDERNEATH THE SNOW.

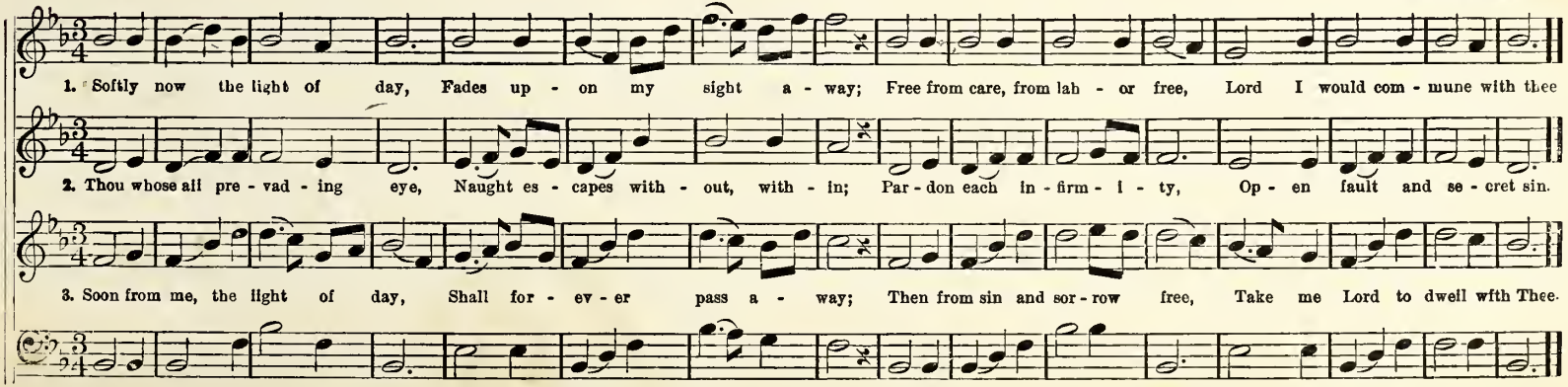
J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

SOPRANO SOLO.
1. Wea - ry, wea - ry is my heart, Dim with tears, with tears my eye, Yet I must per-form my part, Or in
2. Oft I see thee in my dreams, And in dreams, in dreams I'm blest; For my head a - wea - ry seems, Lv - ing
3. No one knows my drear- y lot, No one ev - er weeps for me; All a - lone, I am for - got, For the
1. Weary, wea - ry is my heart, Dim with tears, with tears my eye, Yet I must per - form my part,
2. Oft I see thee in my dreams, And in dreams, in dreams I'm blest; For my head a - wea- ry seems,
3. No one knows my drear-y lot, No one ev - er weeps for me; All a-lone, I am for'- got,
want I'll sure - ly die. Sings my heart the drear - y
on thy gen - tle breast. But I wake the wild woods'
grave now hid - eth thee. Take me ear - ly to that
Cres.
Or in want I'll sure - ly die. While the light grows dark and dim, While the long, the long hours go, Sings my heart the
Ly - ing on thy gen - tle breast. And I near thy lov - ing tone, As of long, of long a - go, But I wake the
For the grave now hid - eth thee. Fa-ther, heal my bleed-ing heart, Hush its throb - bing pain and woe, Take me ear - ly
REFRAIN.
hymn,
moan, Un - der-neath the cold, cold snow. Un - der - neath the snow, the cold, cold snow.
rest,
drear - y hymn,
wild woods' moan, Un - der-neath the snow. Un - der-neath the cold, cold snow, un - der-neath the snow.
to that rest,

WELCOME EVERY VOICE.

J. F. KINSEY.

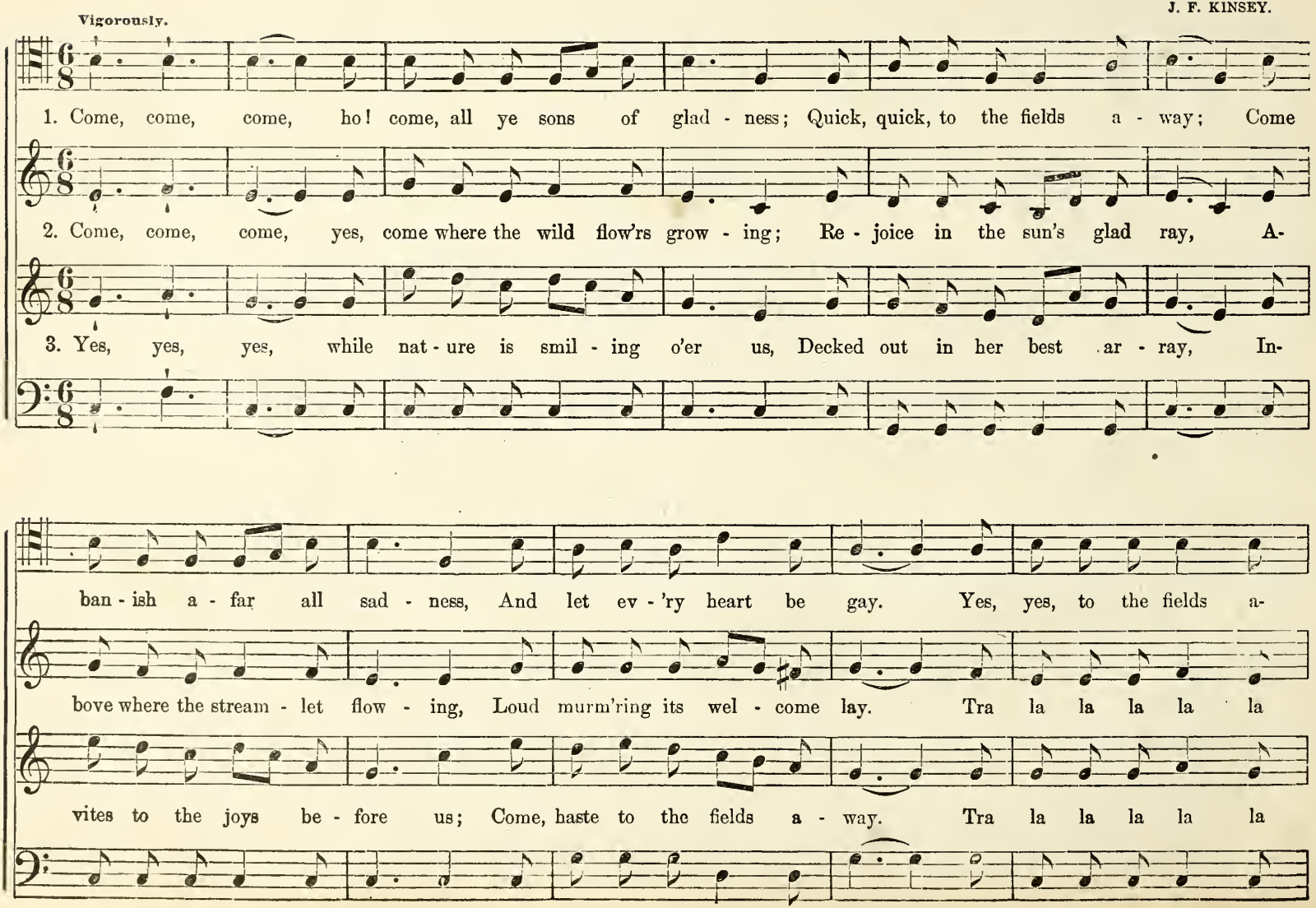
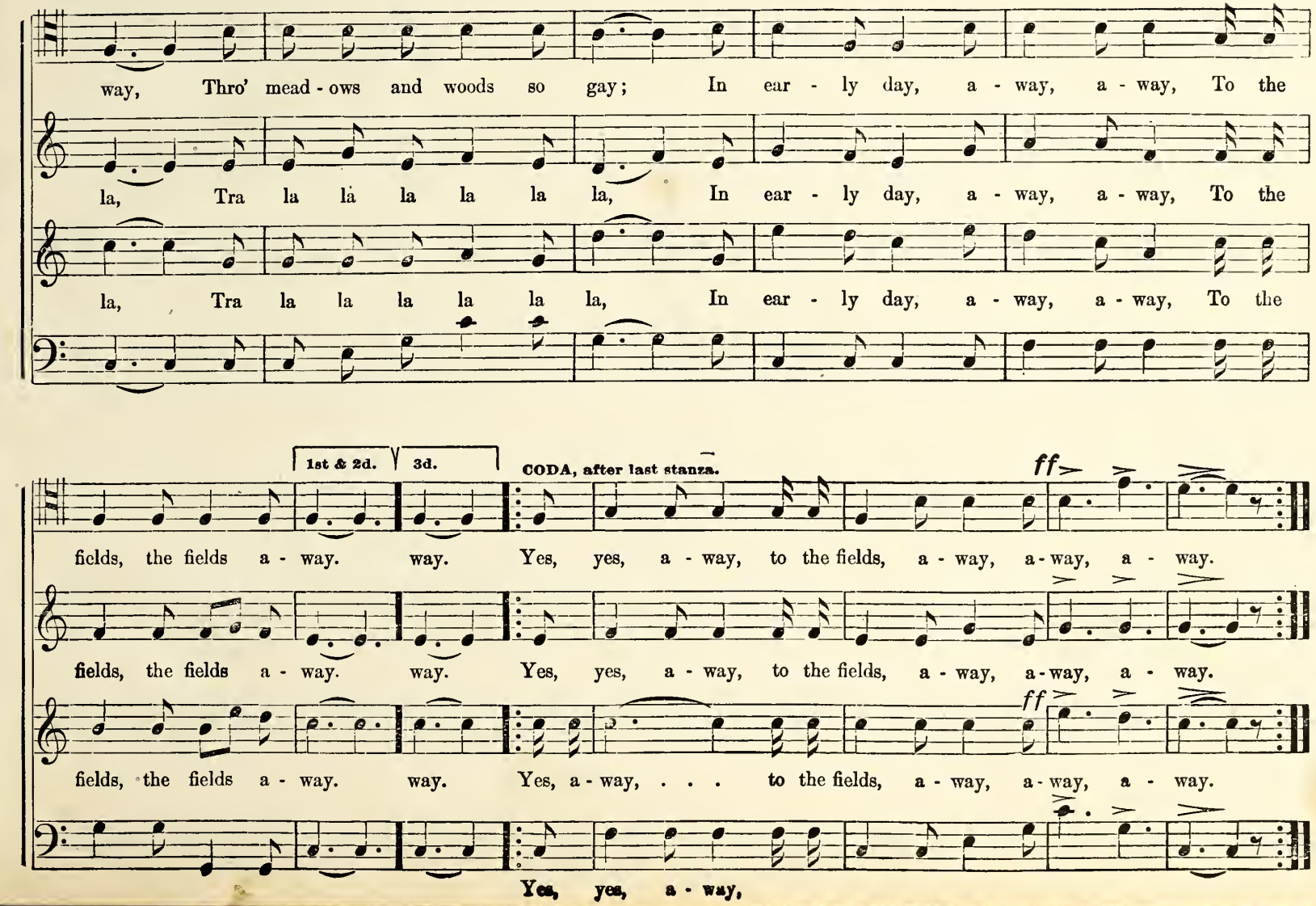

1. Now give wel - come ev - 'ry voice, In our un - ion here re - joice, Full and free,
2. And while good af - fect - ions grow, Sweet - er, stronger as they flow. May our friend - - - -
3. So may heav'nly truth have sway, Ov - er all we do or say, And in - spire
Full and free - - - the strain pro -
May our friend - - - ly tones im -
And in - spire - - - in ev - 'ry
the strain pro - long, From each heart, May come a song, Full and free,
ly tones im - part, Some new joy to ev - 'ry heart, May our friend -
in ev - 'ry plan, Love to God, and love to man, And in - spire
long, From each heart - - may come a song. Full and free - - - the strain pro -
part, Some new joy - - - to ev - 'ry heart, May our friend - - ly tones im -
plan, Love to God - - - and love to man, And in - spire - - in ev - 'ry

the strain pro - long, From each heart - - - May come a song, may come a song.
Some new joy - - - To ev - 'ry heart, to ev - 'ry heart.
Love to God - - - And love to man, and love to man.
ly tones im - part, Some new joy, to ev - 'ry heart.
in ev - 'ry plan, love to God and love to man.
long, From each heart may come a song.
part, Some new joy - - - to ev - 'ry heart.
plan, Love to God - - - and love to man.

LULU.

E. G. KARKER.

1. Softly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from lab - or free, Lord I would com - mune with thee
2. Thou whose all pre - vad - ing eye, Naught es - capes with - out, with - in; Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, Op - en fault and se - cret sin.
3. Soon from me, the light of day, Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then from sin and sor - row free, Take me Lord to dwell with Thee.

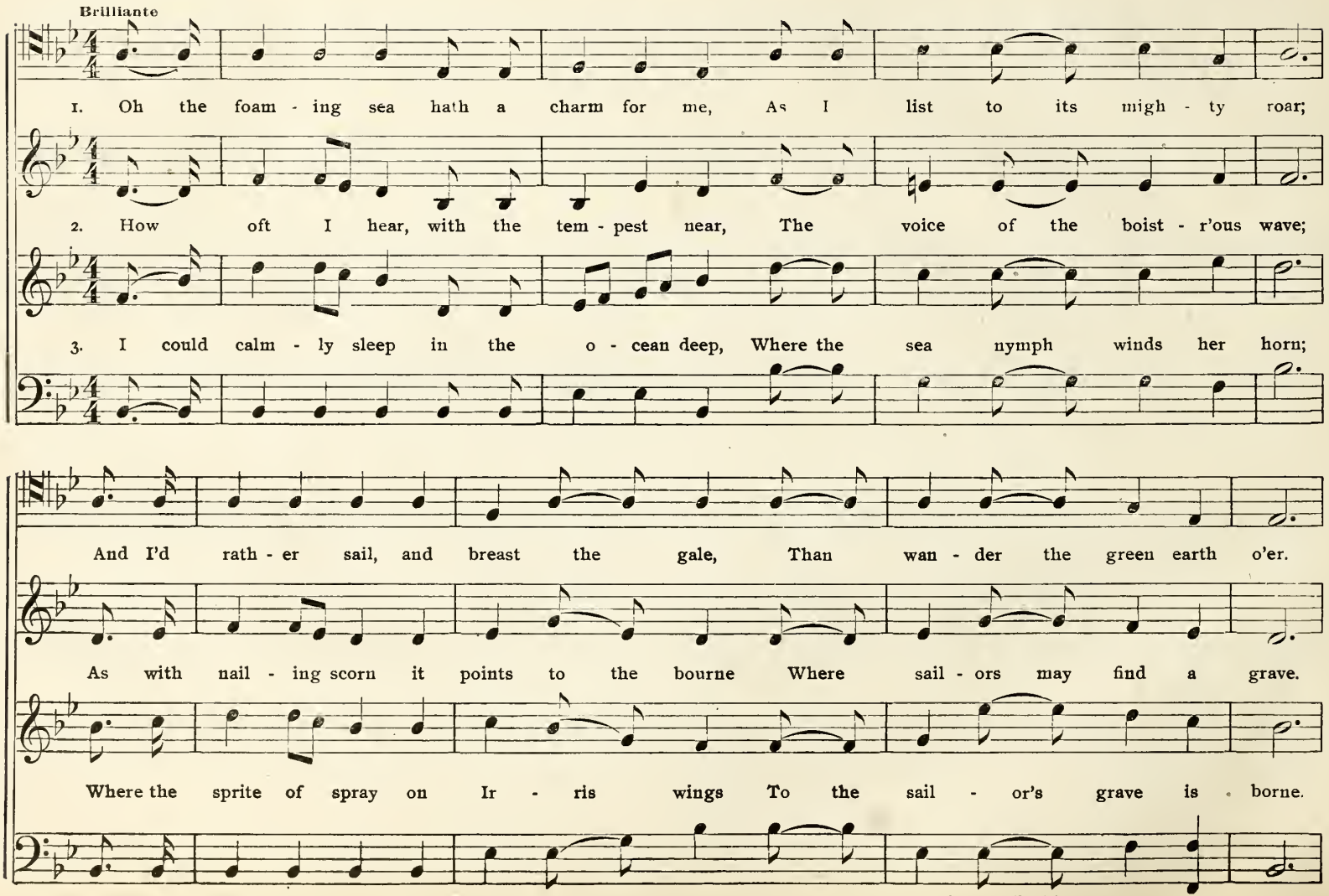
COME, ALL YE SONS OF GLADNESS.

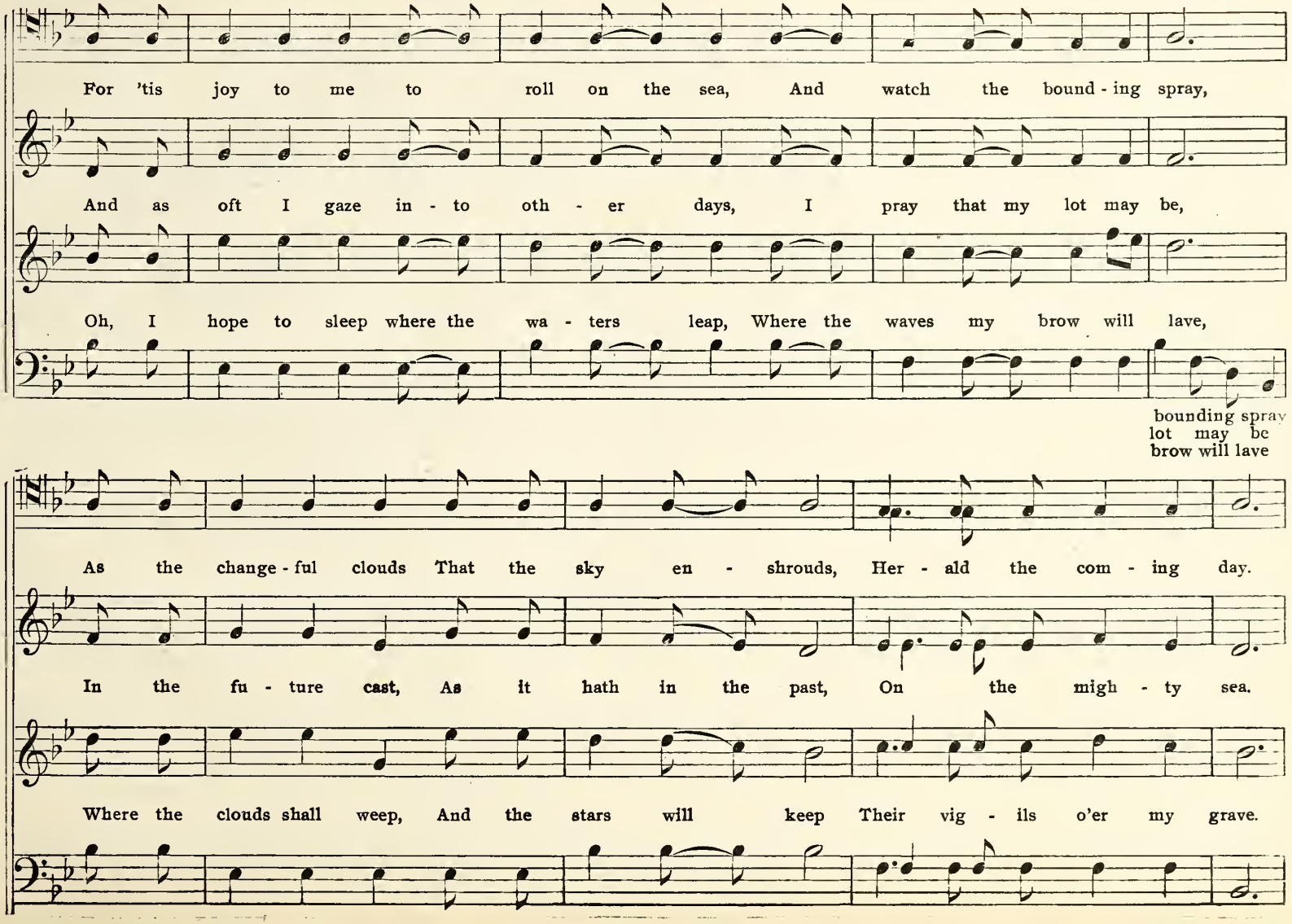
J. F. KINSEY.

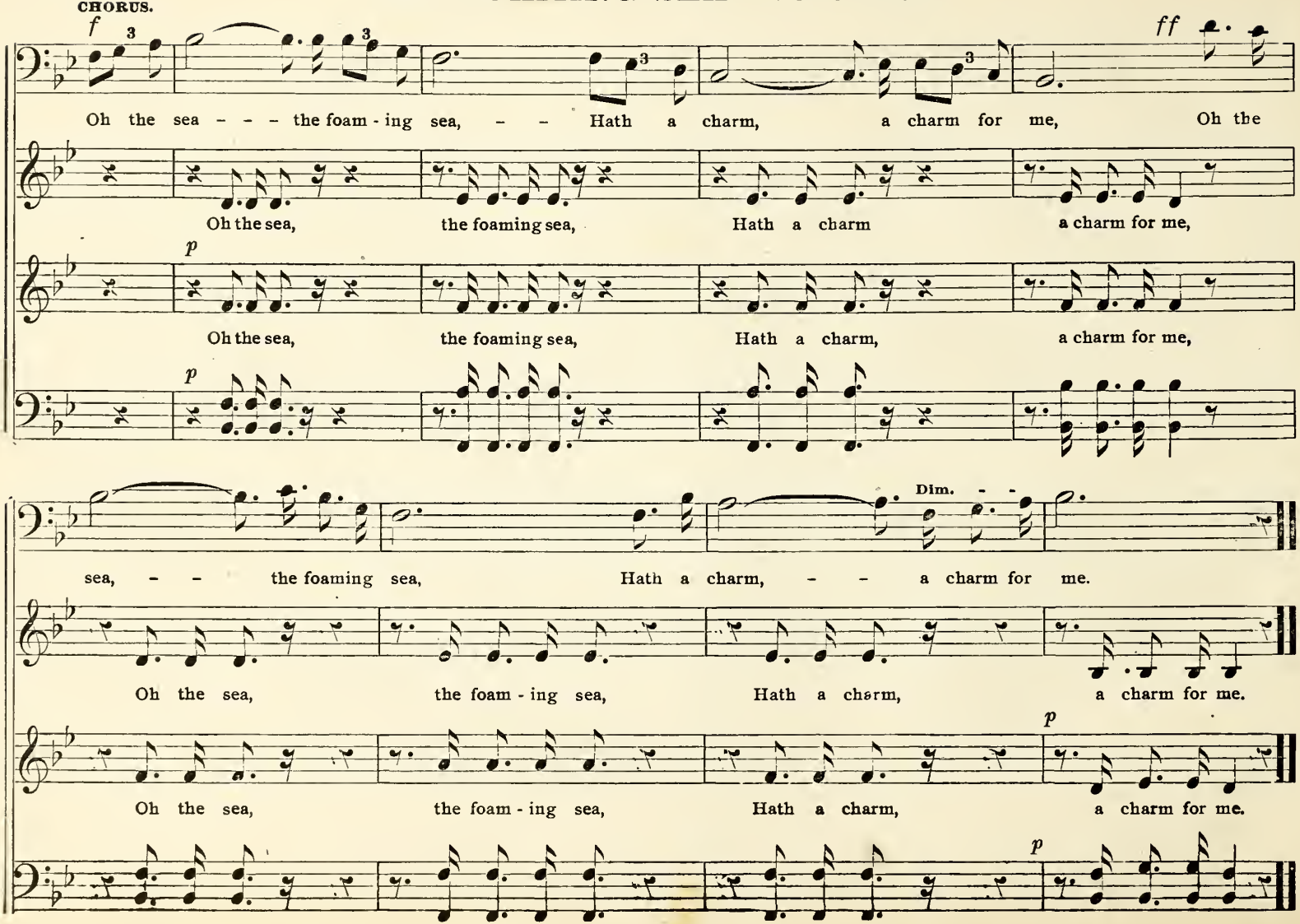

Vigorously.
1. Come, come, come, ho! come, all ye sons of glad - ness; Quick, quick, to the fields a - way; Come
2. Come, come, come, yes, come where the wild flow'rs grow - ing; Re - joice in the sun's glad ray, A-
3. Yes, yes, yes, while nat - ure is smil - ing o'er us, Decked out in her best ar - ray, In-
ban - ish a - far all sad - ness, And let ev - 'ry heart be gay. Yes, yes, to the fields a-
bove where the stream - let flow - ing, Loud murm'ring its wel - come lay. Tra la la la la la
vites to the joys be - fore us; Come, haste to the fields a - way. Tra la la la la la

way, Thro' mead - ows and woods so gay; In ear - ly day, a - way, a - way, To the
la, Tra la la la la la la, In ear - ly day, a - way, a - way, To the
la, Tra la la la la la la, In ear - ly day, a - way, a - way, To the
1st & 2d.
3d.
CODA, after last stanza.
ff
fields, the fields a - way. way. Yes, yes, a - way, to the fields, a - way, a - way, a - way.
fields, the fields a - way. way. Yes, yes, a - way, to the fields, a - way, a - way, a - way.
fields, the fields a - way. way. Yes, a - way, . . . to the fields, a - way, a - way, a - way.
Yes, yes, a - way,

THE FOAMING SEA.

Words Arr. by E. A. C.

E. A. Cook.

Brilliante
1. Oh the foam - ing sea hath a charm for me, As I list to its migh - ty roar;
2. How oft I hear, with the tem - pest near, The voice of the boist - r'ous wave;
3. I could calm - ly sleep in the o - cean deep, Where the sea nymph winds her horn;
And I'd rath - er sail, and breast the gale, Than wan - der the green earth o'er.
As with nail - ing scorn it points to the bourne Where sail - ors may find a grave.
Where the sprite of spray on Ir - ris wings To the sail - or's grave is borne.

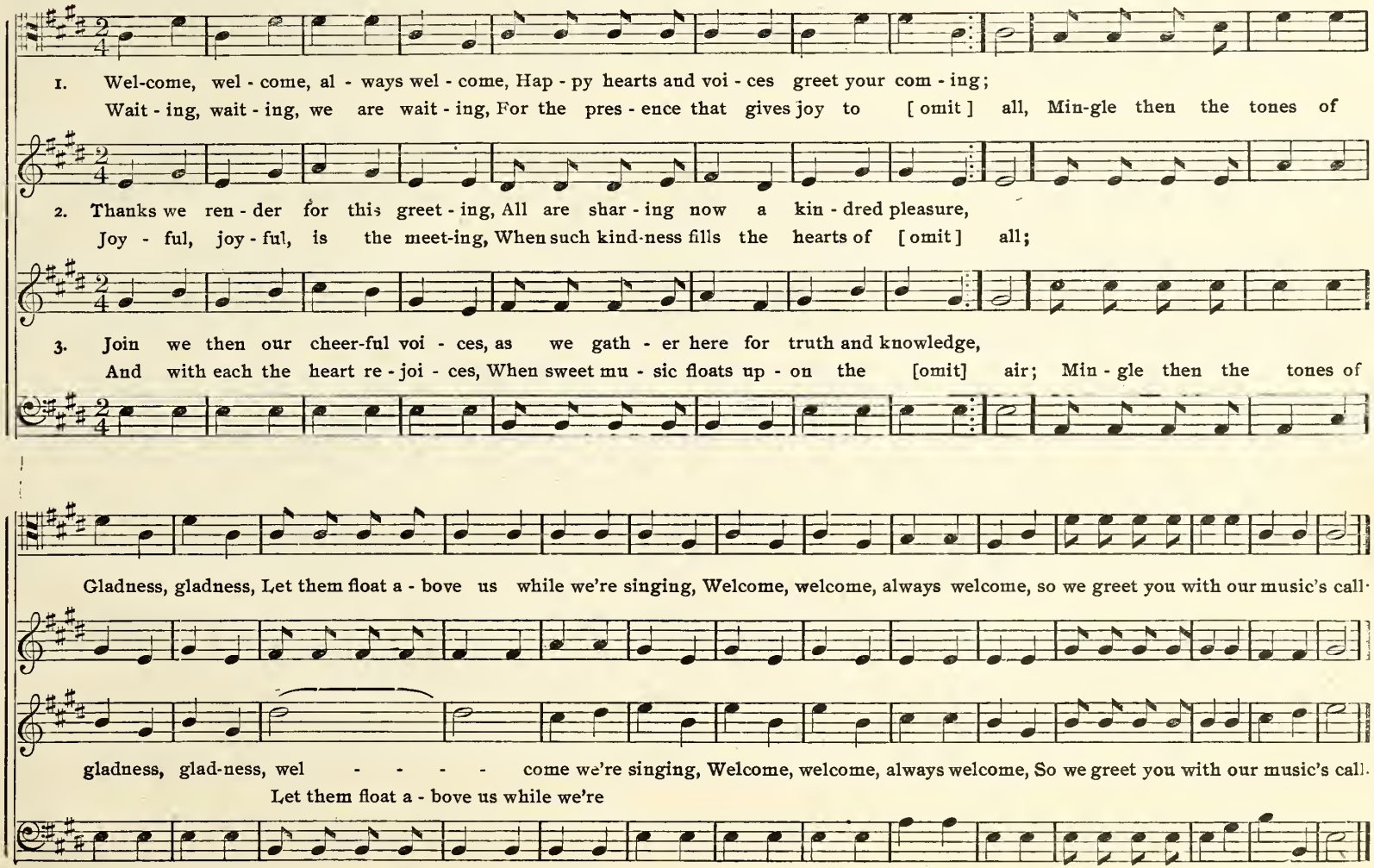

For 'tis joy to me to roll on the sea, And watch the bound - ing spray,
And as oft I gaze in - to oth - er days, I pray that my lot may be,
Oh, I hope to sleep where the wa - ters leap, Where the waves my brow will lave,
bounding spray
lot may be
brow will lave
As the change - ful clouds That the sky en - shrouds, Her - ald the com - ing day.
In the fu - ture cast, As it hath in the past, On the migh - ty sea.
Where the clouds shall weep, And the stars will keep Their vig - ils o'er my grave.

THE FOAMING SEA — Concluded.

CHORUS.
f
ff
Oh the sea - - - the foam - ing sea, - - Hath a charm, a charm for me, Oh the
Oh the sea, the foaming sea, Hath a charm a charm for me,
p
Oh the sea, the foaming sea, Hath a charm, a charm for me,
p
Dim.
sea, - - the foaming sea, Hath a charm, - - a charm for me.
Oh the sea, the foam - ing sea, Hath a charm, a charm for me.
p
Oh the sea, the foam - ing sea, Hath a charm, a charm for me.
p

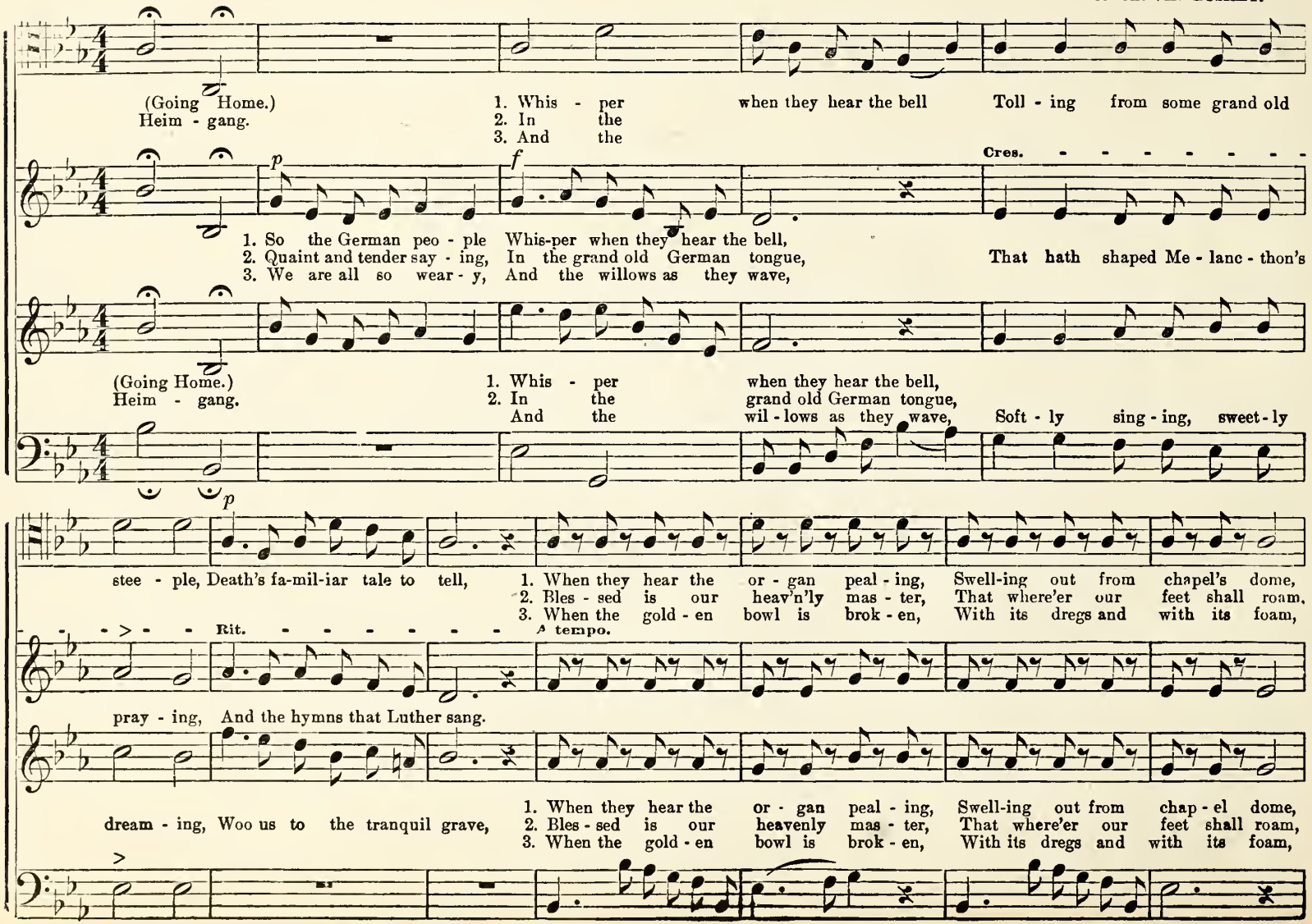
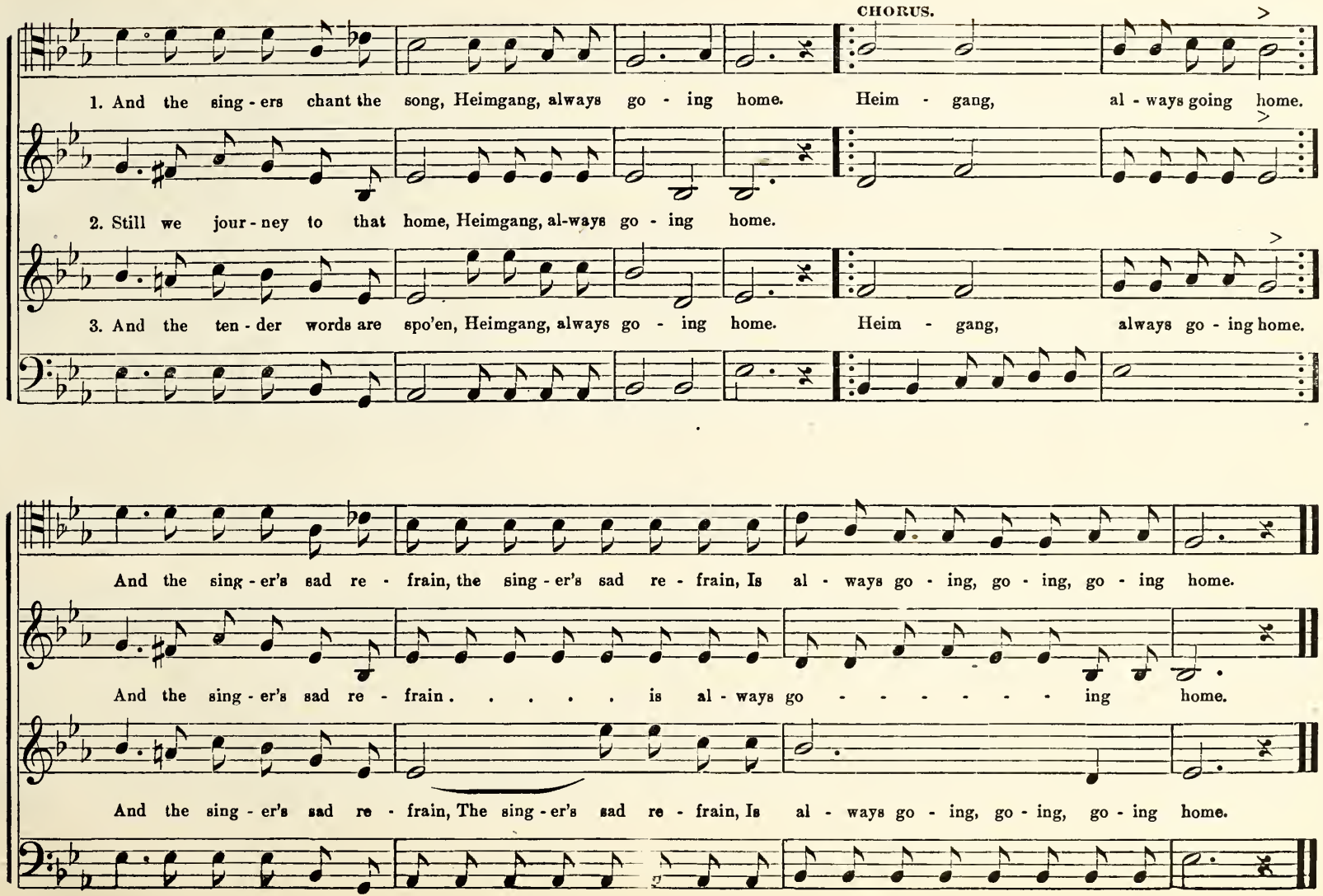
MUSIC'S CALL.

J. F. KINSEY.

Chorus.


1. Wel-come, wel - come, al - ways wel - come, Hap - py hearts and voi - ces greet your com - ing;
Wait - ing, wait - ing, we are wait - ing, For the pres - ence that gives joy to [omit] all, Min-gle then the tones of
2. Thanks we ren - der for this greet - ing, All are shar - ing now a kin - dred pleasure,
Joy - ful, joy - ful, is the meet-ing, When such kind-ness fills the hearts of [omit] all;
3. Join we then our cheer-ful voi - ces, as we gath - er here for truth and knowledge,
And with each the heart re - joi - ces, When sweet mu - sic floats up - on the [omit] air; Min - gle then the tones of
Gladness, gladness, Let them float a - bove us while we're singing, Welcome, welcome, always welcome, so we greet you with our music's call·
gladness, glad-ness, wel - - - - - come we're singing, Welcome, welcome, always welcome, So we greet you with our music's call.
Let them float a - bove us while we're

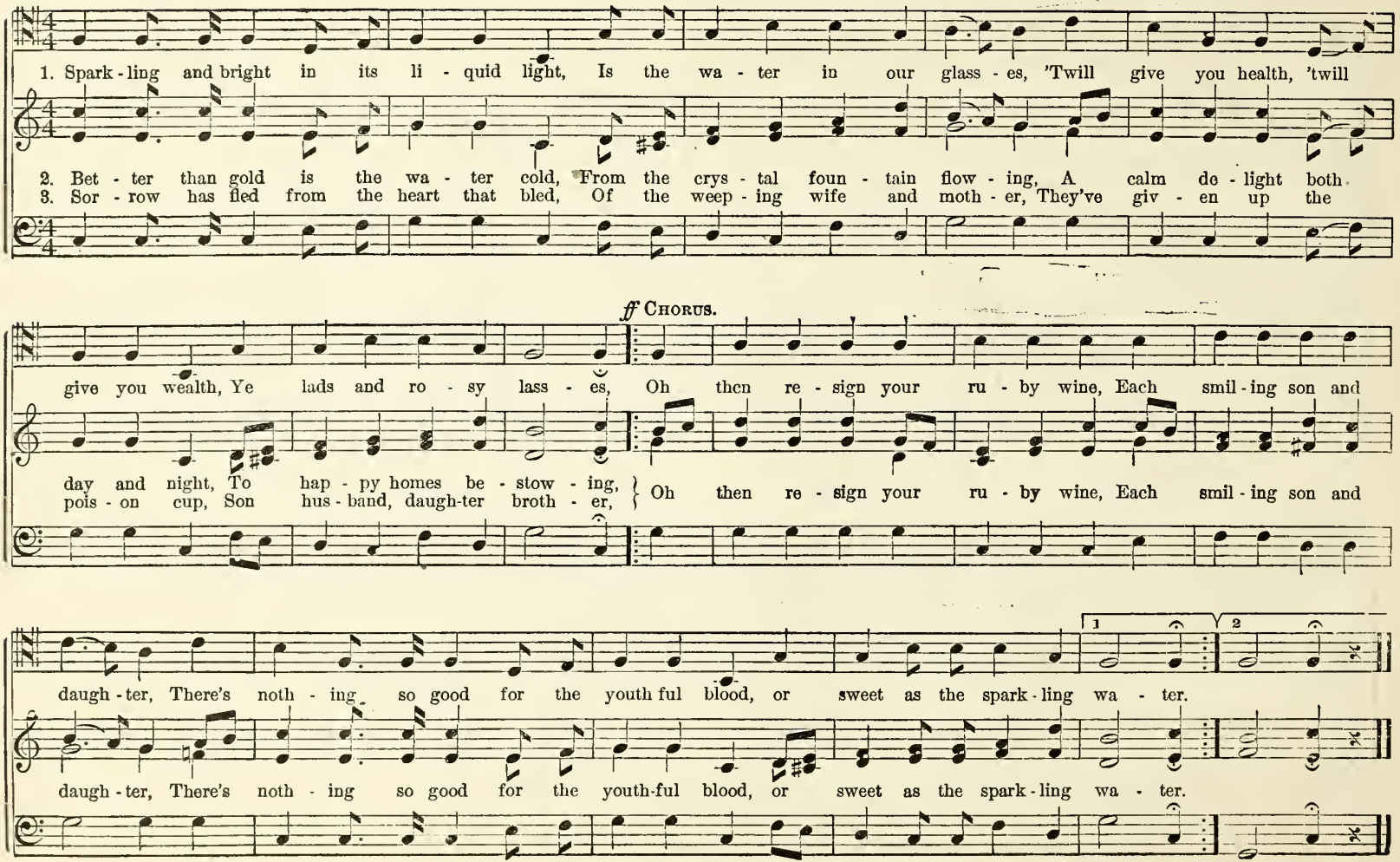
HEIMGANG. (Going Home.)

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

(Going Home.)
Heim - gang.
1. Whis - per when they hear the bell Toll - ing from some grand old
2. In the
3. And the
p
f
Cres.
1. So the German peo - ple Whis-per when they hear the bell,
2. Quaint and tender say - ing, In the grand old German tongue,
3. We are all so wear - y, And the willows as they wave,
That hath shaped Me - lanc - thon's
(Going Home.)
Heim - gang.
1. Whis - per when they hear the bell,
2. In the grand old German tongue,
And the wil - lows as they wave, Soft - ly sing - ing, sweet - ly
p
stee - ple, Death's fa-mil-iar tale to tell,
1. When they hear the or - gan peal - ing, Swell-ing out from chapel's dome,
2. Bles - sed is our heav'n'ly mas - ter, That where'er our feet shall roam,
3. When the gold - en bowl is brok - en, With its dregs and with its foam,
Rit.
A tempo.
pray - ing, And the hymns that Luther sang.
dream - ing, Woo us to the tranquil grave,
1. When they hear the or - gan peal - ing, Swell-ing out from chap - el dome,
2. Bles - sed is our heavenly mas - ter, That where'er our feet shall roam,
3. When the gold - en bowl is brok - en, With its dregs and with its foam,

CHORUS.
1. And the sing - ers chant the song, Heimgang, always go - ing home. Heim - gang, al - ways going home.
2. Still we jour - ney to that home, Heimgang, al-ways go - ing home.
3. And the ten - der words are spo'en, Heimgang, always go - ing home. Heim - gang, always go - ing home.
And the sing - er's sad re - frain, the sing - er's sad re - frain, Is al - ways go - ing, go - ing, go - ing home.
And the sing - er's sad re - frain . . . . . is al - ways go - - - - - - - ing home.
And the sing - er's sad re - frain, The sing - er's sad re - frain, Is al - ways go - ing, go - ing, go - ing home.

"SPARKLING AND BRIGHT."

Temperance Glee.

J. W. Stewart.

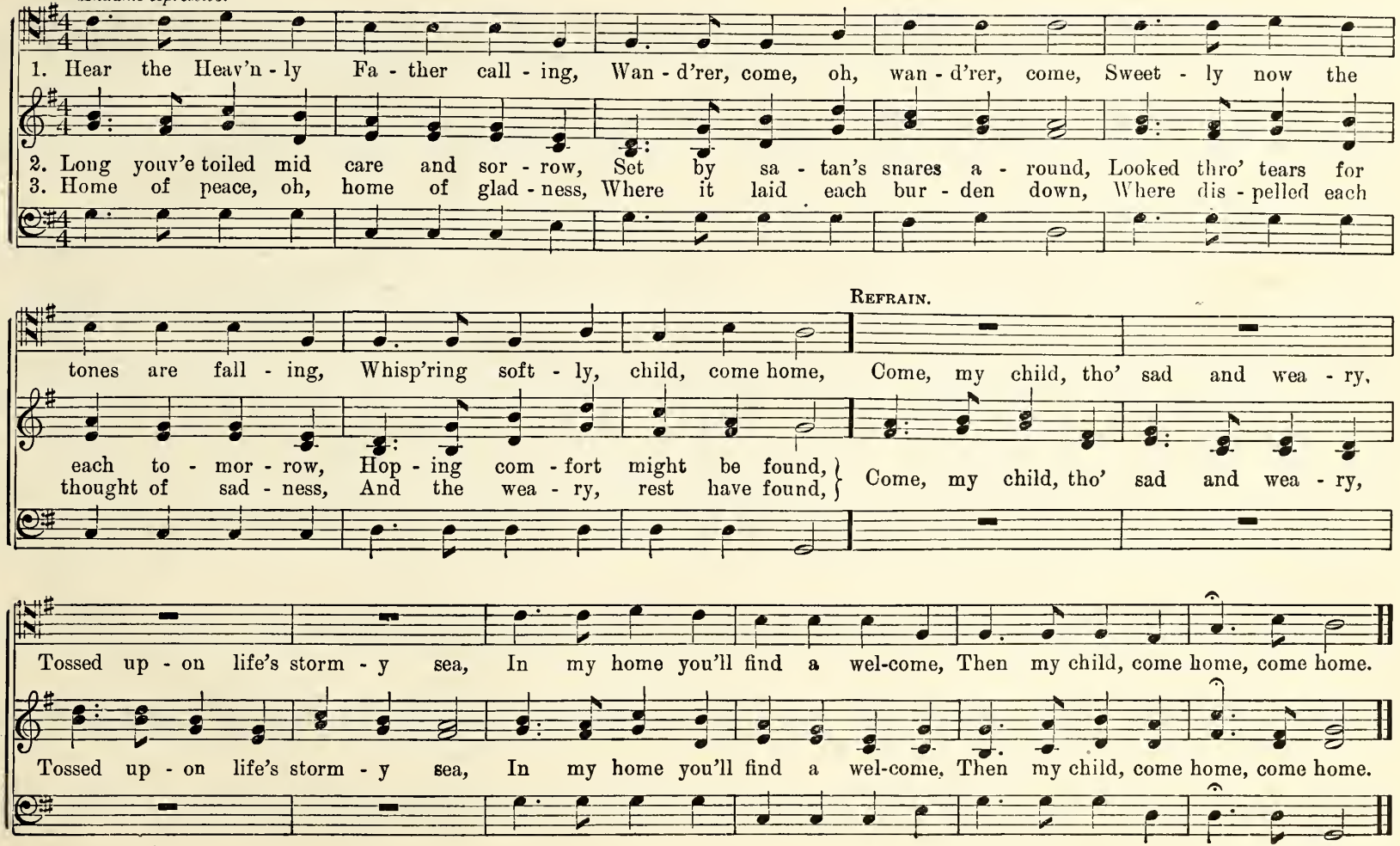

1. Spark - ling and bright in its li - quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glass - es, 'Twill give you health, 'twill
2. Bet - ter than gold is the wa - ter cold, From the crys - tal foun - tain flow - ing, A calm de - light both
3. Sor - row has fled from the heart that bled, Of the weep - ing wife and moth - er, They've giv - en up the
ff Chorus.
give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es, Oh then re - sign your ru - by wine, Each smil - ing son and
day and night, To hap - py homes be - stow - ing,
pois - on cup, Son hus - band, daugh-ter broth - er,
Oh then re - sign your ru - by wine, Each smil - ing son and
daugh - ter, There's noth - ing so good for the youth ful blood, or sweet as the spark - ling wa - ter.
daugh - ter, There's noth - ing so good for the youth-ful blood, or sweet as the spark - ling wa - ter.

WANDERER, COME.

(*A good Quartette.*)

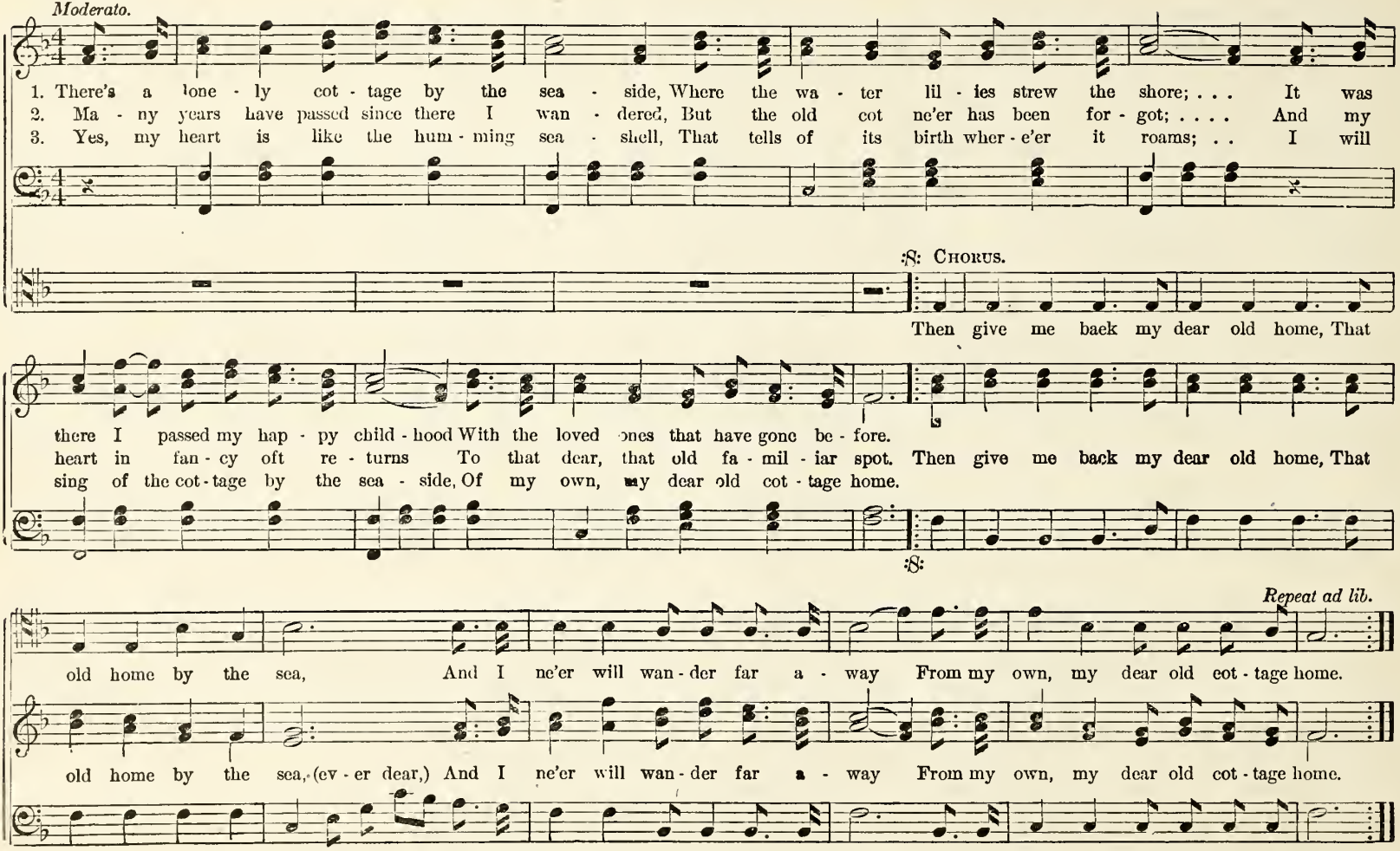
S. H. C.

S. H. Chord.

Andante espressivo.

1. Hear the Heav'n - ly Fa - ther call - ing, Wan - d'rer, come, oh, wan - d'rer, come, Sweet - ly now the
2. Long youv'e toiled mid care and sor - row, Set by sa - tan's snares a - round, Looked thro' tears for
3. Home of peace, oh, home of glad - ness, Where it laid each bur - den down, Where dis - pelled each
Refrain.
tones are fall - ing, Whisp'ring soft - ly, child, come home, Come, my child, tho' sad and wea - ry,
each to - mor - row, Hop - ing com - fort might be found,
thought of sad - ness, And the wea - ry, rest have found,
Come, my child, tho' sad and wea - ry,
Tossed up - on life's storm - y sea, In my home you'll find a wel-come, Then my child, come home, come home.
Tossed up - on life's storm - y sea, In my home you'll find a wel-come, Then my child, come home, come home.

THERE'S A LONELY COTTAGE BY THE SEASIDE.

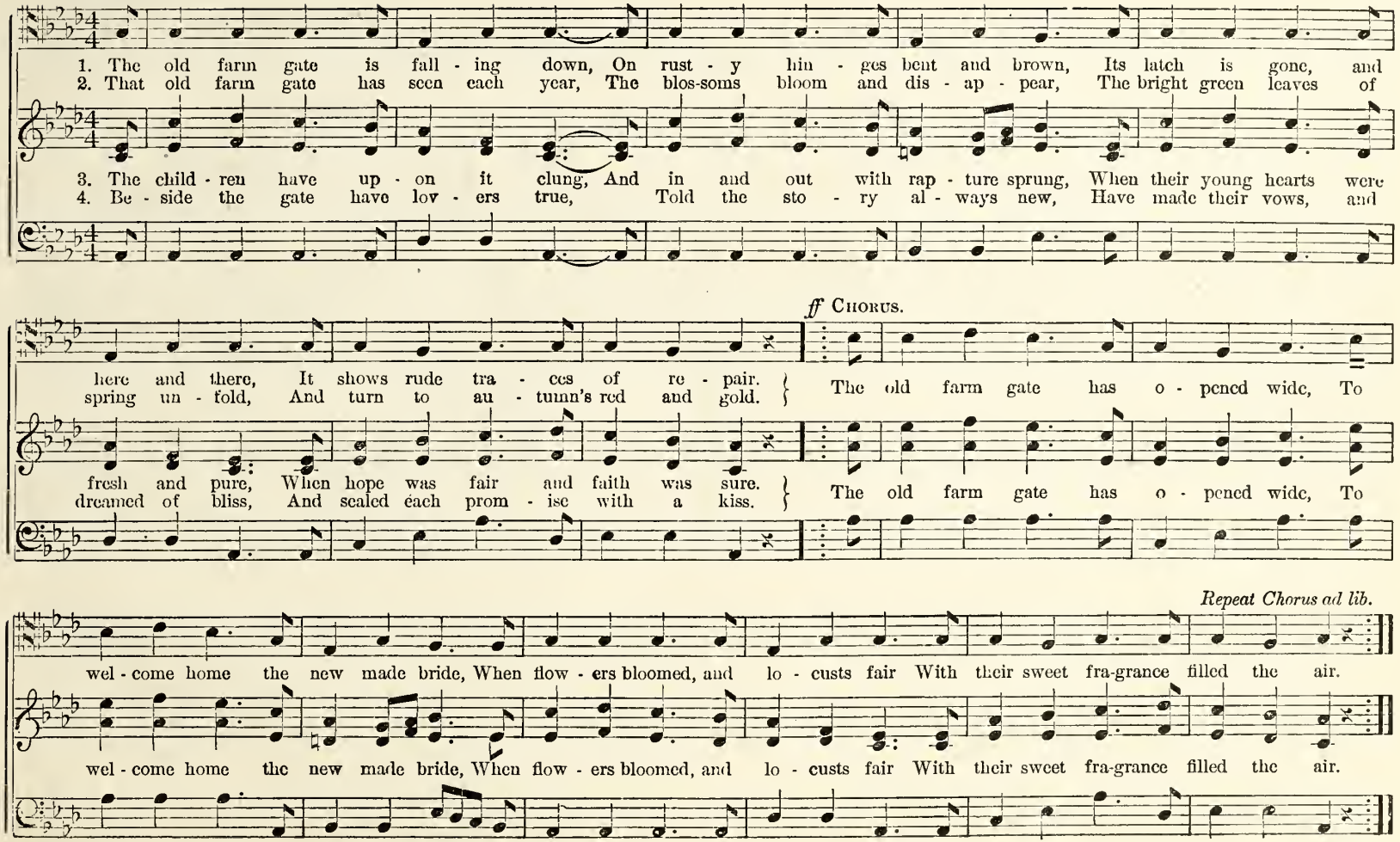
EMMA LYLE. J. W. STEWART.

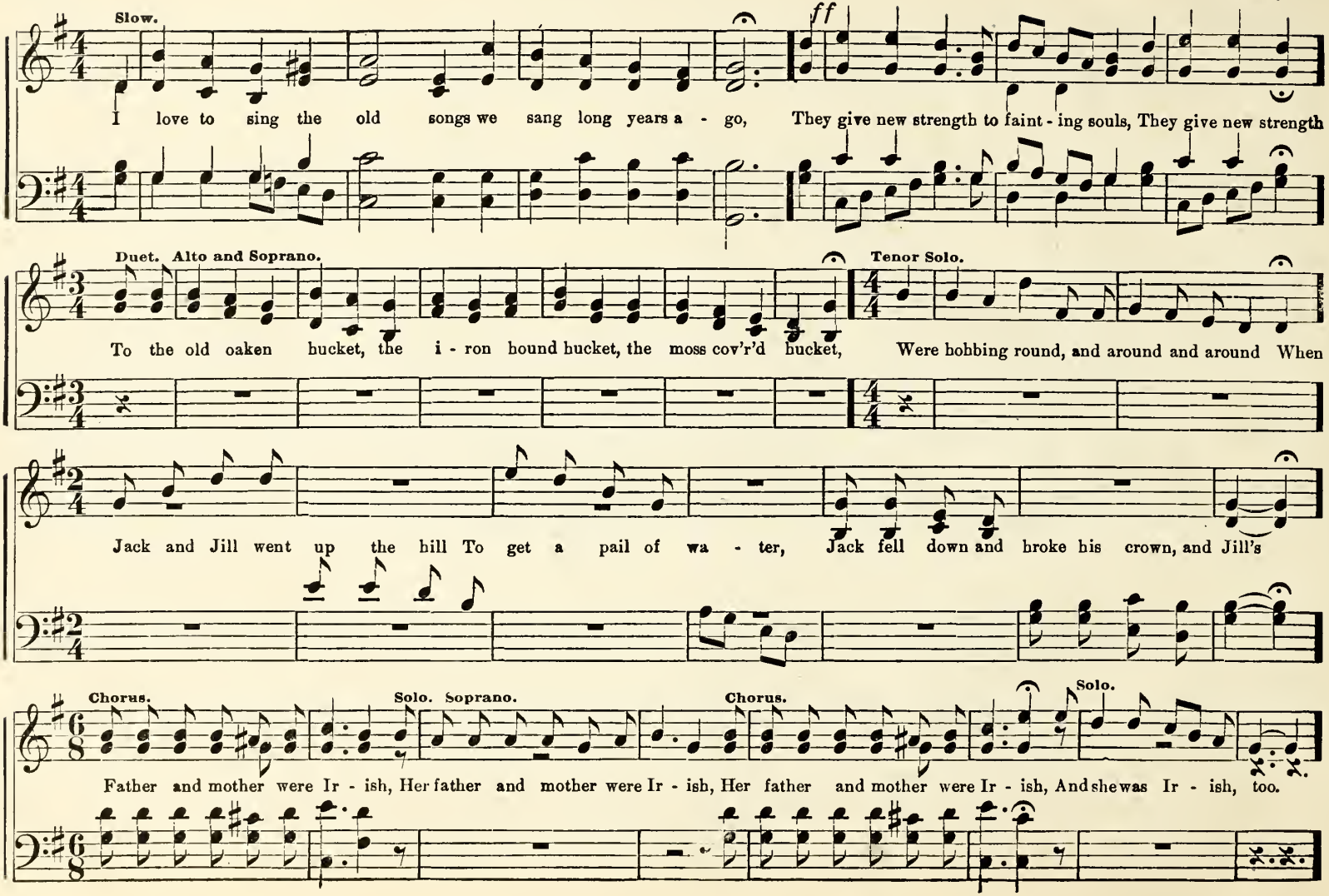
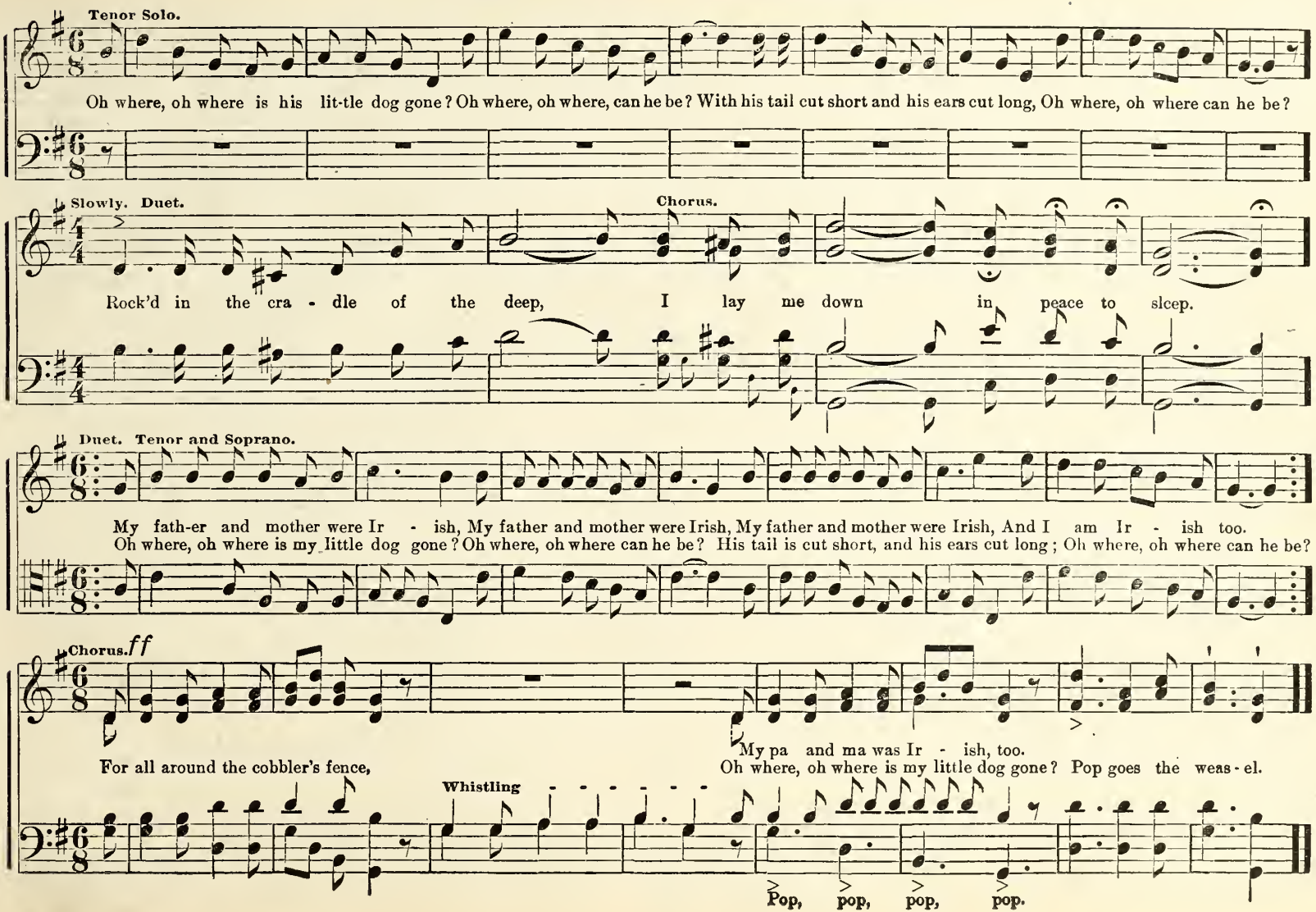
Moderato.

1. There's a lone - ly cot - tage by the sea - side, Where the wa - ter lil - ies strew the shore; . . . It was
2. Ma - ny years have passed since there I wan - dered, But the old cot tge'er has been for - got; . . . . And my
3. Yes, my heart is like the hum - ming sea - shell, That tells of its birth wher - e'er it roams; . . I will
:S: CHORUS.
Then give me baek my dear old home, That
there I passed my hap - py child - hood With the loved ones that have gone be - fore.
heart in fan - cy oft re - turns To that dear, that old fa - mil - iar spot. Then give me back my dear old home, That
sing of the cot - tage by the sea - side, Of my own, my dear old cot - tage home.
:S:
Repeat ad lib.
old home by the sea, And I ne'er will wan - der far a - way From my own, my dear old cot - tage home.
old home by the sea, (ev - er dear,) And I ne'er will wan - der far a - way From my own, my dear old cot - tage home.

THE OLD FARM GATE.

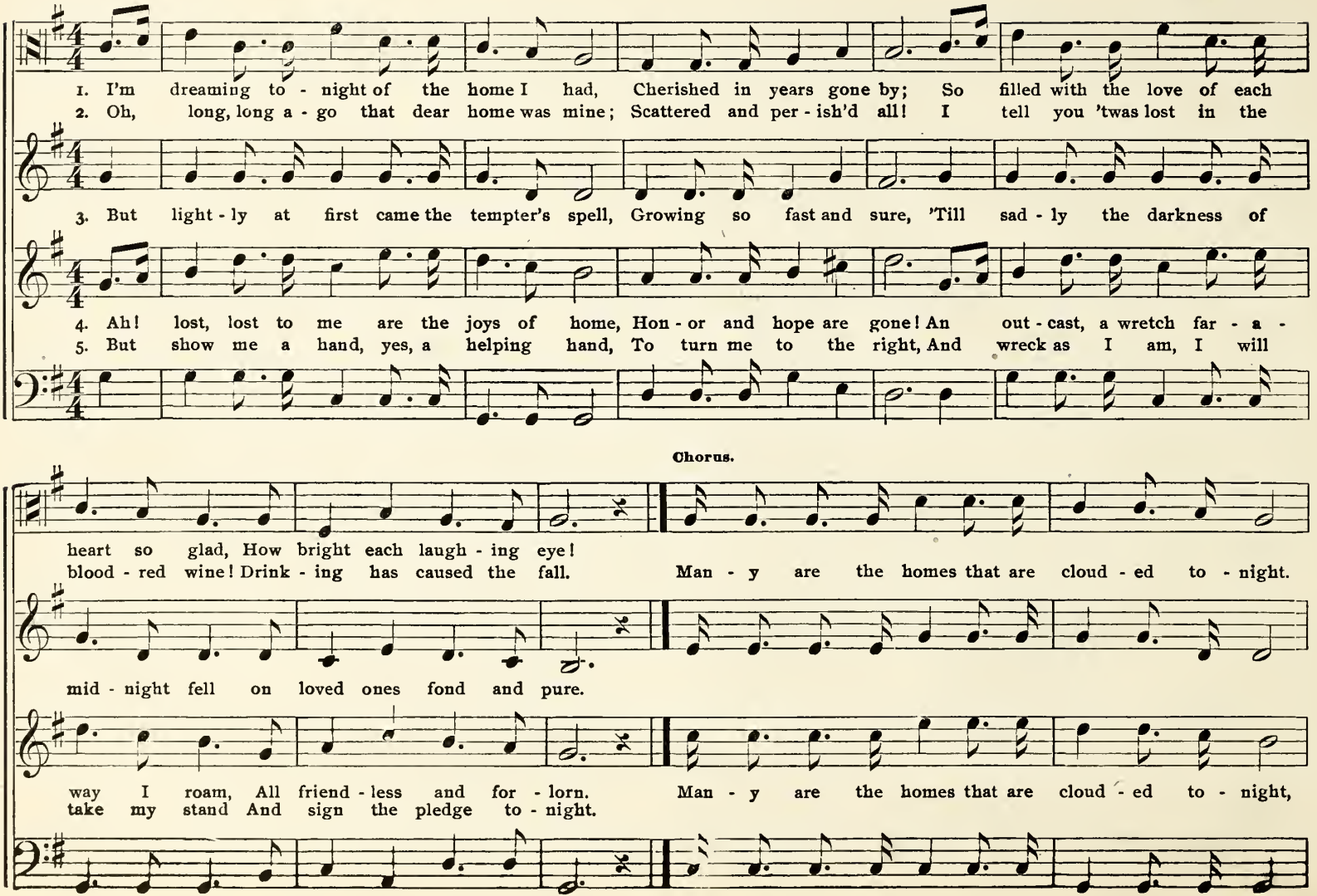
Good Quartet and Chorus.

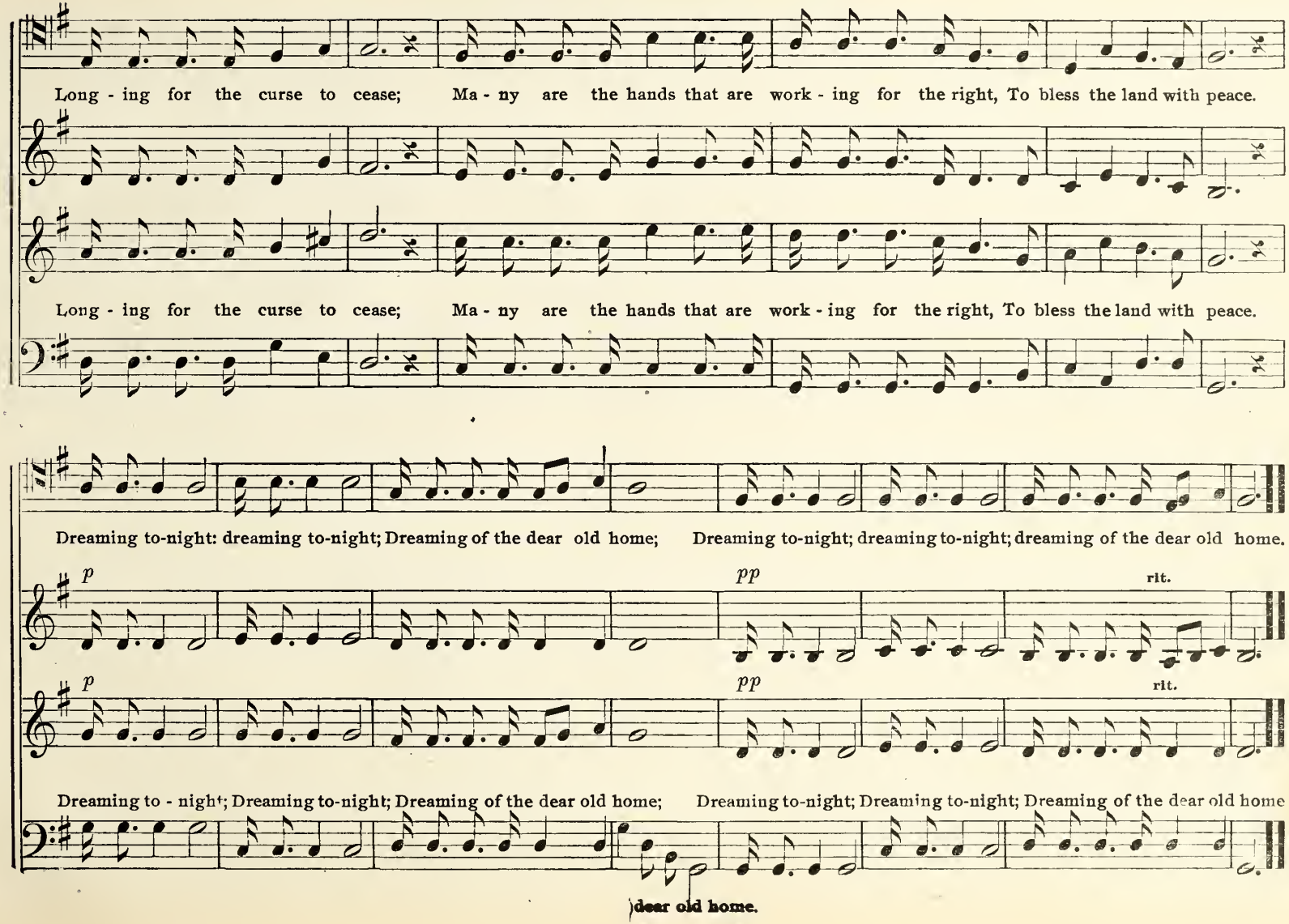
E. J. Hall. J. W. Stewart.

Moderato.

1. The old farm gate is fall - ing down, On rust - y hin - ges bent and brown, Its latch is gone, and
2. That old farm gate has seen each year, The blos-soms bloom and dis - ap - pear, The bright green leaves of
3. The child - ren have up - on it clung, And in and out with rap - ture sprung, When their young hearts were
4. Be - side the gate have lov - ers true, Told the sto - ry al - ways new, Have made their vows, and
here and there, It shows rude tra - ces of re - pair.
spring un - fold, And turn to au - tumn's red and gold.
fresh and pure, When hope was fair and faith was sure.
dreamed of bliss, And sealed each prom - ise with a kiss.
ff Chorus.
The old farm gate has o - pened wide, To
The old farm gate has o - pened wide, To
Repeat Chorus ad lib.
wel - come home the new made bride, When flow - ers bloomed, and lo - custs fair With their sweet fra-grance filled the air.
wel - come home the new made bride, When flow - ers bloomed, and lo - custs fair With their sweet fra-grance filled the air.

ARRANGED.

Slow.
ff
I love to sing the old songs we sang long years a - go, They give new strength to faint - ing souls, They give new strength
Duet. Alto and Soprano.
Tenor Solo.
To the old oaken bucket, the i - ron bound bucket, the moss cov'r'd bucket, Were bobbing round, and around and around When
Jack and Jill went up the hill To get a pail of wa - ter, Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill's
Chorus.
Solo. Soprano.
Chorus.
Solo.
Father and mother were Ir - ish, Her father and mother were Ir - ish, Her father and mother were Ir - ish, And she was Ir - ish, too.

Tenor Solo.
Oh where, oh where is his lit-tle dog gone? Oh where, oh where, can he be? With his tail cut short and his ears cut long, Oh where, oh where can he be?
Slowly. Duet.
Chorus.
Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep.
Duet. Tenor and Soprano.
My fath-er and mother were Ir - ish, My father and mother were Irish, My father and mother were Irish, And I am Ir - ish too.
Oh where, oh where is my little dog gone? Oh where, oh where can he be? His tail is cut short, and his ears cut long; Oh where, oh where can he be?
Chorus. ff
For all around the cobbler's fence,
My pa and ma was Ir - ish, too.
Oh where, oh where is my little dog gone? Pop goes the weas - el.
Whistling
Pop, pop, pop, pop.

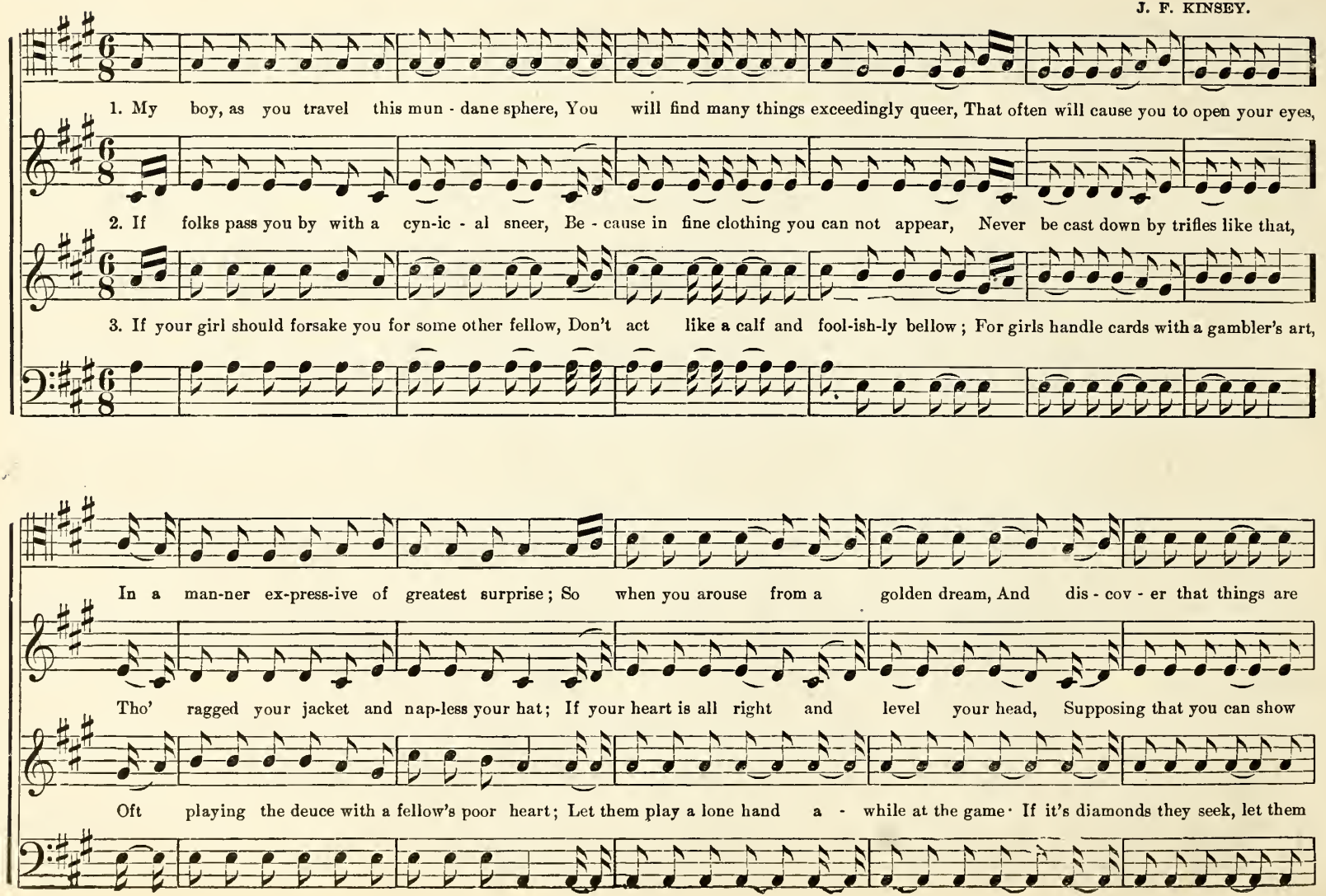
THE DEAR OLD HOME.

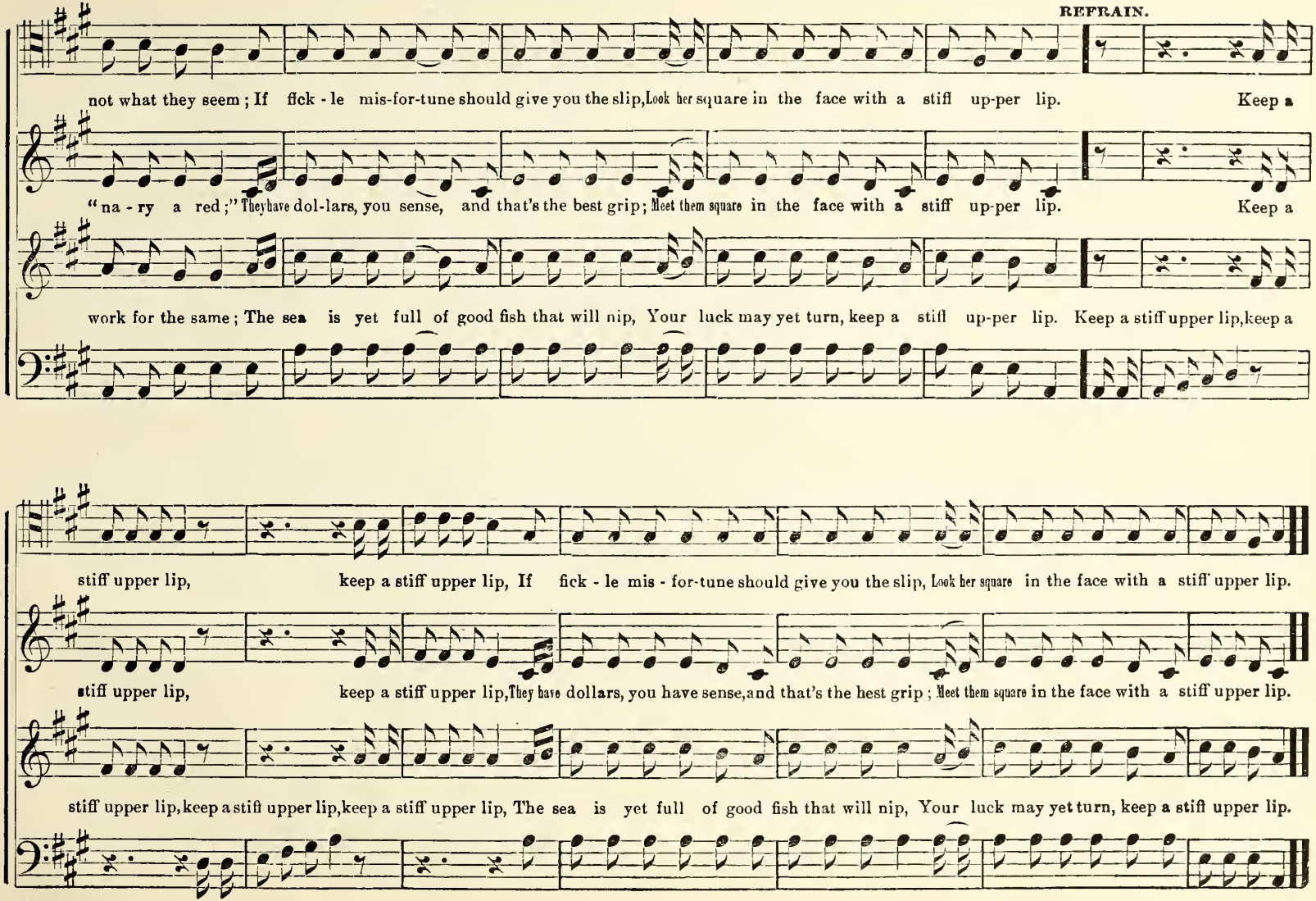
FANNIE CHADWICK. J. H. KISSINGER

1. I'm dreaming to - night of the home I had, Cherished in years gone by; So filled with the love of each
2. Oh, long, long a - go that dear home was mine; Scattered and per - ish'd all! I tell you 'twas lost in the
3. But light - ly at first came the tempter's spell, Growing so fast and sure, 'Till sad - ly the darkness of
4. Ah! lost, lost to me are the joys of home, Hon - or and hope are gone! An out - cast, a wretch far - a -
5. But show me a hand, yes, a helping hand, To turn me to the right, And wreck as I am, I will
Chorus.
heart so glad, How bright each laugh - ing eye!
blood - red wine! Drink - ing has caused the fall.
Man - y are the homes that are cloud - ed to - night.
mid - night fell on loved ones fond and pure.
way I roam, All friend - less and for - lorn.
take my stand And sign the pledge to - night.
Man - y are the homes that are cloud - ed to - night,


Long - ing for the curse to cease; Ma - ny are the hands that are work - ing for the right, To bless the land with peace.
Long - ing for the curse to cease; Ma - ny are the hands that are work - ing for the right, To bless the land with peace.
Dreaming to-night: dreaming to-night; Dreaming of the dear old home; Dreaming to-night; dreaming to-night; dreaming of the dear old home.
p
pp
rit.
p
pp
rit.
Dreaming to - night; Dreaming to-night; Dreaming of the dear old home; Dreaming to-night; Dreaming to-night; Dreaming of the dear old home
dear old home.

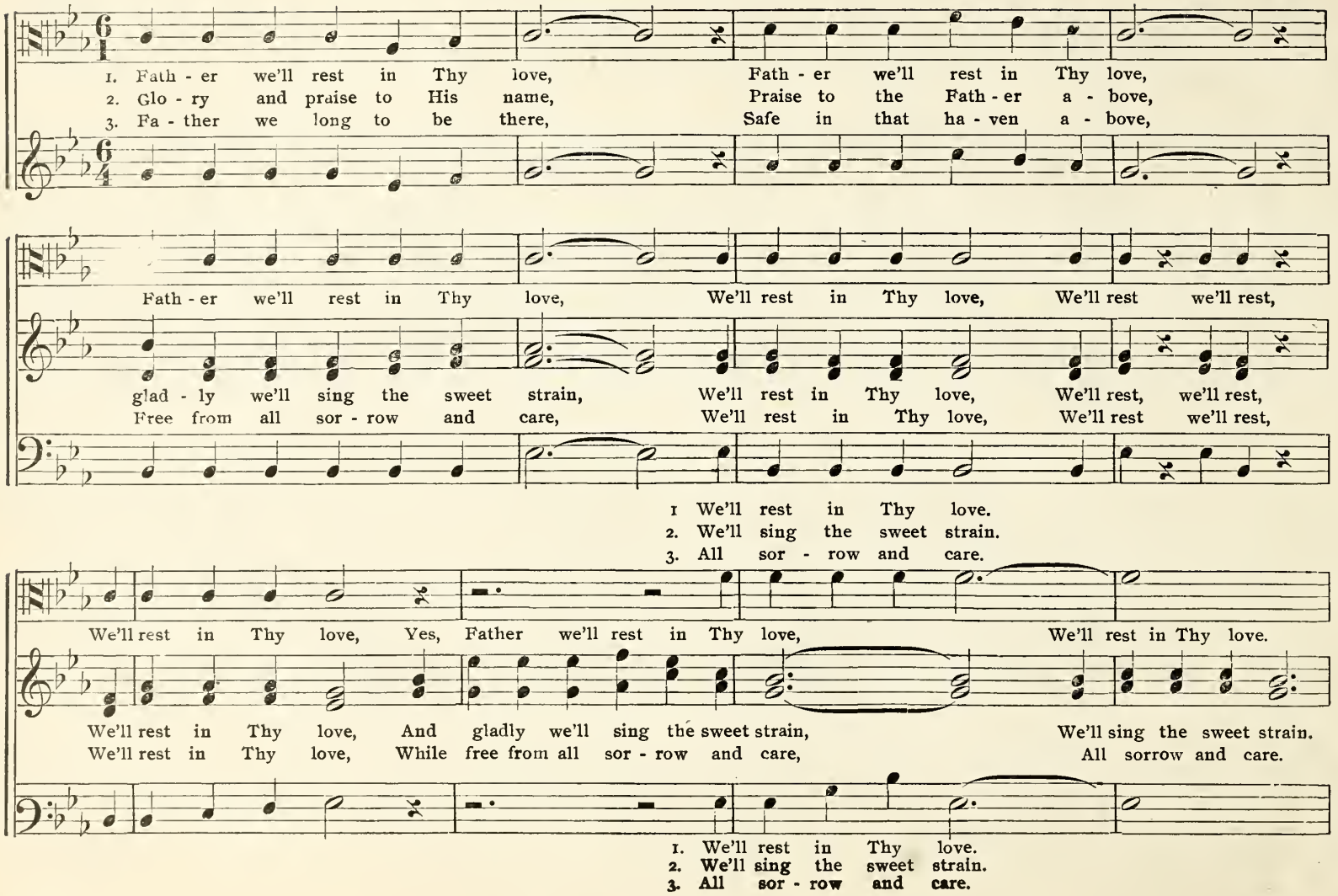
KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.

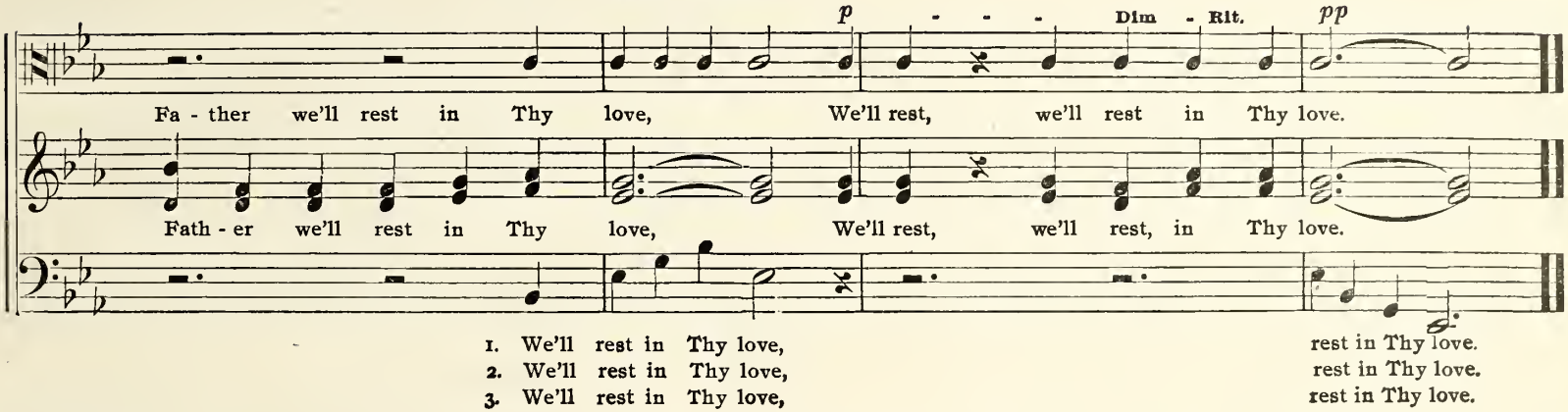
J. F. KINSEY.


1. My boy, as you travel this mun - dane sphere, You will find many things exceedingly queer, That often will cause you to open your eyes,
2. If folks pass you by with a cyn-ic - al sneer, Be - cause in fine clothing you can not appear, Never be cast down by trifles like that,
3. If your girl should forsake you for some other fellow, Don't act like a calf and fool-ish-ly bellow; For girls handle cards with a gambler's art,
In a man-ner ex-press-ive of greatest surprise; So when you arouse from a golden dream, And dis - cov - er that things are
Tho' ragged your jacket and nap-less your hat; If your heart is all right and level your head, Supposing that you can show
Oft playing the deuce with a fellow's poor heart; Let them play a lone hand a - while at the game· If it's diamonds they seek, let them


REFRAIN.
not what they seem ; If fick - le mis-for-tune should give you the slip, Look her square in the face with a stiff up-per lip. Keep a
"na - ry a red ;" They have dol-lars, you sense, and that's the best grip ; Meet them square in the face with a stiff up-per lip. Keep a
work for the same ; The sea is yet full of good fish that will nip, Your luck may yet turn, keep a stiff up-per lip. Keep a stiff upper lip, keep a
stiff upper lip, keep a stiff upper lip, If fick - le mis - for-tune should give you the slip, Look her square in the face with a stiff upper lip.
stiff upper lip, keep a stiff upper lip, They have dollars, you have sense, and that's the best grip ; Meet them square in the face with a stiff upper lip.
stiff upper lip, keep a stiff upper lip, keep a stiff upper lip, The sea is yet full of good fish that will nip, Your luck may yet turn, keep a stiff upper lip.

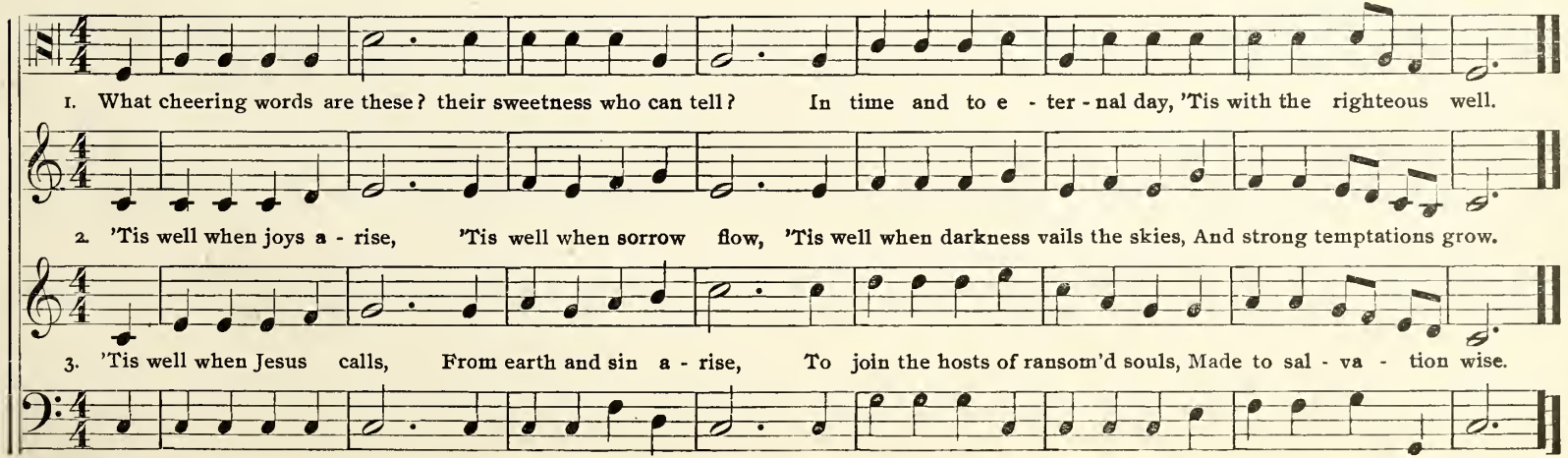
FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.

MRS. E. E. BROWN. E. A. COOK.

1. Fath - er we'll rest in Thy love, Fath - er we'll rest in Thy love,
2. Glo - ry and praise to His name, Praise to the Fath - er a - bove,
3. Fa - ther we long to be there, Safe in that ha - ven a - bove,
Fath - er we'll rest in Thy love, We'll rest in Thy love, We'll rest we'll rest,
glad - ly we'll sing the sweet strain, We'll rest in Thy love, We'll rest, we'll rest,
Free from all sor - row and care, We'll rest in Thy love, We'll rest we'll rest,
1 We'll rest in Thy love.
2. We'll sing the sweet strain.
3. All sor - row and care.
We'll rest in Thy love, Yes, Father we'll rest in Thy love, We'll rest in Thy love.
We'll rest in Thy love, And gladly we'll sing the sweet strain, We'll sing the sweet strain.
We'll rest in Thy love, While free from all sor - row and care, All sorrow and care.
1. We'll rest in Thy love.
2. We'll sing the sweet strain.
3. All sor - row and care.

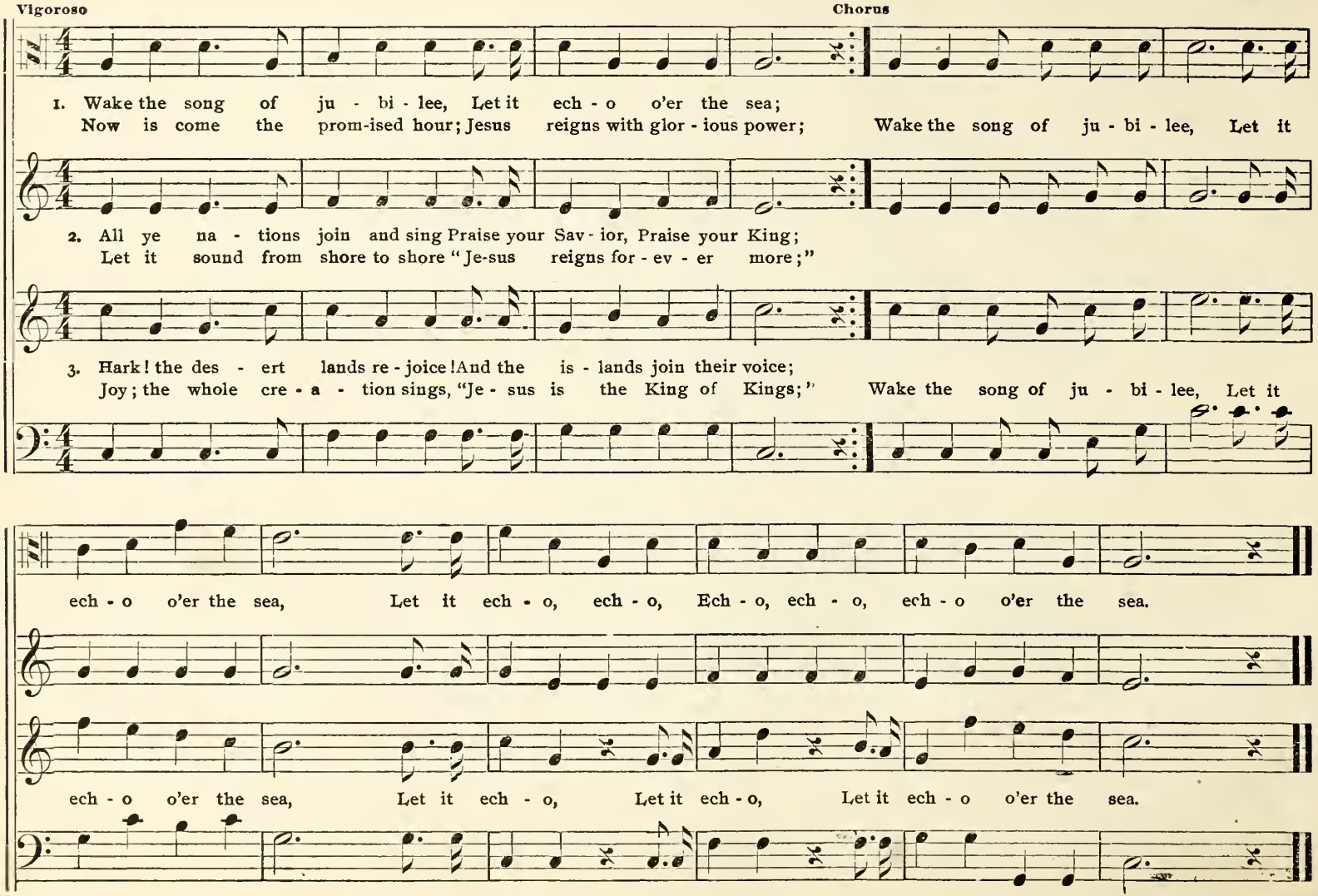
1. We'll rest in Thy love.
2. We'll rest in Thy love.
3. We'll rest in Thy love.

p - - - Dim - Rit. pp
Fa - ther we'll rest in Thy love, We'll rest, we'll rest in Thy love.
Fath - er we'll rest in Thy love, We'll rest, we'll rest, in Thy love.

1. We'll rest in Thy love, rest in Thy love.
2. We'll rest in Thy love, rest in Thy love.
3. We'll rest in Thy love, rest in Thy love.

TIPPECANOE.

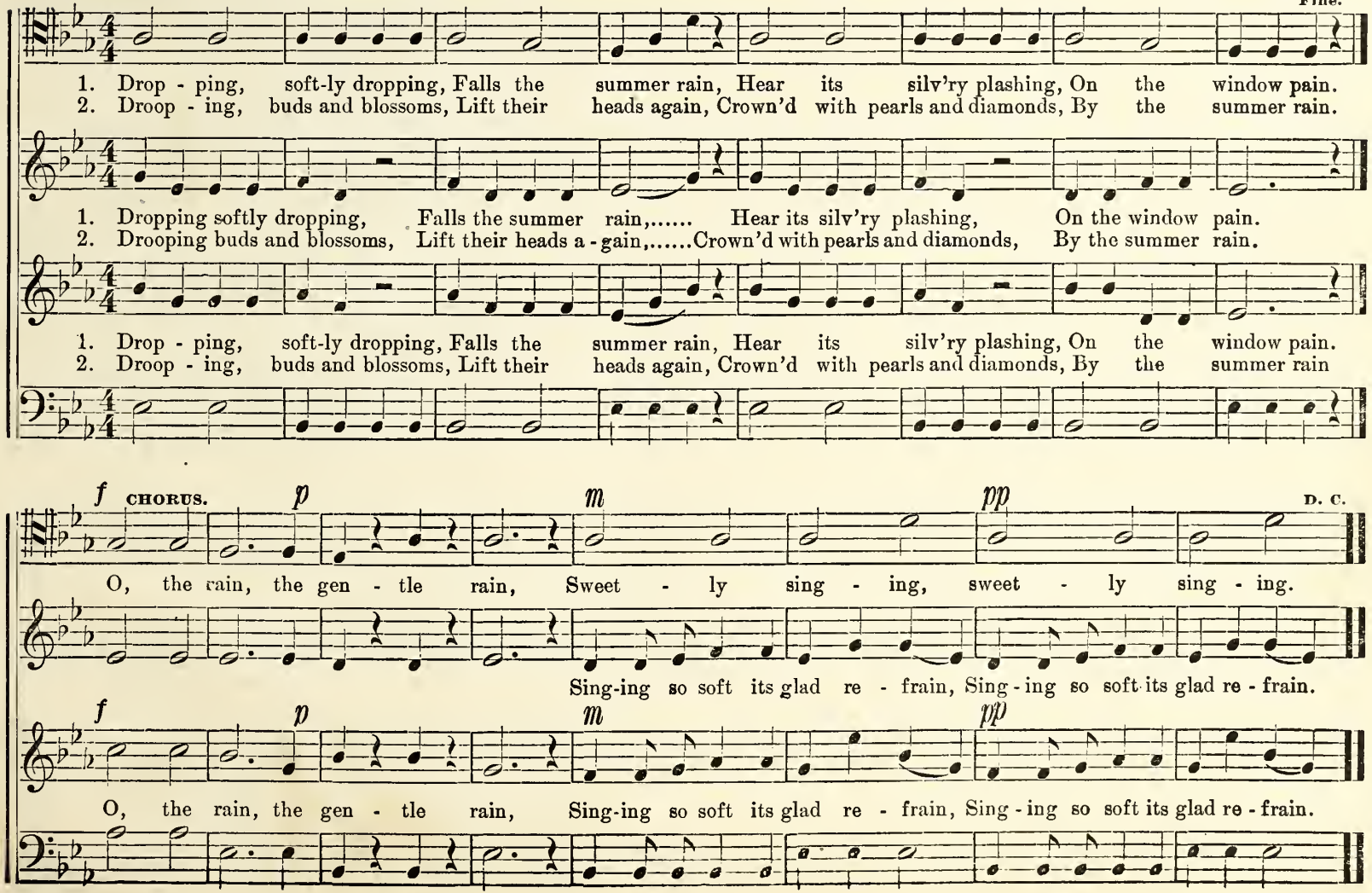
CARL D. KINSEY.

1. What cheering words are these? their sweetness who can tell? In time and to e - ter - nal day, 'Tis with the righteous well.
2. 'Tis well when joys a - rise, 'Tis well when sorrow flow, 'Tis well when darkness vails the skies, And strong temptations grow.
3. 'Tis well when Jesus calls, From earth and sin a - rise, To join the hosts of ransom'd souls, Made to sal - va - tion wise.

WAKE THE SONG.

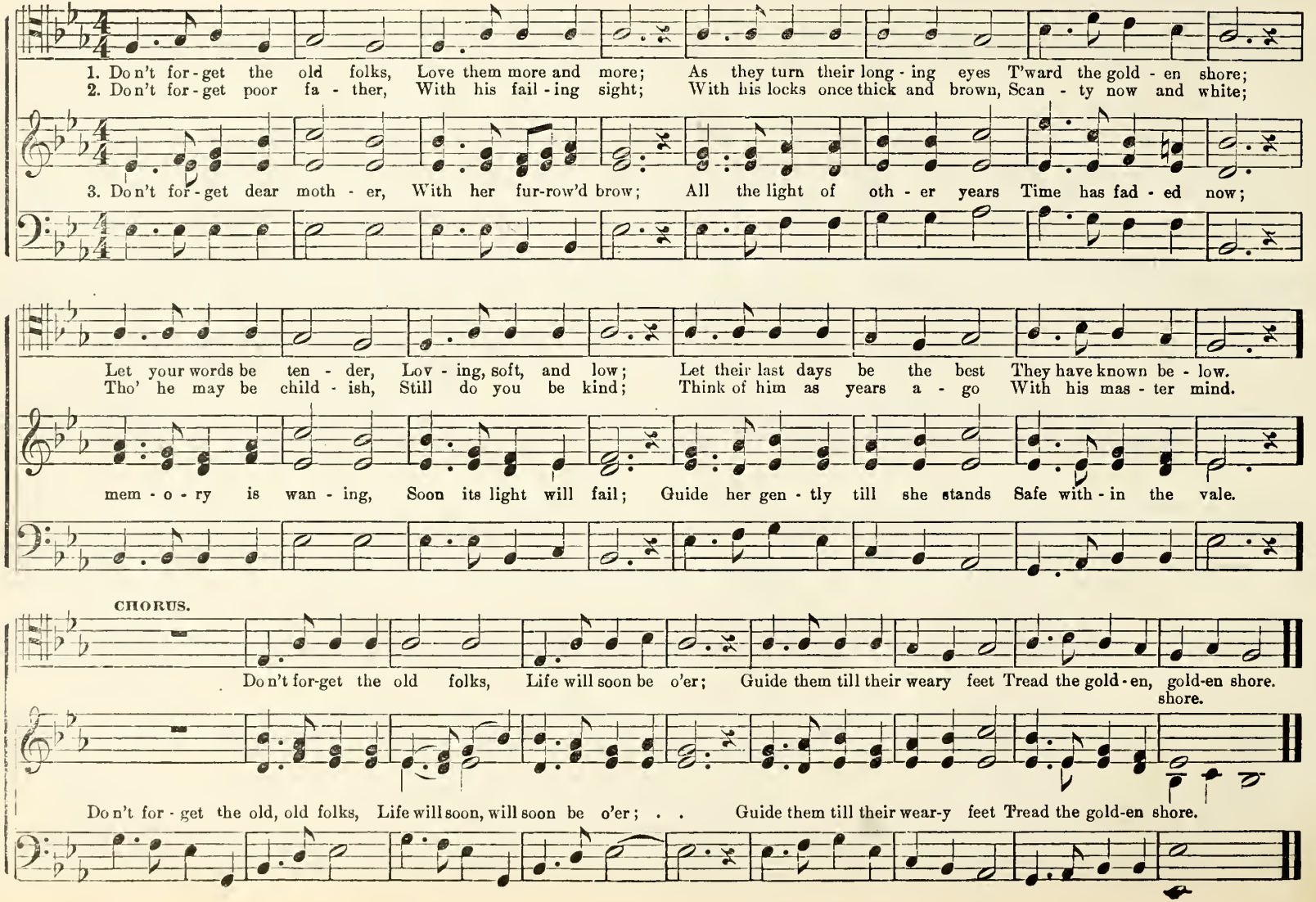
J. F. KINSEY.

Vigoroso
Chorus
1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea;
Now is come the prom-ised hour; Jesus reigns with glor - ious power;
Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it
2. All ye na - tions join and sing Praise your Sav - ior, Praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore "Je-sus reigns for - ev - er more;"
3. Hark! the des - ert lands re - joice! And the is - lands join their voice;
Joy; the whole cre - a - tion sings, "Je - sus is the King of Kings;"
Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it
ech - o o'er the sea, Let it ech - o, ech - o, Ech - o, ech - o, ech - o o'er the sea.
ech - o o'er the sea, Let it ech - o, Let it ech - o, Let it ech - o o'er the sea.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

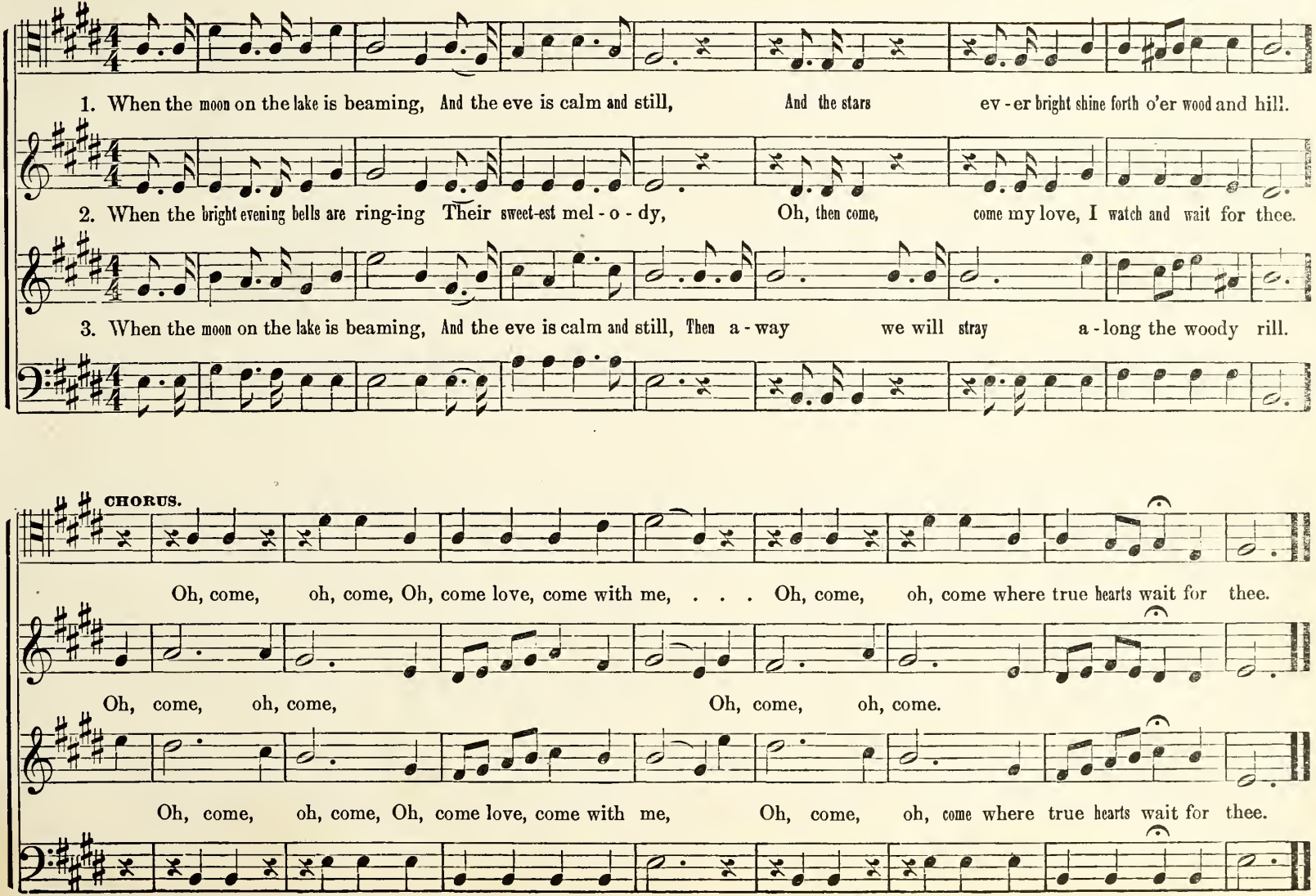
MAY BE SUNG BY FOUR VOICES IN ADJOINING ROOM AS ECHO. (USE FIRST STANZA IN D. C.)

L. M. GORDON.

Fine.
1. Drop - ping, soft-ly dropping, Falls the summer rain, Hear its silv'ry plashing, On the window pain.
2. Droop - ing, buds and blossoms, Lift their heads again, Crown'd with pearls and diamonds, By the summer rain.
1. Dropping softly dropping, Falls the summer rain,..... Hear its silv'ry plashing, On the window pain.
2. Drooping buds and blossoms, Lift their heads a - gain,.....Crown'd with pearls and diamonds, By the summer rain.
1. Drop - ping, soft-ly dropping, Falls the summer rain, Hear its silv'ry plashing, On the window pain.
2. Droop - ing, buds and blossoms, Lift their heads again, Crown'd with pearls and diamonds, By the summer rain
f CHORUS. p m pp D. C.
O, the rain, the gen - tle rain, Sweet - ly sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing.
Sing-ing so soft its glad re - frain, Sing - ing so soft its glad re - frain.
f p m pp
O, the rain, the gen - tle rain, Sing-ing so soft its glad re - frain, Sing - ing so soft its glad re - frain.

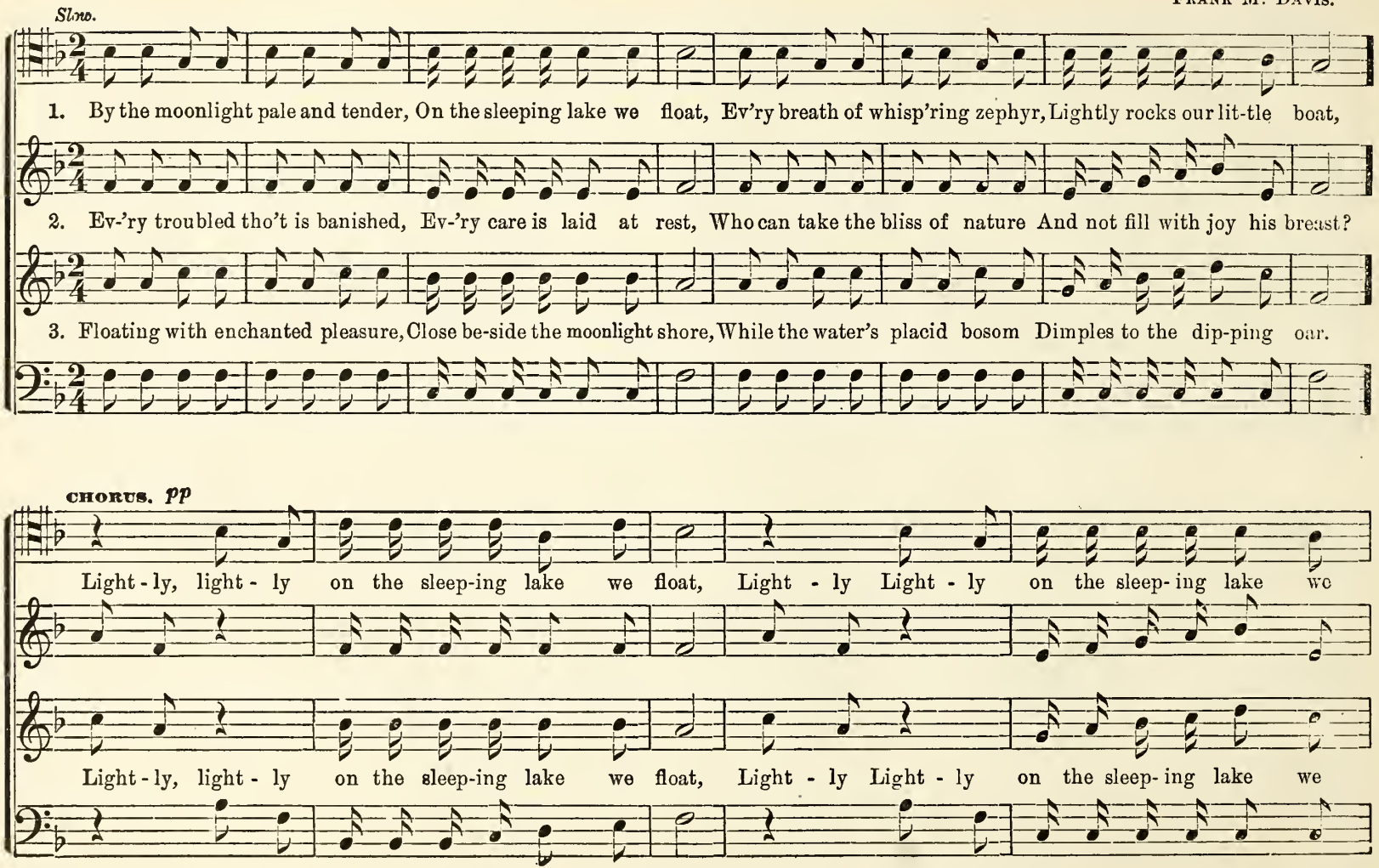
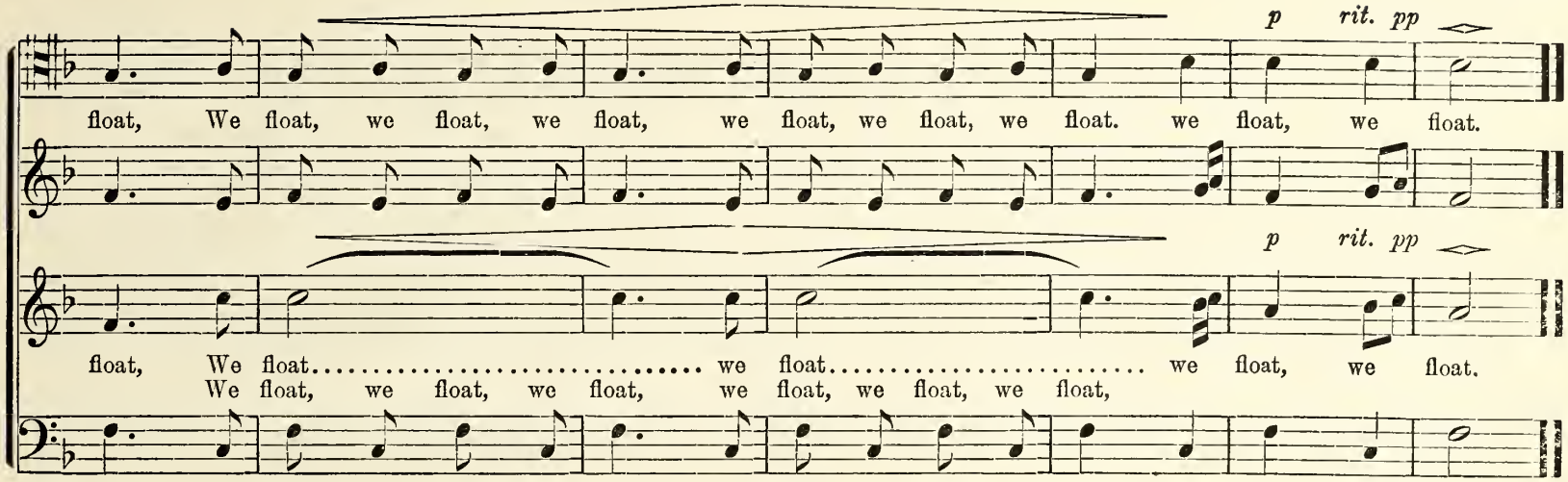
DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

J. H. KISSINGER.

1. Don't for-get the old folks, Love them more and more; As they turn their long-ing eyes T'ward the gold-en shore;
2. Don't for-get poor fa-ther, With his fail-ing sight; With his locks once thick and brown, Scan-ty now and white;
3. Don't for-get dear moth-er, With her fur-row'd brow; All the light of oth-er years Time has fad-ed now;
Let your words be ten-der, Lov-ing, soft, and low; Let their last days be the best They have known be-low.
Tho' he may be child-ish, Still do you be kind; Think of him as years a-go With his mas-ter mind.
mem-o-ry is wan-ing, Soon its light will fail; Guide her gen-tly till she stands Safe with-in the vale.
CHORUS.
Don't for-get the old folks, Life will soon be o'er; Guide them till their weary feet Tread the gold-en, gold-en shore.
shore.
Don't for-get the old, old folks, Life will soon, will soon be o'er; . . Guide them till their wear-y feet Tread the gold-en shore.

THE MOON ON THE LAKE.

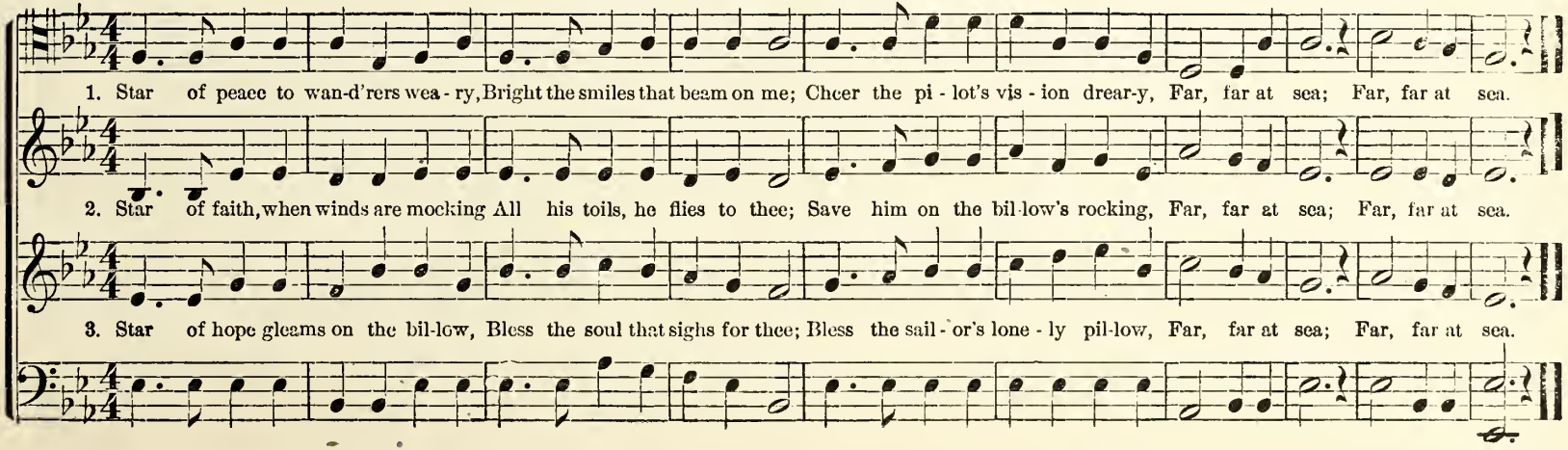
J. F. KINSEY.

1. When the moon on the lake is beaming, And the eve is calm and still, And the stars ev - er bright shine forth o'er wood and hill.
2. When the bright evening bells are ring-ing Their sweet-est mel - o - dy, Oh, then come, come my love, I watch and wait for thee.
3. When the moon on the lake is beaming, And the eve is calm and still, Then a - way we will stray a - long the woody rill.
CHORUS.
Oh, come, oh, come, Oh, come love, come with me, . . . Oh, come, oh, come where true hearts wait for thee.
Oh, come, oh, come, Oh, come, oh, come.
Oh, come, oh, come, Oh, come love, come with me, Oh, come, oh, come where true hearts wait for thee.

ON THE LAKE WE FLOAT.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Slow.
1. By the moonlight pale and tender, On the sleeping lake we float, Ev'ry breath of whisp'ring zephyr, Lightly rocks our lit-tle boat,
2. Ev-'ry troubled tho't is banished, Ev-'ry care is laid at rest, Who can take the bliss of nature And not fill with joy his breast?
3. Floating with enchanted pleasure, Close be-side the moonlight shore, While the water's placid bosom Dimples to the dip-ping oar.
CHORUS. pp
Light-ly, light-ly on the sleep-ing lake we float, Light-ly Light-ly on the sleep-ing lake we
Light-ly, light-ly on the sleep-ing lake we float, Light-ly Light-ly on the sleep-ing lake we

p rit. pp
float, We float, we float, we float, we float, we float, we float, we float. we float, we float.
p rit. pp
float, We float..... we float..... we float, we float.
We float, we float, we float, we float, we float, we float, we float,

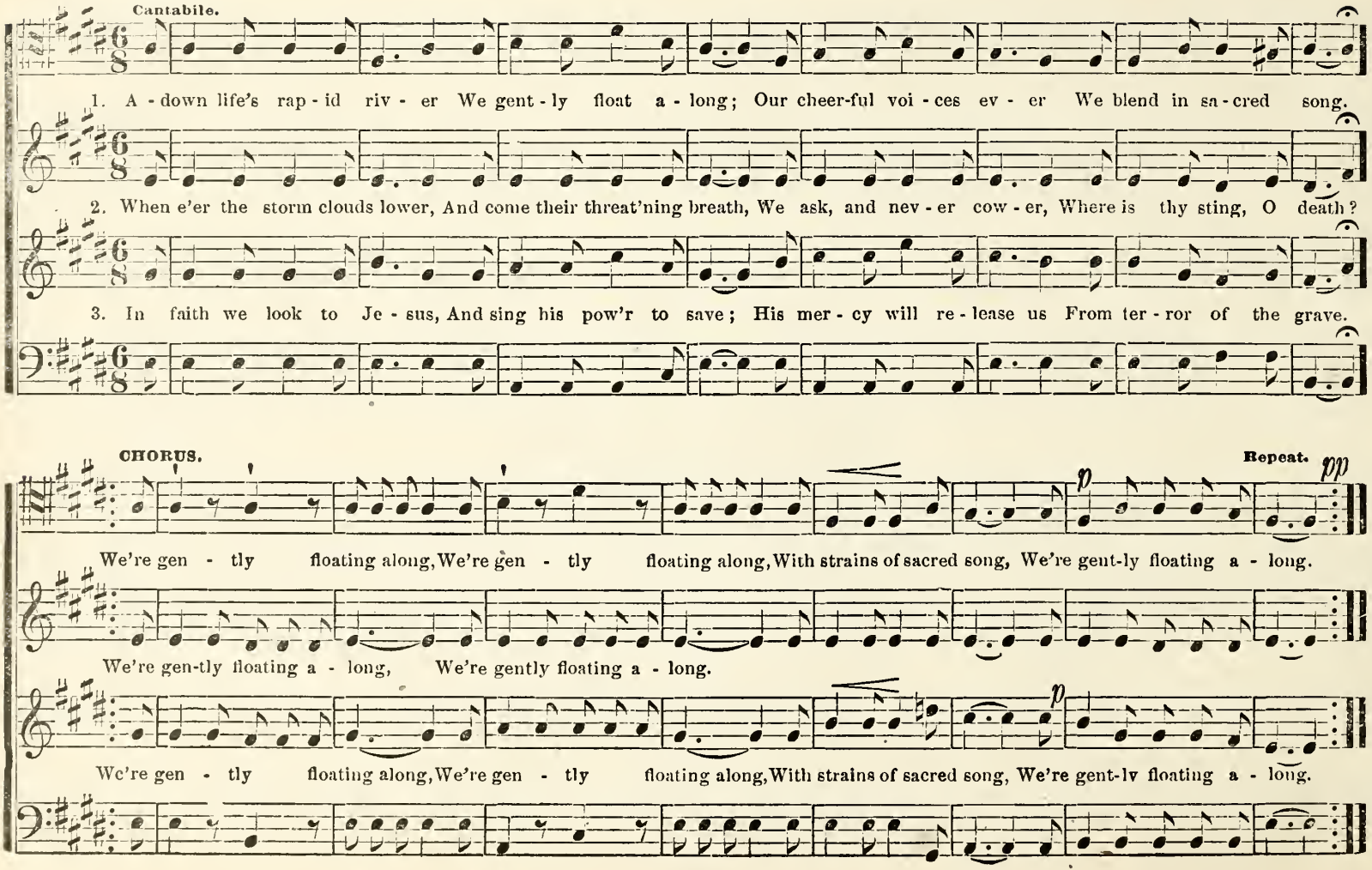
THE VOYAGER'S STAR,

MRS. I. W. LOWMAN


1. Star of peace to wan-d'rers wea - ry, Bright the smiles that beam on me; Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear-y, Far, far at sea; Far, far at sea.
2. Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toils, he flies to thee; Save him on the bil-low's rocking, Far, far at sea; Far, far at sea.
3. Star of hope gleams on the bil-low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil-low, Far, far at sea; Far, far at sea.

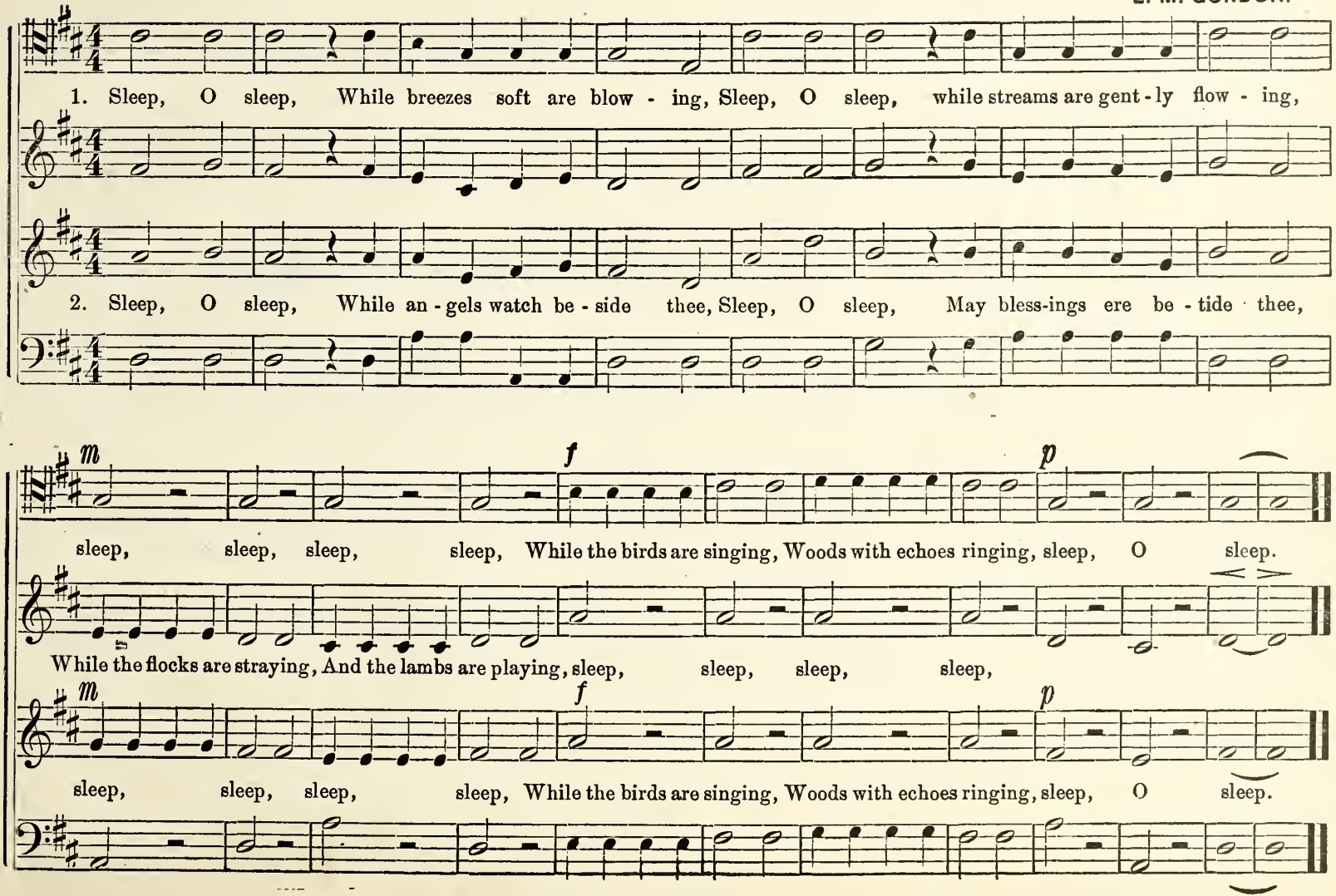
DOWN LIFE'S RIVER.

LUNA M. SMITH. J. F. KINSEY.


Cantabile.
1. A - down life's rap - id riv - er We gent - ly float a - long; Our cheer-ful voi - ces ev - er We blend in sa - cred song.
2. When e'er the storm clouds lower, And come their threat'ning breath, We ask, and nev - er cow - er, Where is thy sting, O death?
3. In faith we look to Je - sus, And sing his pow'r to save; His mer - cy will re - lease us From ter - ror of the grave.
CHORUS.
Repeat.
We're gen - tly floating along, We're gen - tly floating along, With strains of sacred song, We're gent-ly floating a - long.
We're gen-tly floating a - long, We're gently floating a - long.
We're gen - tly floating along, We're gen - tly floating along, With strains of sacred song, We're gent-ly floating a - long.

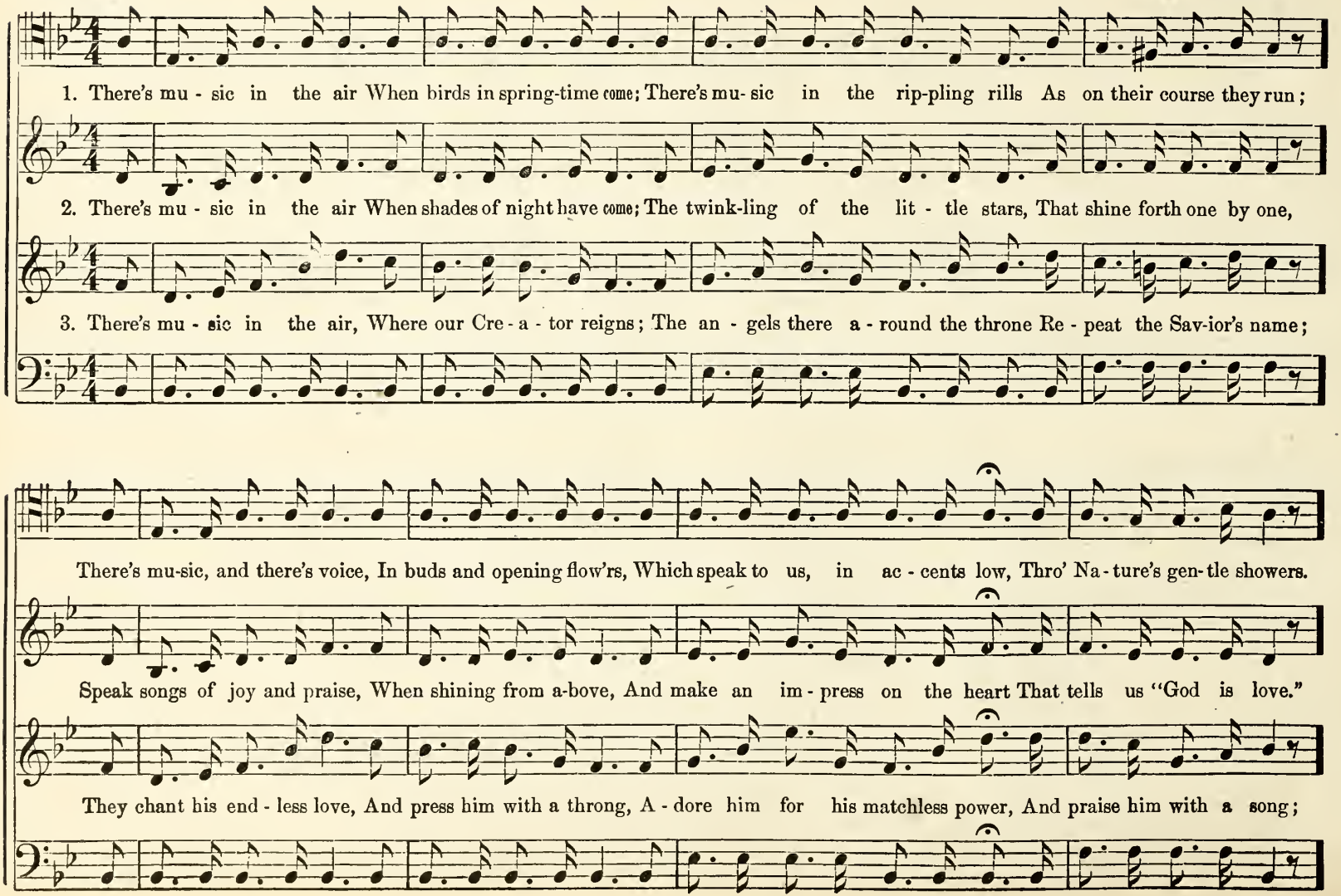
SLEEP, O SLEEP.

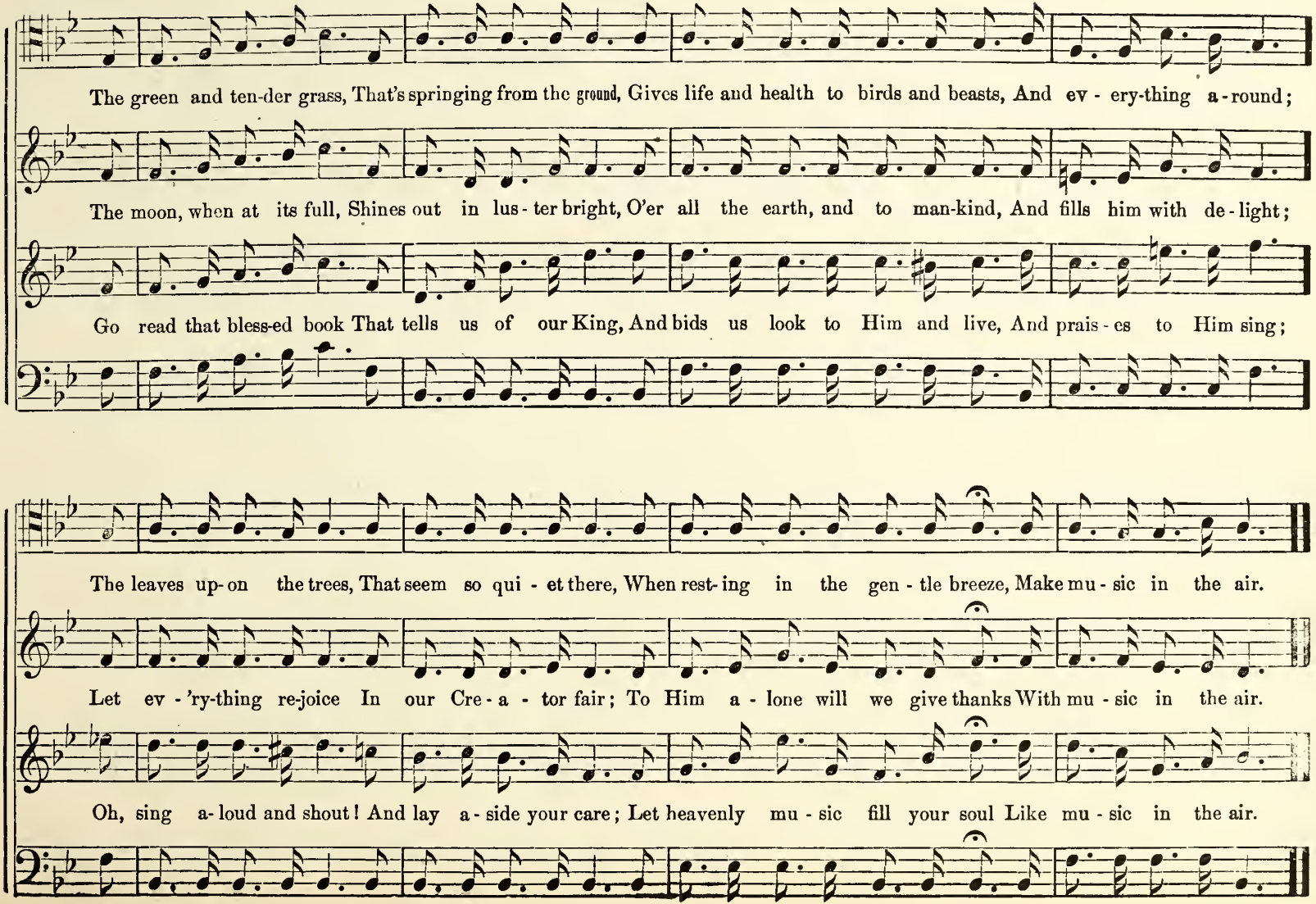
L. M. GORDON.


1. Sleep, O sleep, While breezes soft are blow - ing, Sleep, O sleep, while streams are gent - ly flow - ing,
2. Sleep, O sleep, While an - gels watch be - side thee, Sleep, O sleep, May bless-ings ere be - tide thee,
m
f
p
sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, While the birds are singing, Woods with echoes ringing, sleep, O sleep.
While the flocks are straying, And the lambs are playing, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
m
f
p
sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, While the birds are singing, Woods with echoes ringing, sleep, O sleep.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

M. L. M. M. L. McINTIRE.


1. There's mu - sic in the air When birds in spring-time come; There's mu- sic in the rip-pling rills As on their course they run;
2. There's mu - sic in the air When shades of night have come; The twink-ling of the lit - tle stars, That shine forth one by one,
3. There's mu - sic in the air, Where our Cre - a - tor reigns; The an - gels there a - round the throne Re - peat the Sav-ior's name;
There's mu-sic, and there's voice, In buds and opening flow'rs, Which speak to us, in ac - cents low, Thro' Na - ture's gen-tle showers.
Speak songs of joy and praise, When shining from a-bove, And make an im - press on the heart That tells us "God is love."
They chant his end - less love, And press him with a throng, A - dore him for his matchless power, And praise him with a song;


The green and ten-der grass, That's springing from the ground, Gives life and health to birds and beasts, And ev - ery-thing a-round;
The moon, when at its full, Shines out in lus - ter bright, O'er all the earth, and to man-kind, And fills him with de - light;
Go read that bless-ed book That tells us of our King, And bids us look to Him and live, And prais - es to Him sing;
The leaves up-on the trees, That seem so qui - et there, When rest-ing in the gen - tle breeze, Make mu - sic in the air.
Let ev - 'ry-thing re-joice In our Cre-a - tor fair; To Him a - lone will we give thanks With mu - sic in the air.
Oh, sing a-loud and shout! And lay a - side your care; Let heavenly mu - sic fill your soul Like mu - sic in the air.

KIND WORDS.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

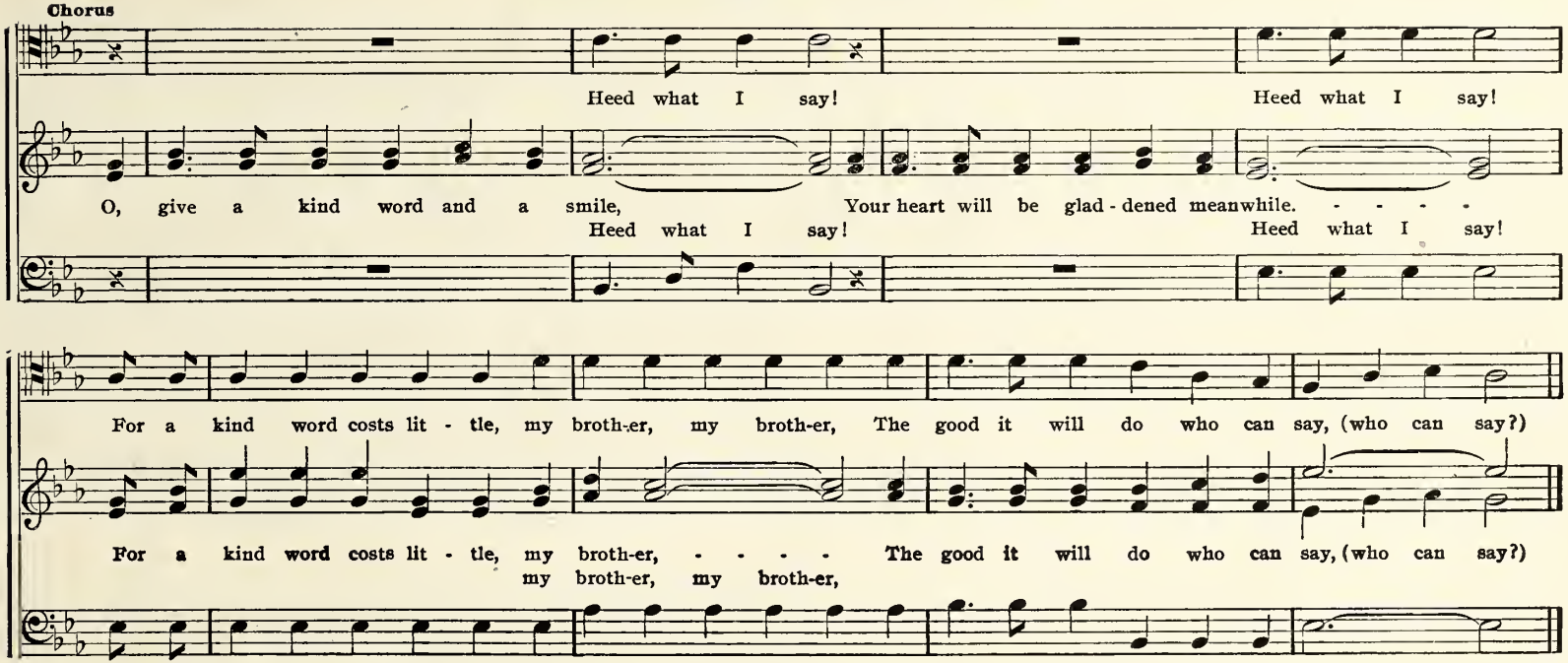
J. F. KINSEY.

Duet

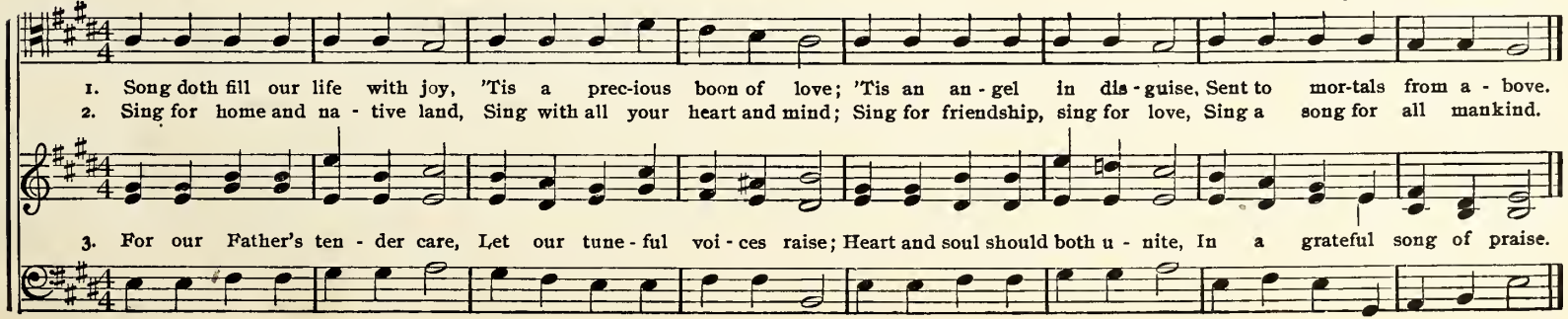
1. The pathway of life is a rough one And man - y sink down by the way. - - - - - -
2. It may be that some one is tempt - ed; He must choose be - tween right and the wrong. - - - - - -
3. There has nev - er a kind word been wast - ed; Our good deeds are nev - er in vain; - - - - - -

Dis - cour - aged be - cause of the bur - dens That all must bear on - ward each day. - - - - - - -
A word from a com - rade might save him, Might make the weak heart brave and strong. - - - - - - -
They've a mis - sion to do and they do it, As the sun does its work or the rain. - - - - - - -

How wear - y we are and how hope - - less What use is our toil and our pain. - - - - - -
Let us give to the need - y, my broth - - er, The com - fort that comes with a smile. - - - - - -
So let our kind words bring their sun - - shine To lives that are un - der a cloud. - - - - - -

But a kind word is spok - en, and cour - - age Is ours, to press on - ward a - gain. - - - - -
And the kind word that makes the heart light - - er, And keeps back the shad - ow a - while. - - - - -
And cheer to the heart of a com - rade, Who to earth by a bur - den is bowed. - - - - -

Chorus
Heed what I say!
Heed what I say!
O, give a kind word and a smile, Your heart will be glad - dened meanwhile. - - - -
Heed what I say!
Heed what I say!
For a kind word costs lit - tle, my broth-er, my broth-er, The good it will do who can say, (who can say?)
For a kind word costs lit - tle, my broth-er, - - - - The good it will do who can say, (who can say?)
my broth-er, my broth-er,

GRATEFUL SONG.

J. H. KISSINGER.

1. Song doth fill our life with joy, 'Tis a prec-ious boon of love; 'Tis an an - gel in dis - guise, Sent to mor-tals from a - bove.
2. Sing for home and na - tive land, Sing with all your heart and mind; Sing for friendship, sing for love, Sing a song for all mankind.
3. For our Father's ten - der care, Let our tune - ful voi - ces raise; Heart and soul should both u - nite, In a grateful song of praise.

MY ANGEL, LITTLE NELL.

H. C. Priest. J. W. Stewart.

Affetuso.

1. The bit - ter winds of win - ter sweep, A - round the house to - night, And on the with - ered church - yard grass, The snow lies cold and white;
2. The flow - ers sweet will bloom a - gain, When comes the love - ly spring, And on the haw - thorn by the grave, The thrush and rob - in sing;
3. O slow - ly, sad - ly pass the days. With sor - row for my guest, There is no glad - ness in the morn, Nor in the eve - ning rest;
4. God speed the hour when death shall lay On my sad heart its spell, And I shall be at rest with thee, My an - gel, lit - tle Nell;

Chorus.

O bit - ter was the part - ing hour, and sad the last fare - well, I long to be at rest with thee, at rest with thee, My an - gel lit - tle Nell.

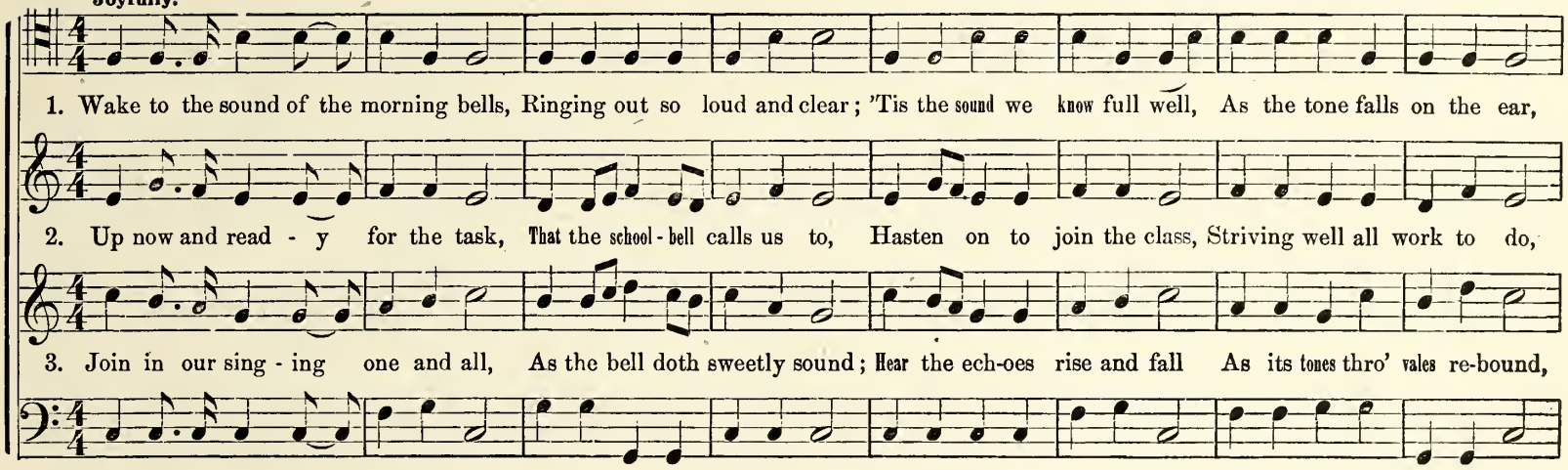
O bit - ter was the part - ing hour, and sad the last fare - well, I long to be at rest with thee, at rest with thee, My an - gel lit - tle Nell.

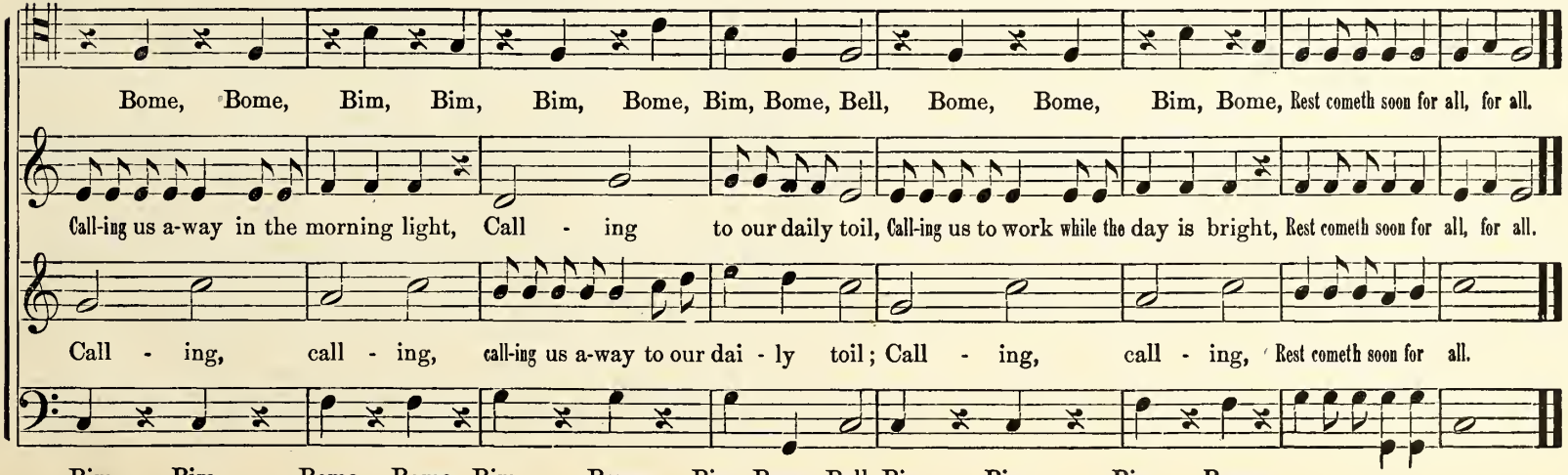
Repeat Chorus pp

MORNING BELLS.

H. H. JOHNSON.

Joyfully.


1. Wake to the sound of the morning bells, Ringing out so loud and clear; 'Tis the sound we know full well, As the tone falls on the ear,
2. Up now and read - y for the task, That the school - bell calls us to, Hasten on to join the class, Striving well all work to do,
3. Join in our sing - ing one and all, As the bell doth sweetly sound; Hear the ech-oes rise and fall As its tones thro' vales re-bound,


Bome, Bome, Bim, Bim, Bim, Bome, Bim, Bome, Bell, Bome, Bome, Bim, Bome, Rest cometh soon for all, for all.
Call-ing us a-way in the morning light, Call - ing to our daily toil, Call-ing us to work while the day is bright, Rest cometh soon for all, for all.
Call - ing, call - ing, call-ing us a-way to our dai - ly toil; Call - ing, call - ing, Rest cometh soon for all.
Bim, Bim, Bome, Bome, Bim, Bome, Bim, Bome, Bell, Bim, Bim, Bim, Bome.

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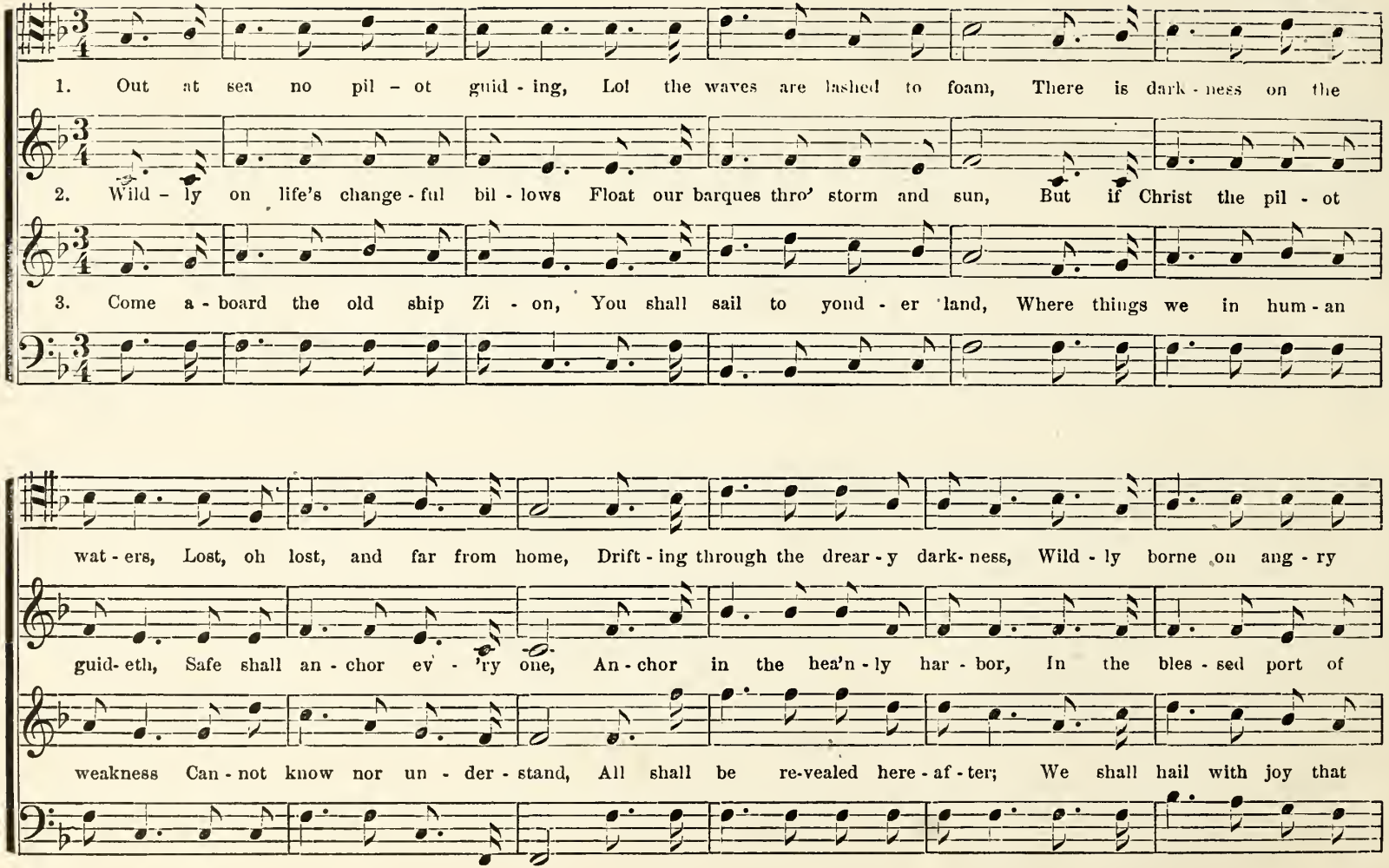
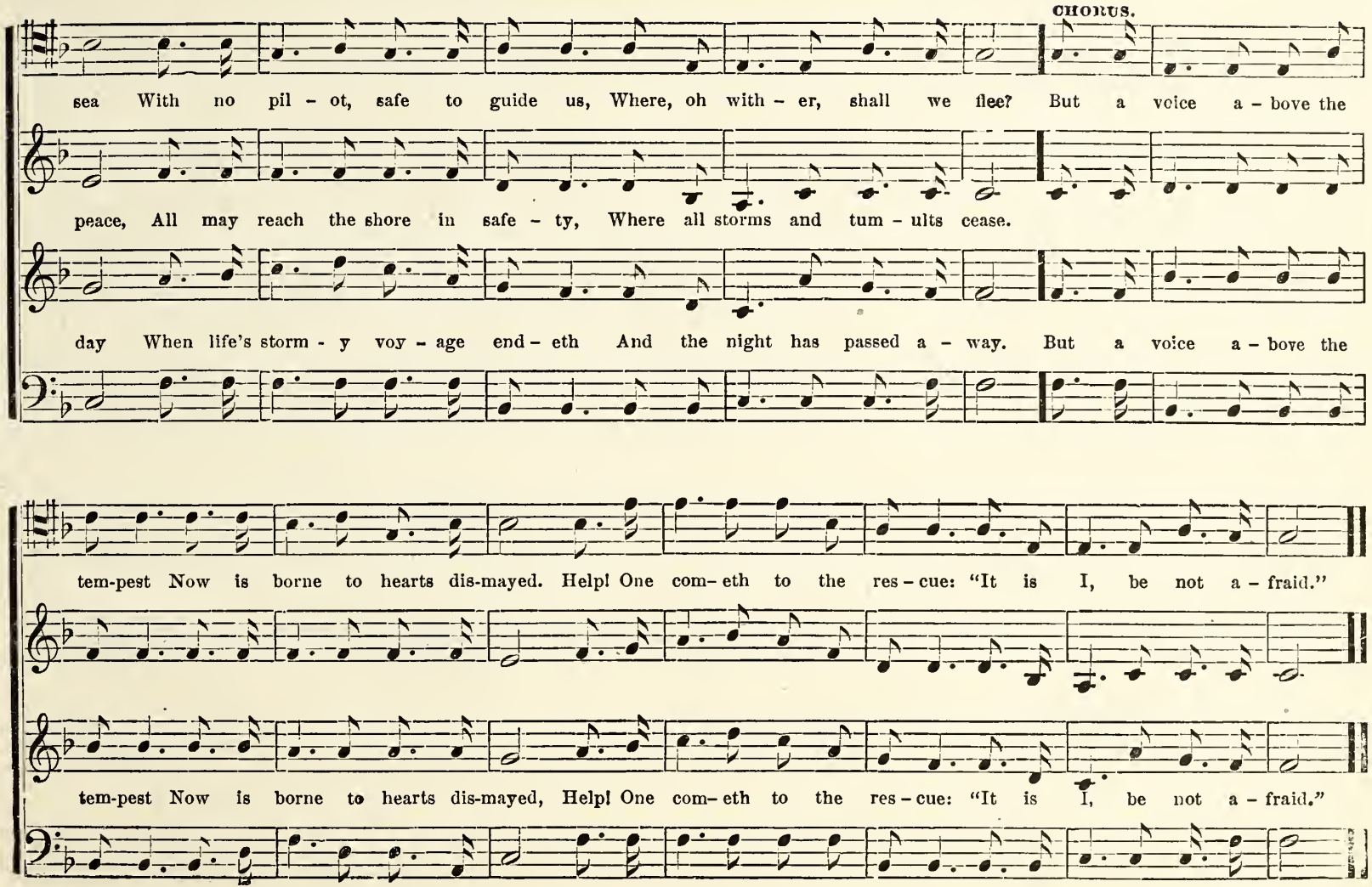
OUT AT SEA.

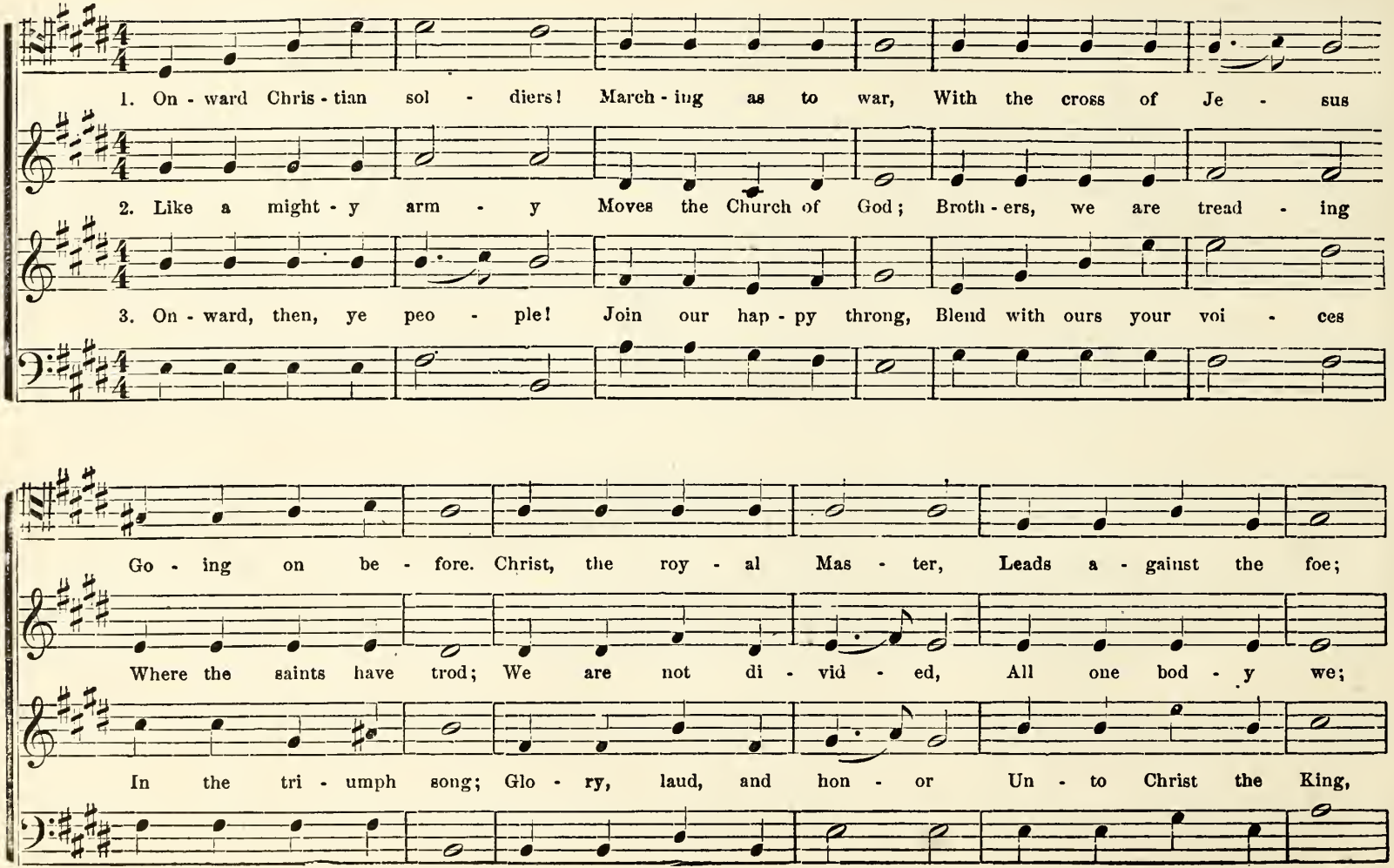
LAURA E. NEWELL. (A good Quartette.) J. F. KINSEY.

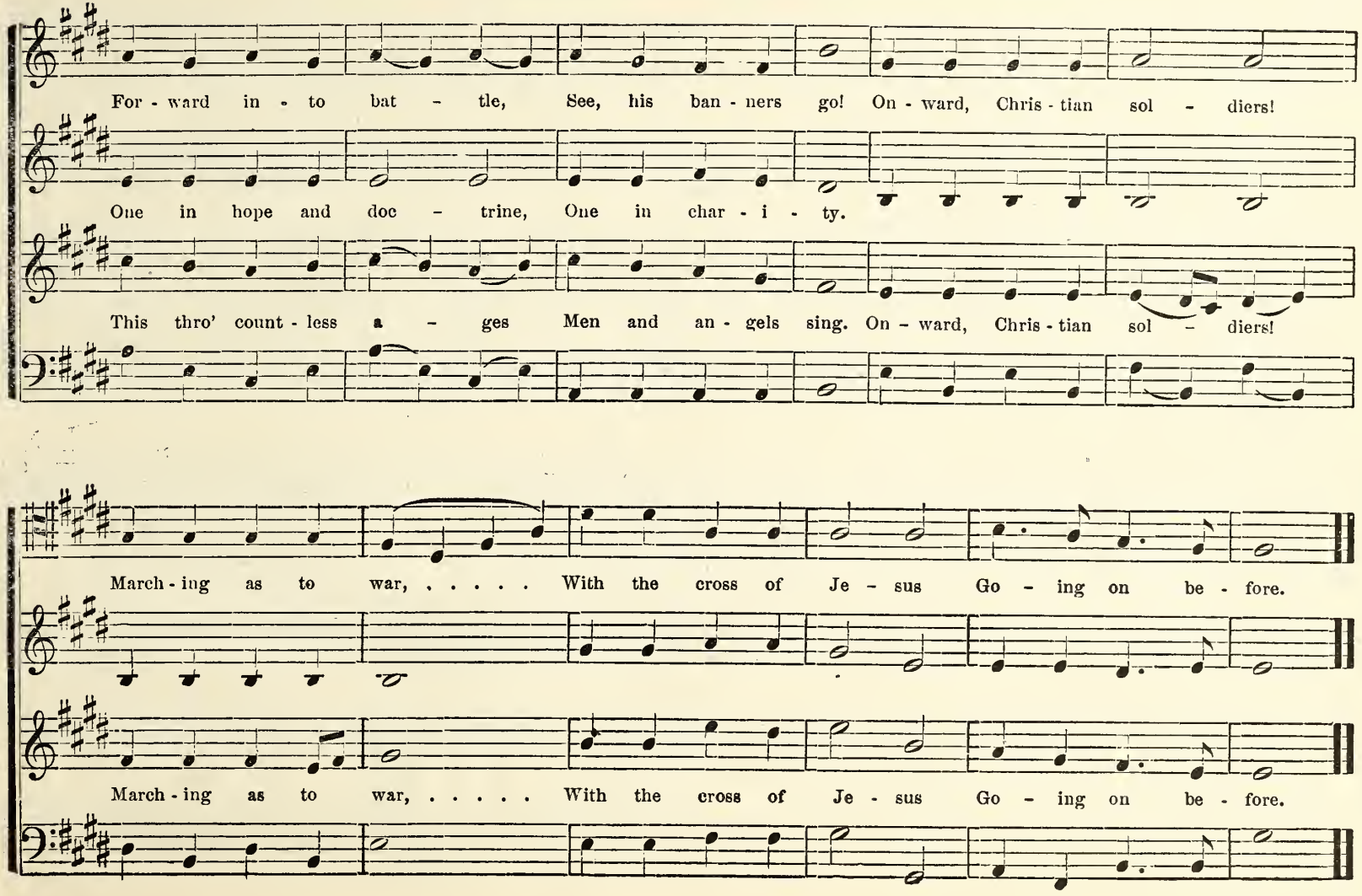

1. Out at sea no pil - ot guid - ing, Lo! the waves are lashed to foam, There is dark - ness on the
2. Wild - ly on life's change - ful bil - lows Float our barques thro' storm and sun, But if Christ the pil - ot
3. Come a - board the old ship Zi - on, You shall sail to yond - er land, Where things we in hum - an
wat - ers, Lost, oh lost, and far from home, Drift - ing through the drear - y dark- ness, Wild - ly borne on ang - ry
guid- eth, Safe shall an - chor ev - 'ry one, An - chor in the hea'n - ly har - bor, In the bles - sed port of
weakness Can - not know nor un - der - stand, All shall be re-vealed here - af - ter; We shall hail with joy that


CHORUS.
sea With no pil - ot, safe to guide us, Where, oh with - er, shall we flee? But a voice a - bove the
peace, All may reach the shore in safe - ty, Where all storms and tum - ults cease.
day When life's storm - y voy - age end - eth And the night has passed a - way. But a voice a - bove the
tem-pest Now is borne to hearts dis-mayed. Help! One com- eth to the res - cue: "It is I, be not a - fraid."
tem-pest Now is borne to hearts dis-mayed, Help! One com- eth to the res - cue: "It is I, be not a - fraid."

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS! 6s. & 5s.

GOULD. SULLIVAN.


1. On - ward Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, we are tread - ing
3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,


For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go! On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers!
March - ing as to war, ... With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
March - ing as to war, ... With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

SONG OF WELCOME.

E. R. Latta. J. F. Kinsey.

Fine.

Welcome, welcome, glad-ly welcome, With your eyes and fa-ces bright, Welcome, welcome, glad-ly welcome, To our feast of song to-night.

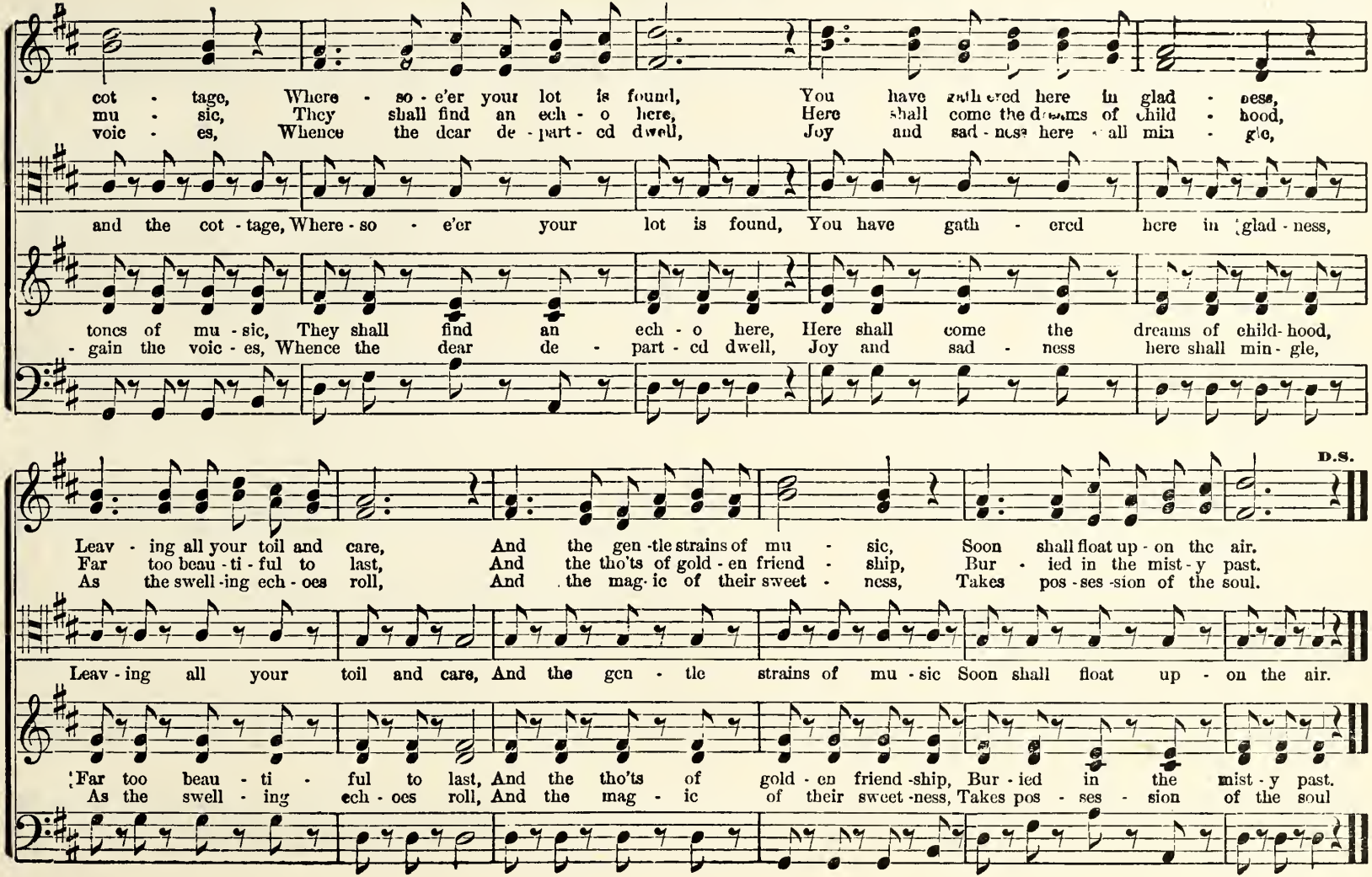
Welcome, welcome, glad-ly welcome, With your eyes and fa-ces bright, Welcome, welcome, glad-ly welcome, To our feast of song to-night.

Use this Chorus to begin and to end with.

𝄋 Obligato Duet.

1. From the bright do-mes-tic fire - side, Where the dear ones gath-er round, From the man-sion and the
2. What - so - ev-er tho'ts come o'er you, Wheth - er sad or full of cheer, In the melt-ing tones of
3. Here the witch-er - y of mu - sic Holds the spir - it like a spell, And we hear a - gain the

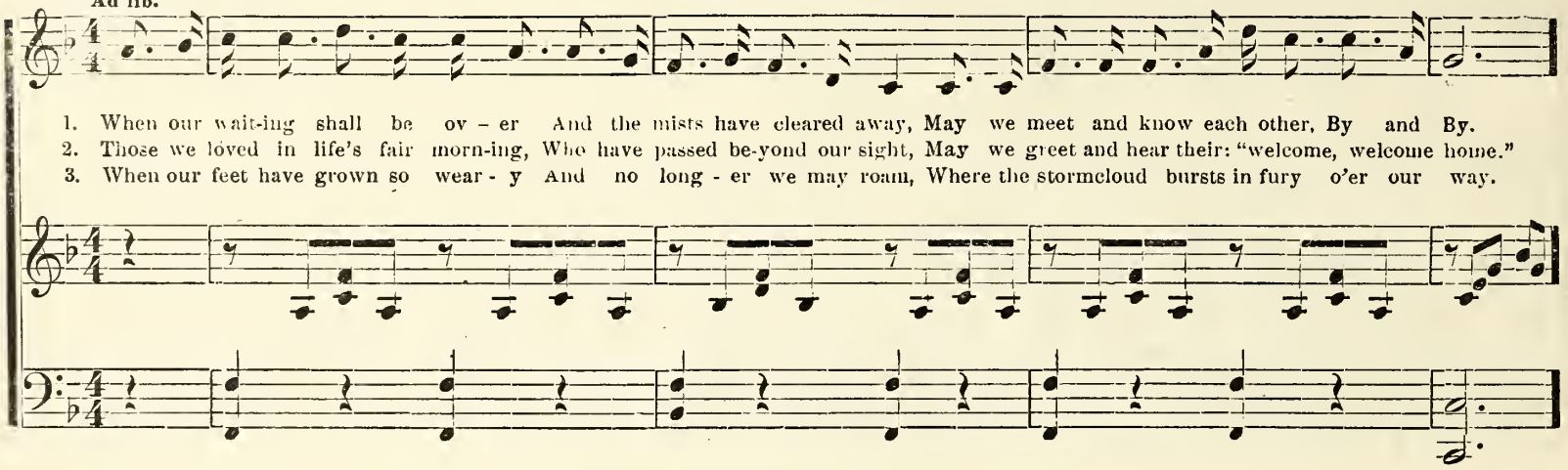
1. From the bright do - mes - tic fire - side, Where the dear ones gath - er round, From the man - sion

2. What - so - ev - er thoughts come o'er you, Wheth - er sad or full of cheer, In the melt - ing
3. Here the witch - er - y of mu - sic Holds the spir - it like a spell, And we hear a -

cot - tage, Where - so - e'er your lot is found, You have gath-ered here in glad - ness,
mu - sic, They shall find an ech - o here, Here shall come the dreams of child - hood,
voice - es, Whence the dear de - part - ed dwell, Joy and sad - ness here all min - gle,
and the cot - tage, Where - so - e'er your lot is found, You have gath - ered here in glad - ness,
tones of mu - sic, They shall find an ech - o here, Here shall come the dreams of child-hood,
- gain the voic - es, Whence the dear de - part - ed dwell, Joy and sad - ness here shall min - gle,
D.S.
Leav - ing all your toil and care, And the gen-tle strains of mu - sic, Soon shall float up - on the air.
Far too beau - ti - ful to last, And the tho'ts of gold - en friend - ship, Bur - ied in the mist - y past.
As the swell-ing ech - oes roll, And the mag-ic of their sweet - ness, Takes pos - ses - sion of the soul.
Leav - ing all your toil and care, And the gen - tle strains of mu - sic Soon shall float up - on the air.
Far too beau - ti - ful to last, And the tho'ts of gold - en friend-ship, Bur - ied in the mist - y past.
As the swell - ing ech - oes roll, And the mag - ic of their sweet-ness, Takes pos - ses - sion of the soul

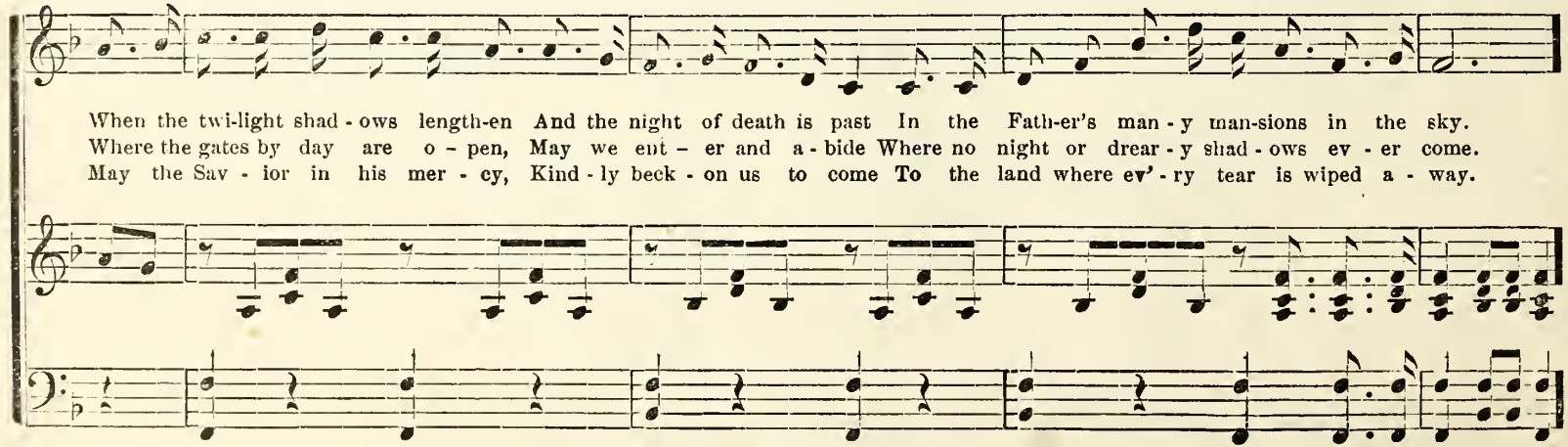
BY AND BY.

LAURA E. NEWELL. (Solo and Chorus.) J. F. KINSEY.

Ad lib.



1. When our wait-ing shall be ov – er And the mists have cleared away, May we meet and know each other, By and By.
2. Those we loved in life's fair morn-ing, Who have passed be-yond our sight, May we greet and hear their: "welcome, welcome home."
3. When our feet have grown so wear - y And no long - er we may roam, Where the stormcloud bursts in fury o'er our way.



When the twi-light shad - ows length-en And the night of death is past In the Fath-er's man - y man-sions in the sky.
Where the gates by day are o – pen, May we ent – er and a - bide Where no night or drear - y shad - ows ev - er come.
May the Sav - ior in his mer - cy, Kind - ly beck - on us to come To the land where ev' - ry tear is wiped a - way.

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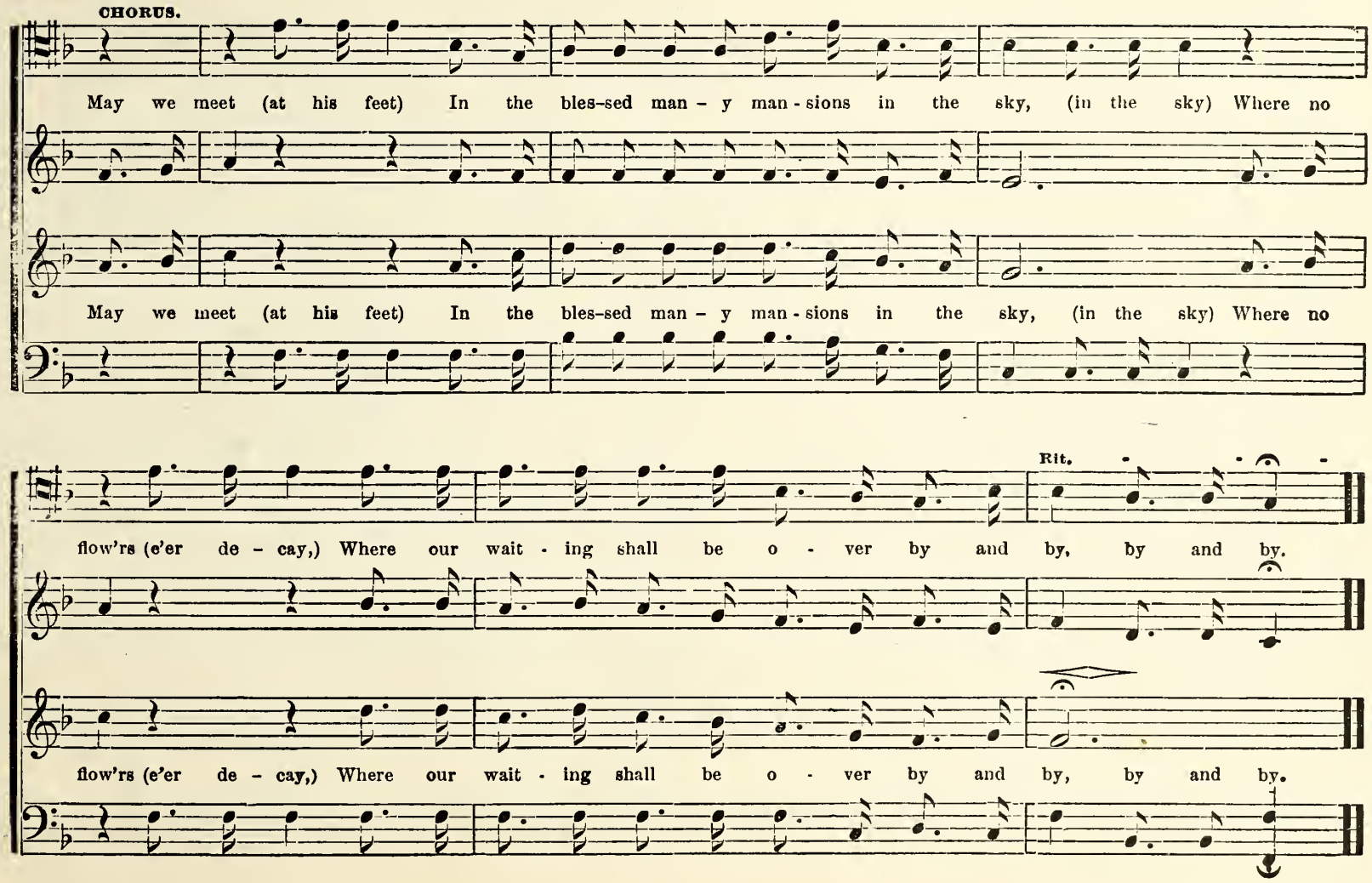
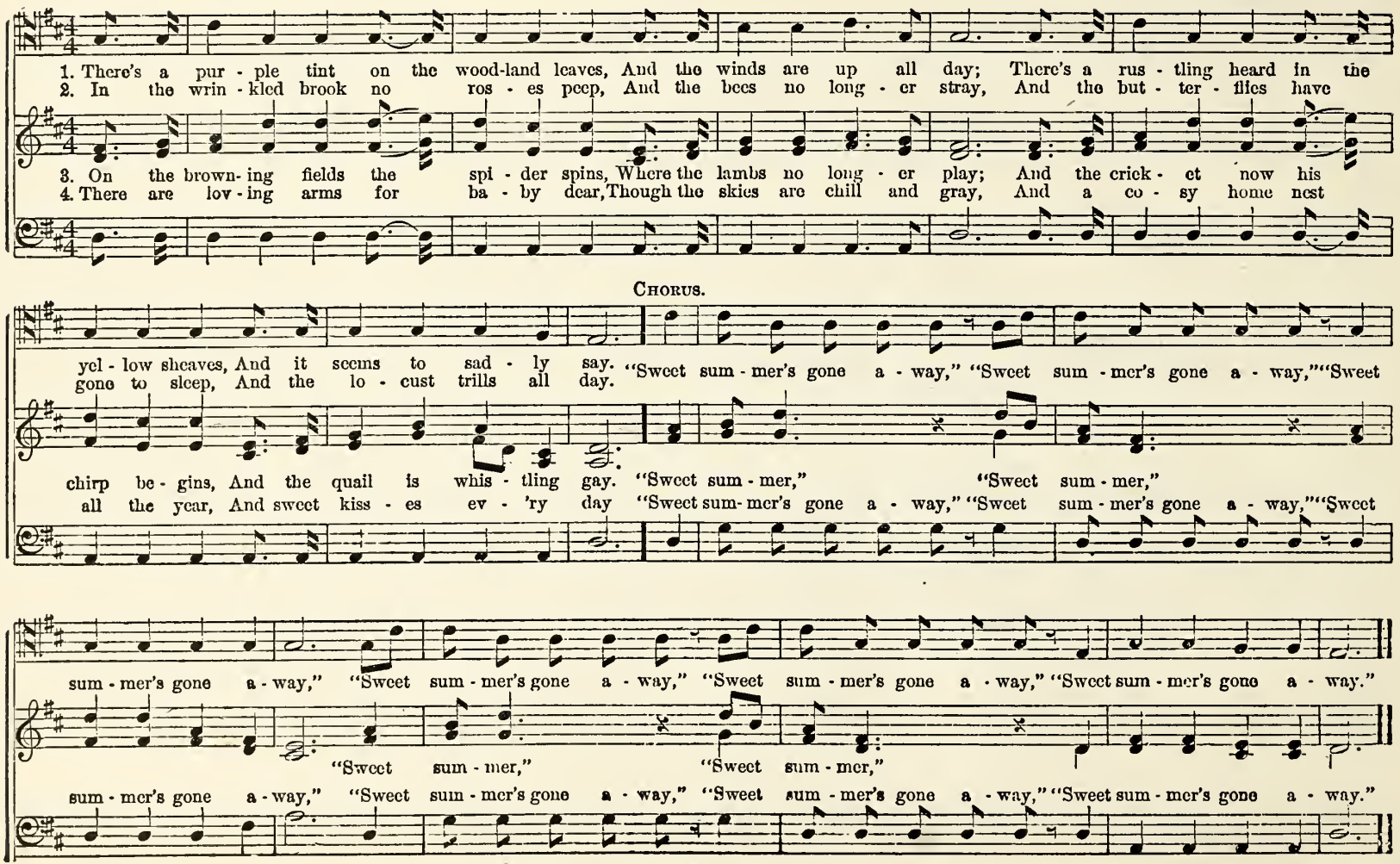

CHORUS.
May we meet (at his feet) In the bles-sed man - y man - sions in the sky, (in the sky) Where no
May we meet (at his feet) In the bles-sed man - y man - sions in the sky, (in the sky) Where no
Rit.
flow'rs (e'er de - cay,) Where our wait - ing shall be o - ver by and by, by and by.
flow'rs (e'er de - cay,) Where our wait - ing shall be o - ver by and by, by and by.

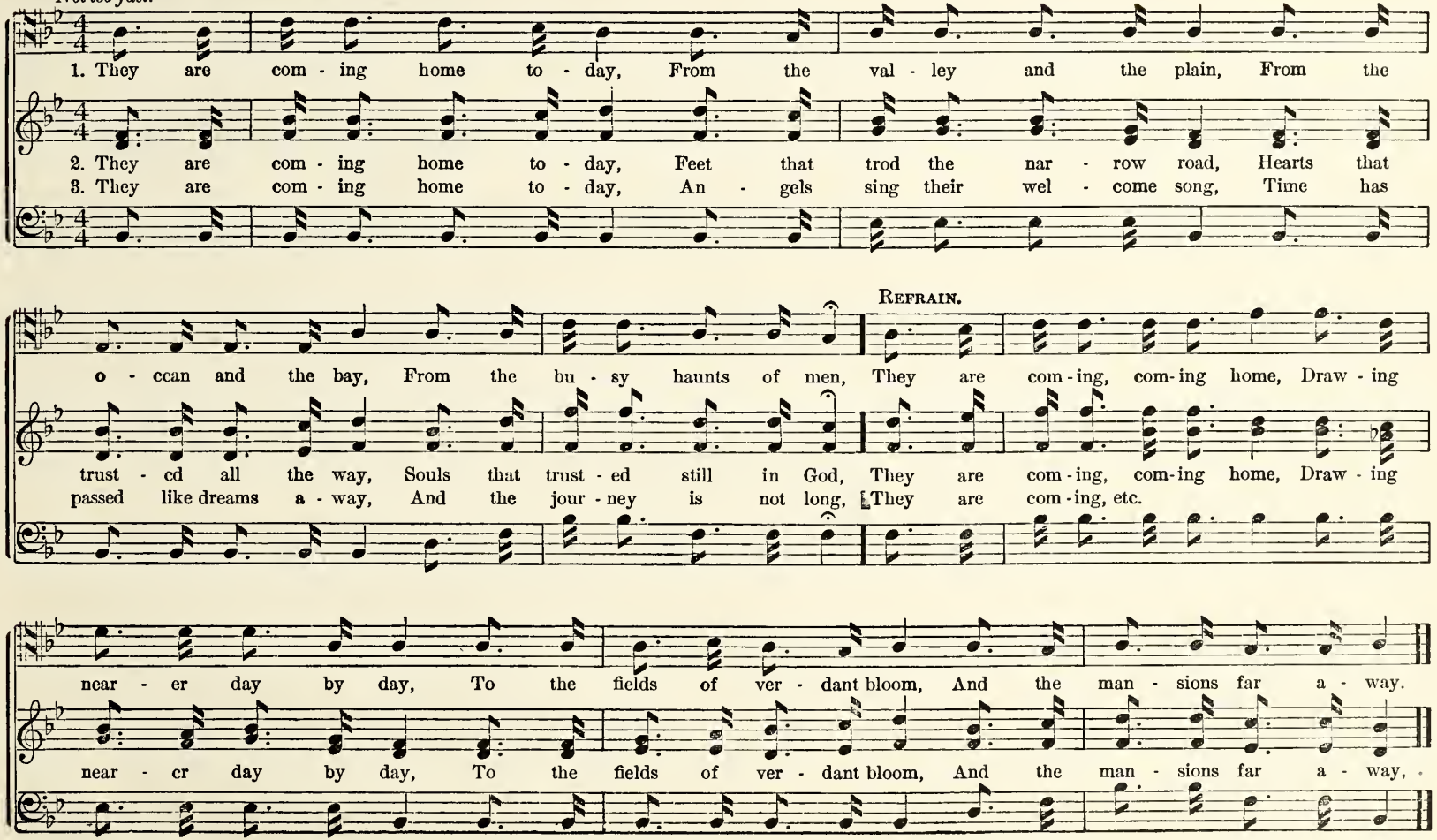
SWEET SUMMER'S GONE AWAY.

S. C. Hanson.

1. There's a pur - ple tint on the wood-land leaves, And the winds are up all day; There's a rus - tling heard in the
2. In the wrin - kled brook no ros - es peep, And the bees no long - er stray, And the but - ter - flies have
3. On the brown- ing fields the spi - der spins, Where the lambs no long - er play; And the crick - et now his
4. There are lov - ing arms for ba - by dear, Though the skies are chill and gray, And a co - sy home nest
Chorus.
yel - low sheaves, And it seems to sad - ly say. "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet
gone to sleep, And the lo - cust trills all day.
chirp be - gins, And the quail is whis - tling gay. "Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet sum - mer,"
all the year, And sweet kiss - es ev - 'ry day "Sweet sum- mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet
sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way."
"Sweet sum - mer," "Sweet sum - mer,"
sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way," "Sweet sum - mer's gone a - way."

THEY ARE COMING HOME TO-DAY.

May be used as a Song and Chorus.

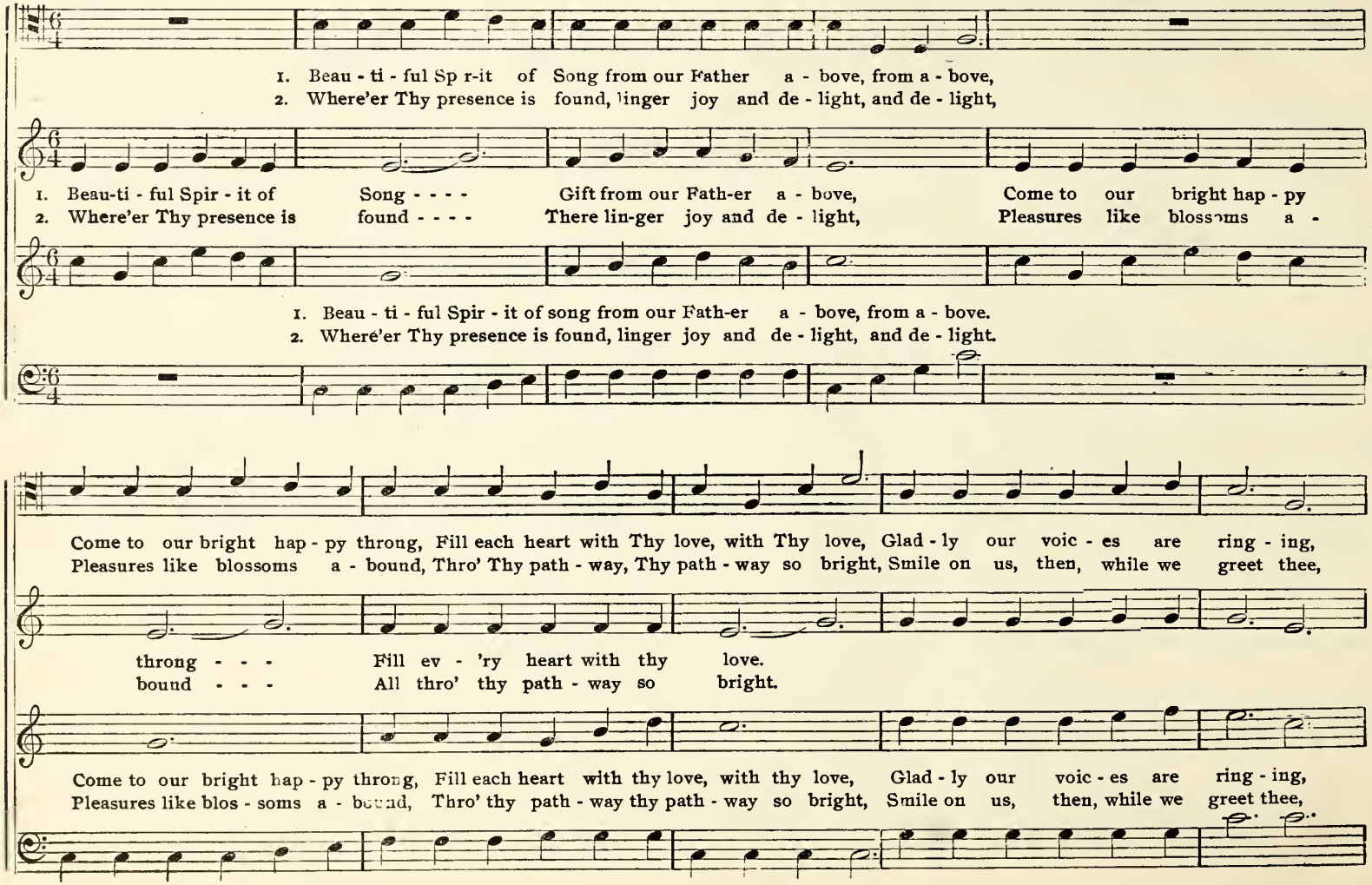
NEVA E. PARKHILL PRENTICE. J. F. KINSEY.

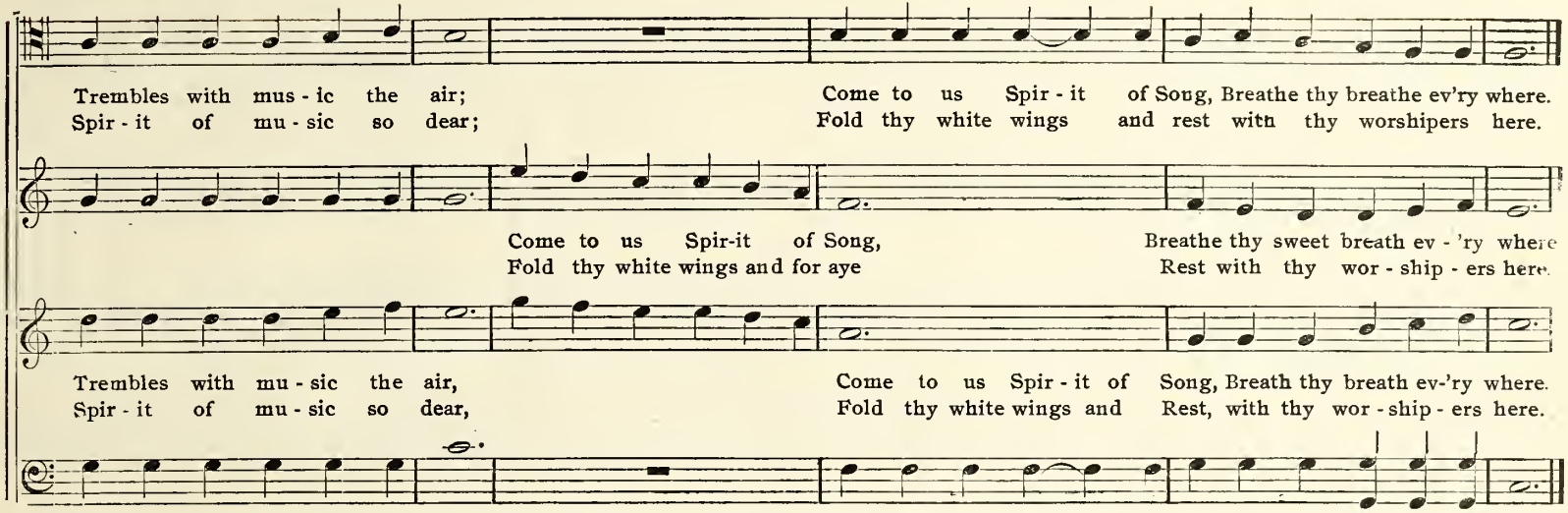
Not too fast.

1. They are com - ing home to - day, From the val - ley and the plain, From the
2. They are com - ing home to - day, Feet that trod the nar - row road, Hearts that
3. They are com - ing home to - day, An - gels sing their wel - come song, Time has
o - ccan and the bay, From the bu - sy haunts of men, They are com - ing, com - ing home, Draw - ing
trust - ed all the way, Souls that trust - ed still in God, They are com - ing, com - ing home, Draw - ing
passed like dreams a - way, And the jour - ney is not long, They are com - ing, etc.
REFRAIN.
near - er day by day, To the fields of ver - dant bloom, And the man - sions far a - way.
near - er day by day, To the fields of ver - dant bloom, And the man - sions far a - way.

SPIRIT OF SONG

Cheerfully.

J. F. KINSEY.

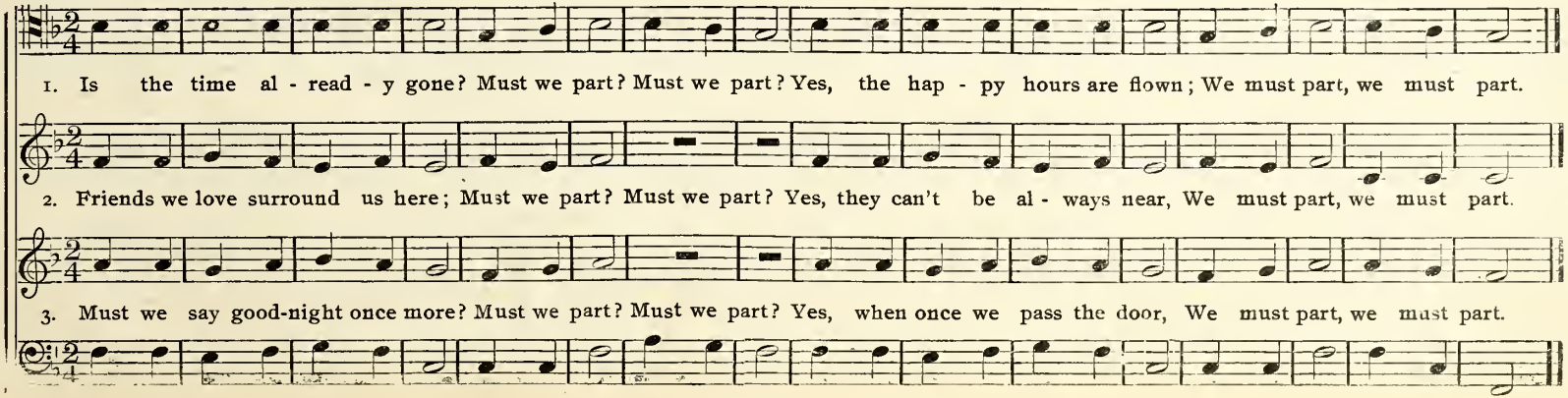

1. Beau - ti - ful Sp r-it of Song from our Father a - bove, from a - bove,
2. Where'er Thy presence is found, linger joy and de - light, and de - light,
1. Beau-ti - ful Spir - it of Song - - - - Gift from our Fath-er a - bove, Come to our bright hap - py
2. Where'er Thy presence is found - - - - There lin-ger joy and de - light, Pleasures like blossoms a -
1. Beau - ti - ful Spir - it of song from our Fath-er a - bove, from a - bove.
2. Where'er Thy presence is found, linger joy and de - light, and de - light.
Come to our bright hap - py throng, Fill each heart with Thy love, with Thy love, Glad - ly our voic - es are ring - ing,
Pleasures like blossoms a - bound, Thro' Thy path - way, Thy path - way so bright, Smile on us, then, while we greet thee,
throng - - - Fill ev - 'ry heart with thy love.
bound - - - All thro' thy path - way so bright.
Come to our bright hap - py throng, Fill each heart with thy love, with thy love, Glad - ly our voic - es are ring - ing,
Pleasures like blos - soms a - bound, Thro' thy path - way thy path - way so bright, Smile on us, then, while we greet thee,


Trembles with mus - ic the air;
Spir - it of mu - sic so dear;
Come to us Spir - it of Song, Breathe thy breathe ev'ry where.
Fold thy white wings and rest with thy worshipers here.
Come to us Spir-it of Song,
Fold thy white wings and for aye
Breathe thy sweet breath ev - 'ry where
Rest with thy wor - ship - ers here.
Trembles with mu - sic the air,
Spir - it of mu - sic so dear,
Come to us Spir - it of Song, Breath thy breath ev-'ry where.
Fold thy white wings and Rest, with thy wor - ship - ers here.

WE MUST PART.

J. F. K.

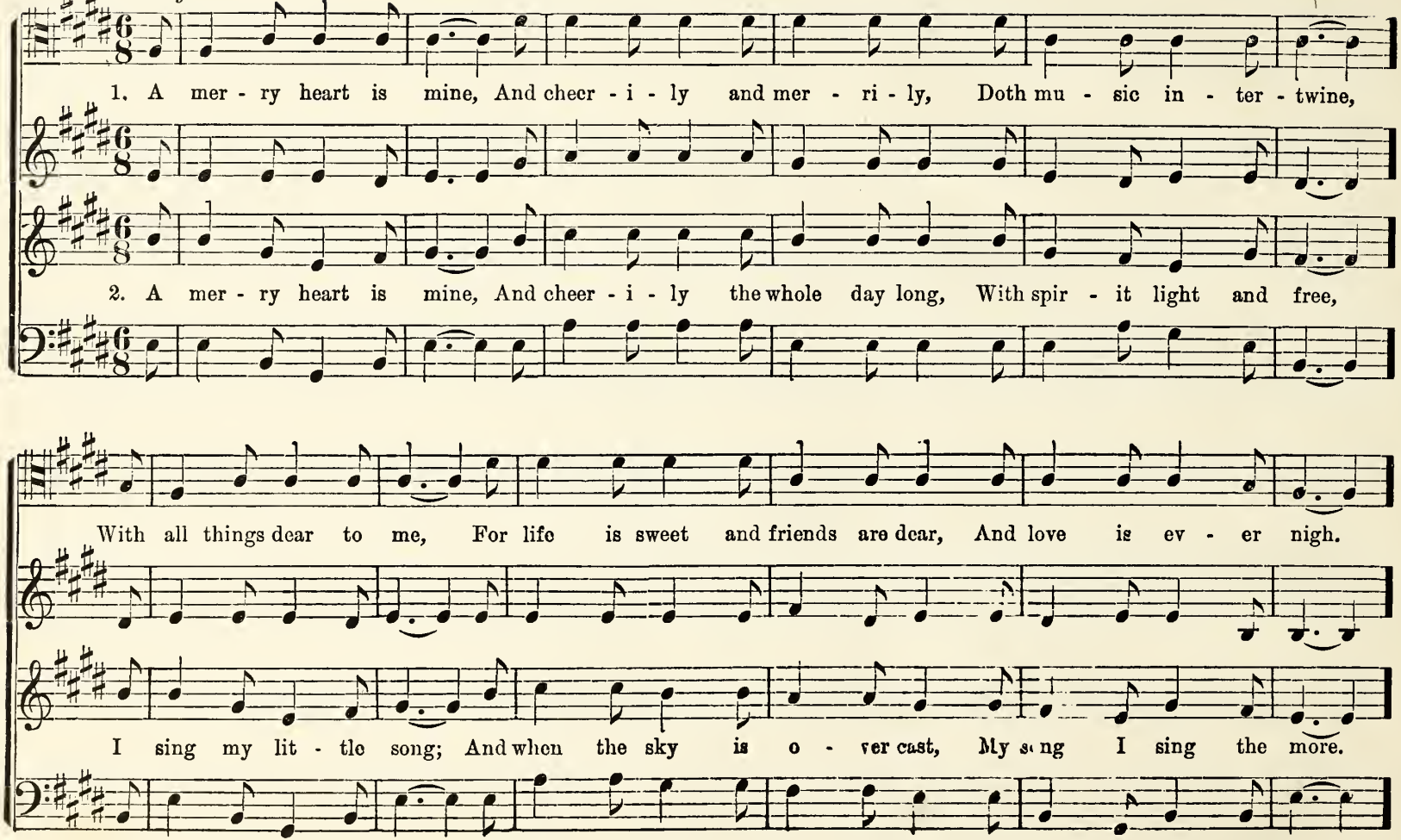
Moderato.

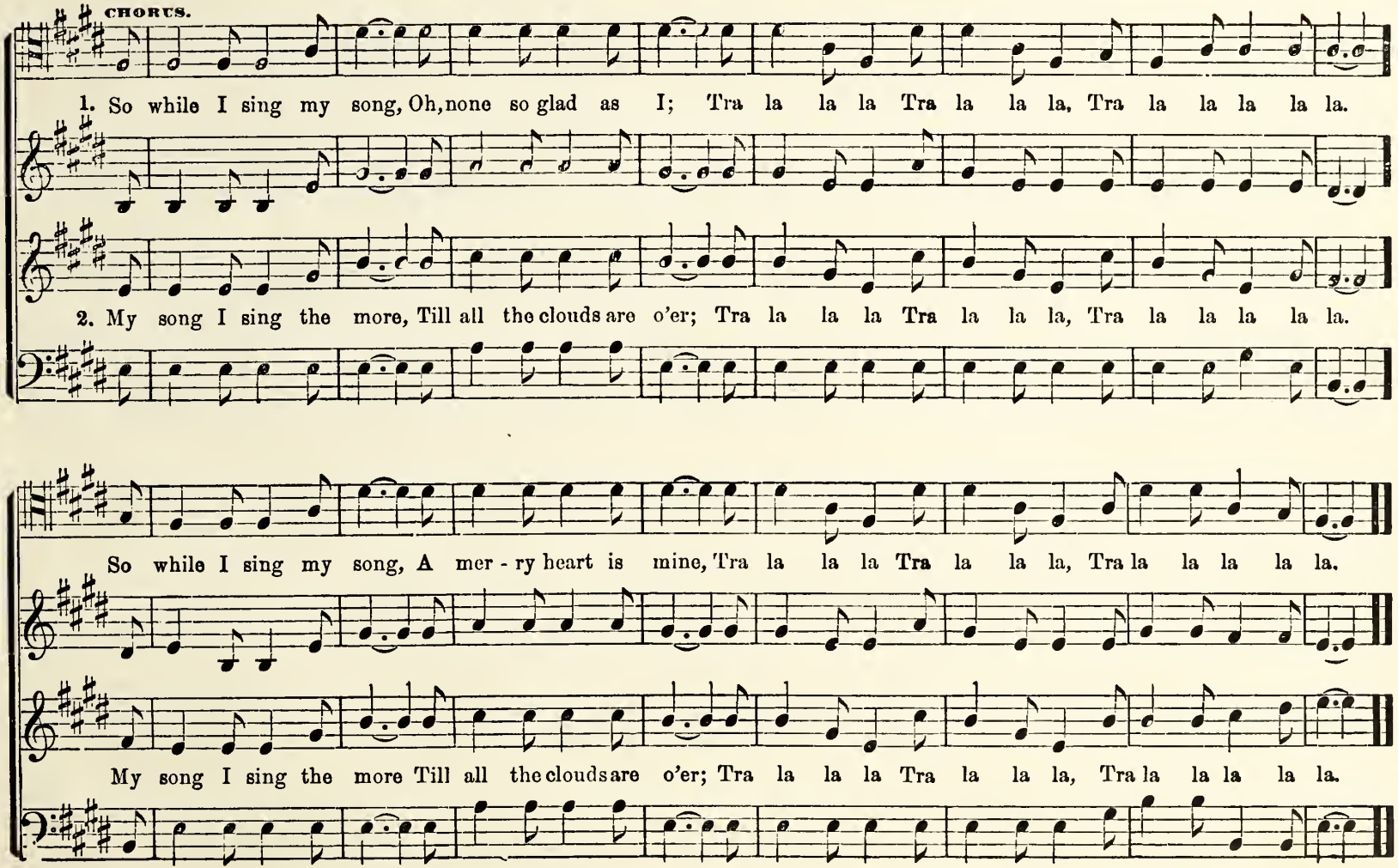

1. Is the time al - read - y gone? Must we part? Must we part? Yes, the hap - py hours are flown; We must part, we must part.
2. Friends we love surround us here; Must we part? Must we part? Yes, they can't be al - ways near, We must part, we must part.
3. Must we say good-night once more? Must we part? Must we part? Yes, when once we pass the door, We must part, we must part.

A MERRY HEART IS MINE.

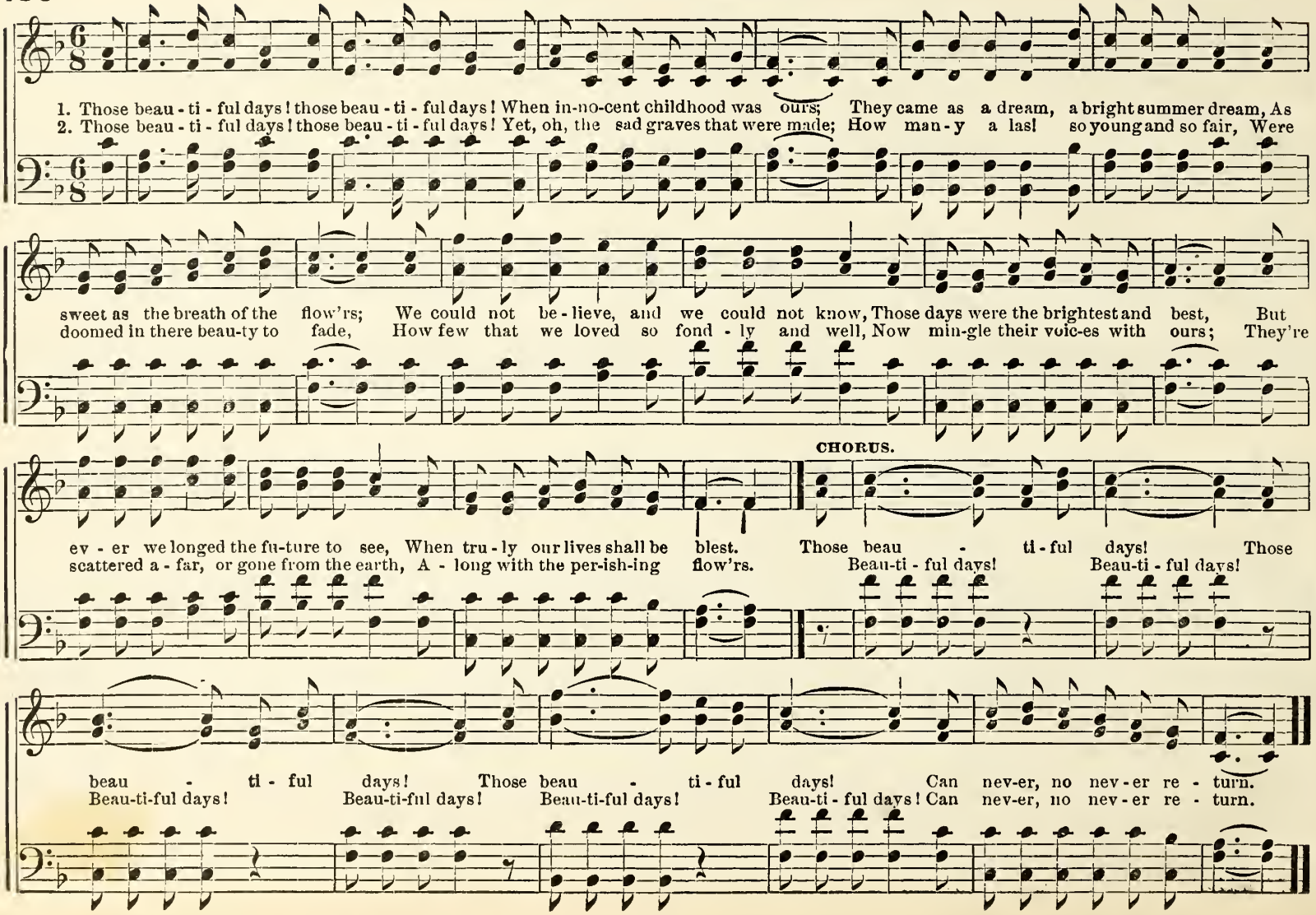
J. F. KINSEY.

Allegretto.

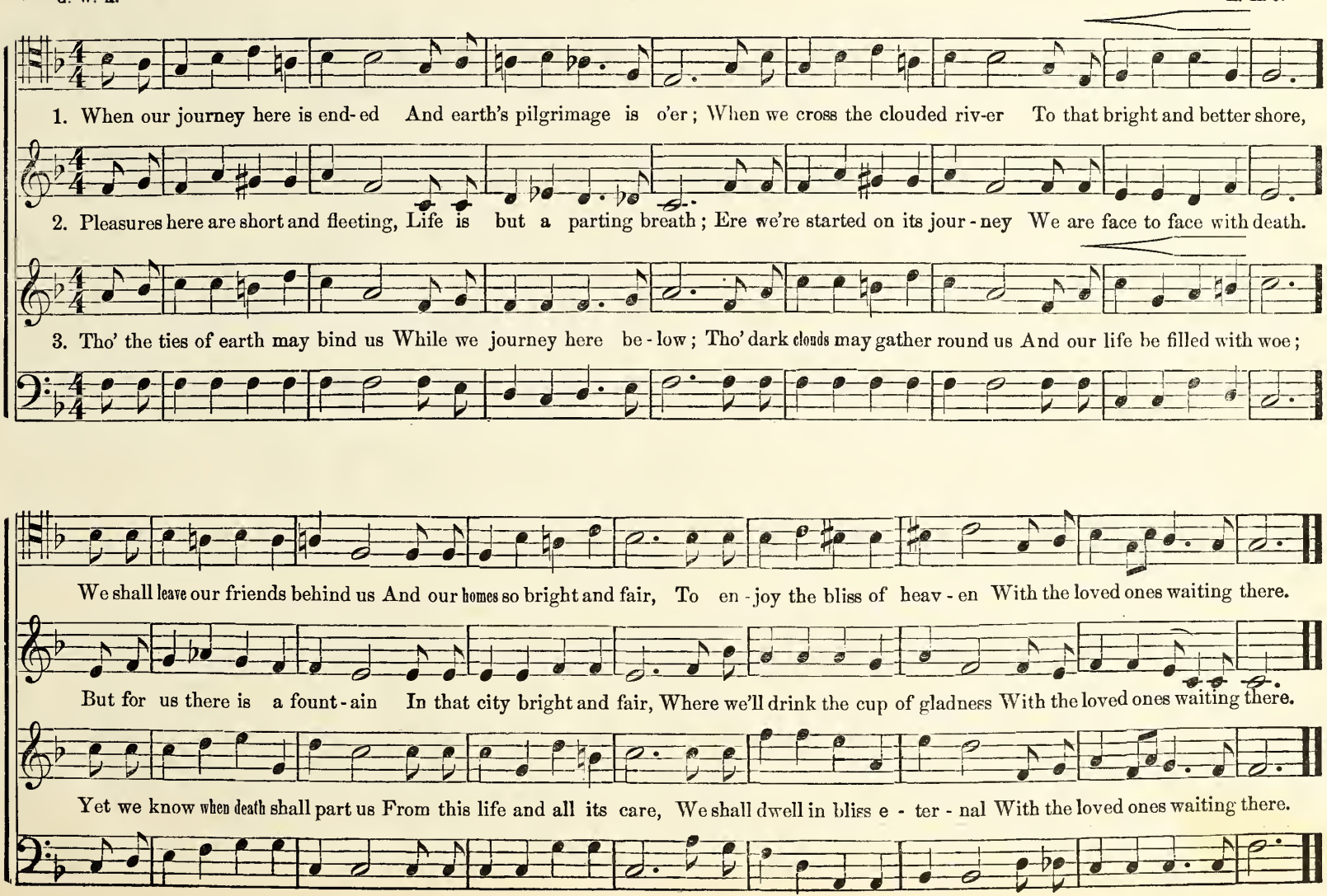

1. A mer - ry heart is mine, And cheer - i - ly and mer - ri - ly, Doth mu - sic in - ter - twine,
2. A mer - ry heart is mine, And cheer - i - ly the whole day long, With spir - it light and free,
With all things dear to me, For life is sweet and friends are dear, And love is ev - er nigh.
I sing my lit - tle song; And when the sky is o - ver cast, My song I sing the more.


CHORUS.
1. So while I sing my song, Oh, none so glad as I; Tra la la la Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la.
2. My song I sing the more, Till all the clouds are o'er; Tra la la la Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la.
So while I sing my song, A mer - ry heart is mine, Tra la la la Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la.
My song I sing the more Till all the clouds are o'er; Tra la la la Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la.

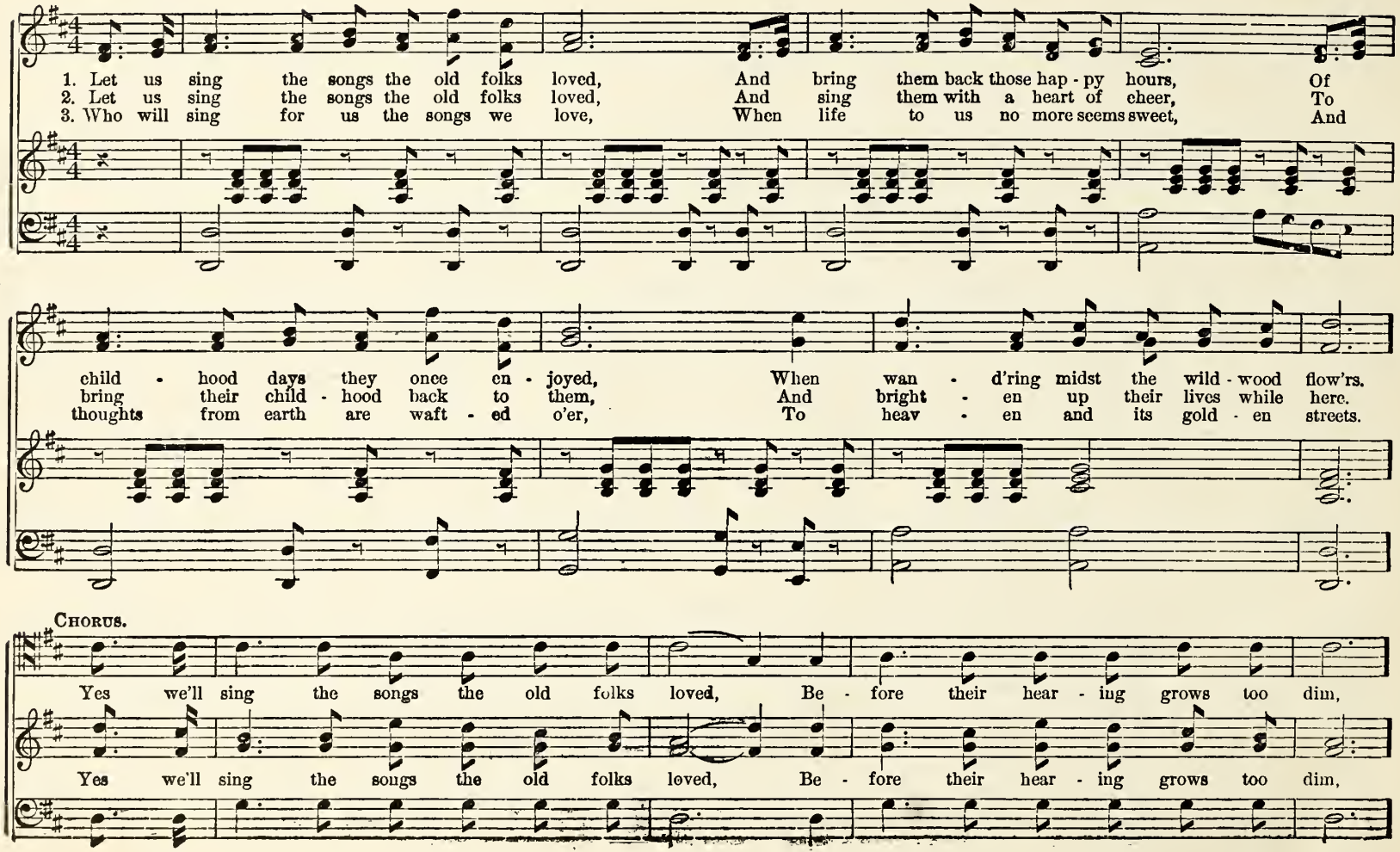
BEAUTIFUL DAYS.

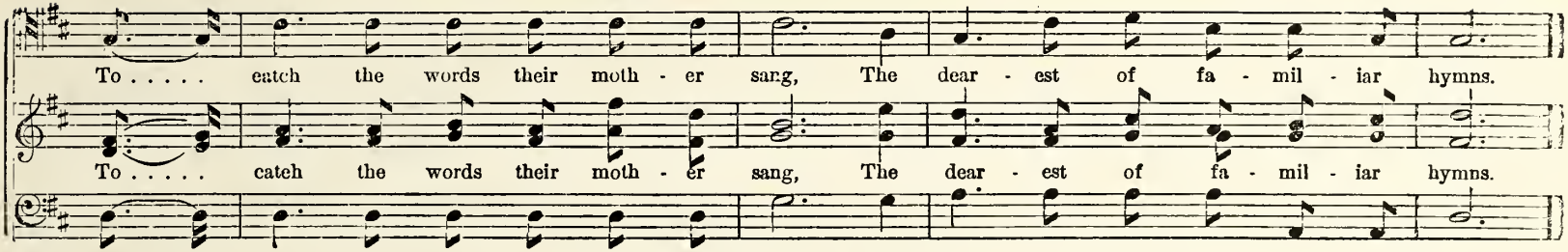
S. S. TURLEY.

1. Those beau - ti - ful days! those beau - ti - ful days! When in-no-cent childhood was ours; They came as a dream, a bright summer dream, As
2. Those beau - ti - ful days! those beau - ti - ful days! Yet, oh, the sad graves that were made; How man - y a las! so young and so fair, Were
sweet as the breath of the flow'rs; We could not be - lieve, and we could not know, Those days were the brightest and best, But
doomed in there beau-ty to fade, How few that we loved so fond - ly and well, Now min-gle their voic-es with ours; They're
CHORUS.
ev - er we longed the fu-ture to see, When tru - ly our lives shall be blest. Those beau - ti - ful days! Those
scattered a - far, or gone from the earth, A - long with the per-ish-ing flow'rs. Beau-ti - ful days! Beau-ti - ful days!
beau - ti - ful days! Those beau - ti - ful days! Can nev-er, no nev - er re - turn.
Beau-ti-ful days! Beau-ti-ful days! Beau-ti-ful days! Beau-ti - ful days! Can nev-er, no nev - er re - turn.

G. W. A. H. H. J.

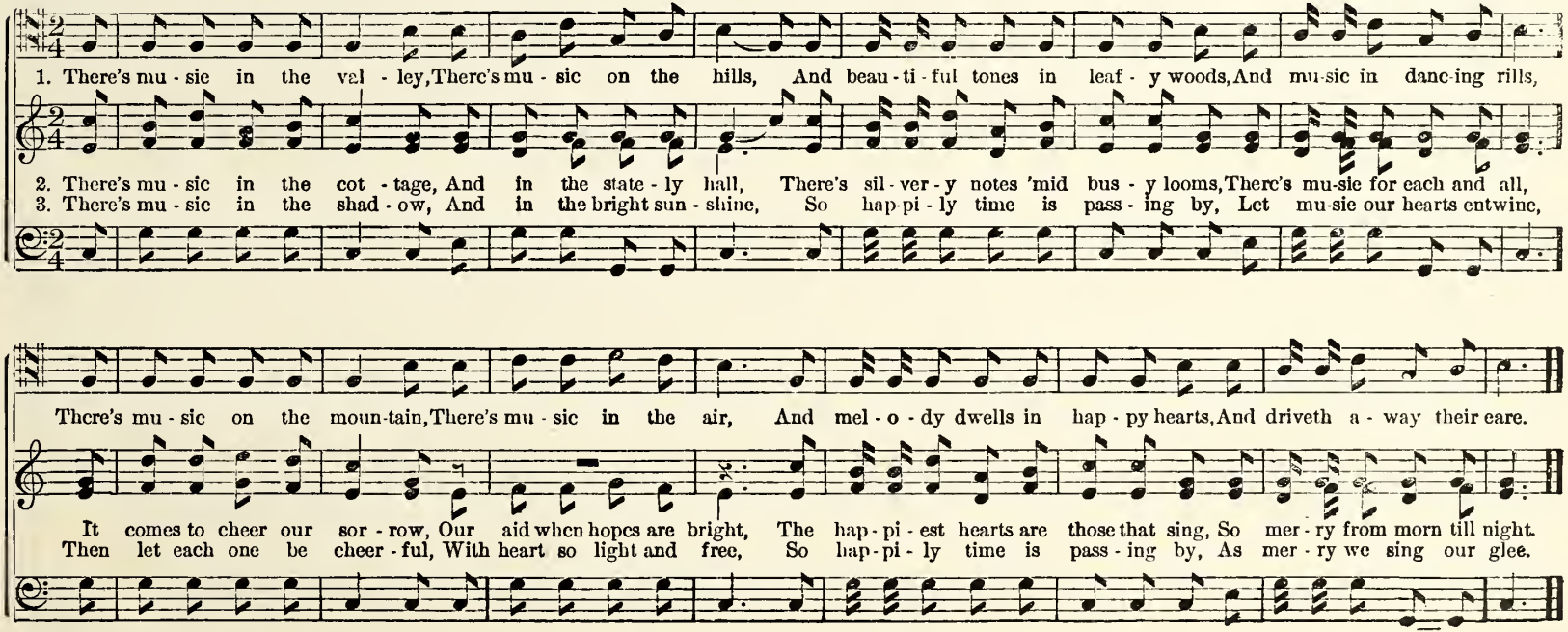

1. When our journey here is end-ed And earth's pilgrimage is o'er; When we cross the clouded riv-er To that bright and better shore,
2. Pleasures here are short and fleeting, Life is but a parting breath; Ere we're started on its jour-ney We are face to face with death.
3. Tho' the ties of earth may bind us While we journey here be-low; Tho' dark clouds may gather round us And our life be filled with woe;
We shall leave our friends behind us And our homes so bright and fair, To en-joy the bliss of heav-en With the loved ones waiting there.
But for us there is a fount-ain In that city bright and fair, Where we'll drink the cup of gladness With the loved ones waiting there.
Yet we know when death shall part us From this life and all its care, We shall dwell in bliss e-ter-nal With the loved ones waiting there.

LET US SING THE SONGS THE OLD FOLKS LOVE.

EMMA LYLE — *Duet and Chorus.* — J. W. STEWART.

1. Let us sing the songs the old folks loved, And bring them back those hap - py hours, Of
2. Let us sing the songs the old folks loved, And sing them with a heart of cheer, To
3. Who will sing for us the songs we love, When life to us no more seems sweet, And
child - hood days they once en - joyed, When wan - d'ring midst the wild - wood flow'rs.
bring their child - hood back to them, And bright - en up their lives while here.
thoughts from earth are waft - ed o'er, To heav - en and its gold - en streets.
CHORUS.
Yes we'll sing the songs the old folks loved, Be - fore their hear - ing grows too dim,
Yes we'll sing the songs the old folks loved, Be - fore their hear - ing grows too dim,


To . . . . . catch the words their moth - er sang, The dear - est of fa - mil - iar hymns.
To . . . . . catch the words their moth - er sang, The dear - est of fa - mil - iar hymns.

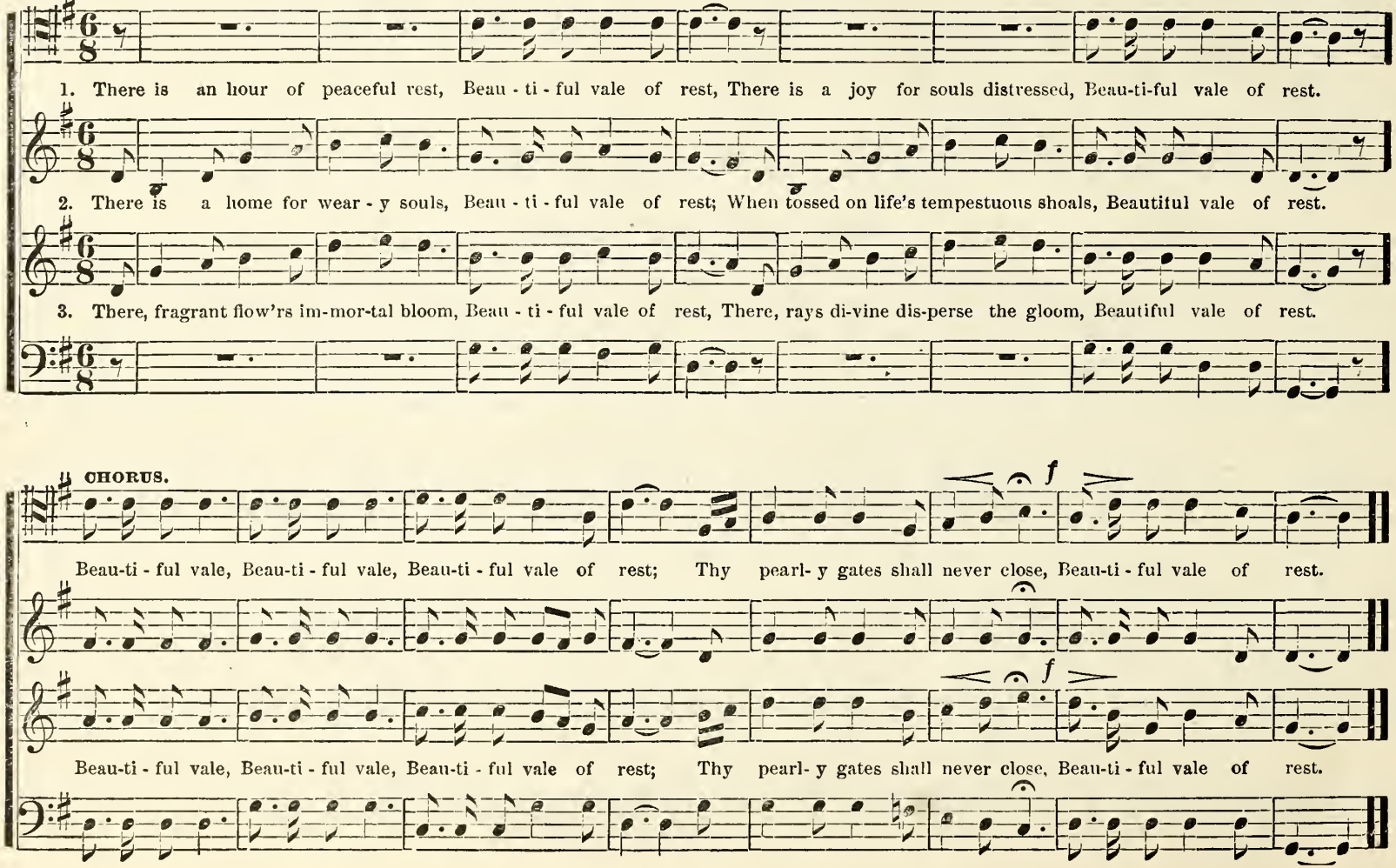
MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

Cheerful. M. L. Bartlett.

1. There's mu - sic in the val - ley, There's mu - sic on the hills, And beau - ti - ful tones in leaf - y woods, And mu - sic in danc - ing rills,
2. There's mu - sic in the cot - tage, And in the state - ly hall, There's sil - ver - y notes 'mid bus - y looms, There's mu - sic for each and all,
3. There's mu - sic in the shad - ow, And in the bright sun - shine, So hap - pi - ly time is pass - ing by, Let mu - sic our hearts entwine,
There's mu - sic on the moun - tain, There's mu - sic in the air, And mel - o - dy dwells in hap - py hearts, And driveth a - way their care.
It comes to cheer our sor - row, Our aid when hopes are bright, The hap - pi - est hearts are those that sing, So mer - ry from morn till night.
Then let each one be cheer - ful, With heart so light and free, So hap - pi - ly time is pass - ing by, As mer - ry we sing our glee.

BEAUTIFUL VALE.

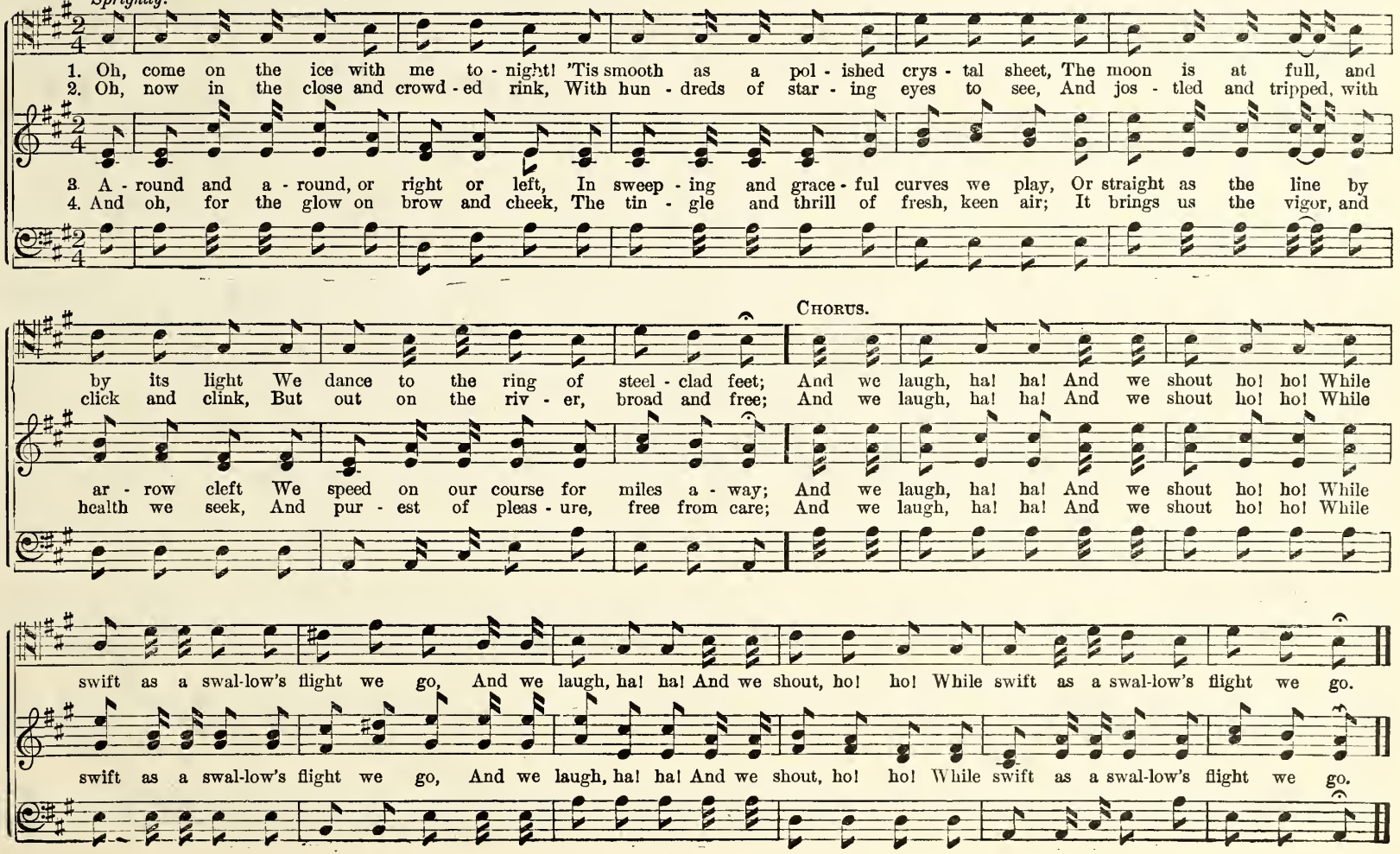
Words arranged by S. D.

S. DINGLEDINE.


1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest, There is a joy for souls distressed, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.
2. There is a home for wear - y souls, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Beautiful vale of rest.
3. There, fragrant flow'rs im-mor-tal bloom, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest, There, rays di-vine dis-perse the gloom, Beautiful vale of rest.
CHORUS.
f
Beau-ti - ful vale, Beau-ti - ful vale, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest; Thy pearl- y gates shall never close, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest.
f
Beau-ti - ful vale, Beau-ti - ful vale, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest; Thy pearl- y gates shall never close, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest.

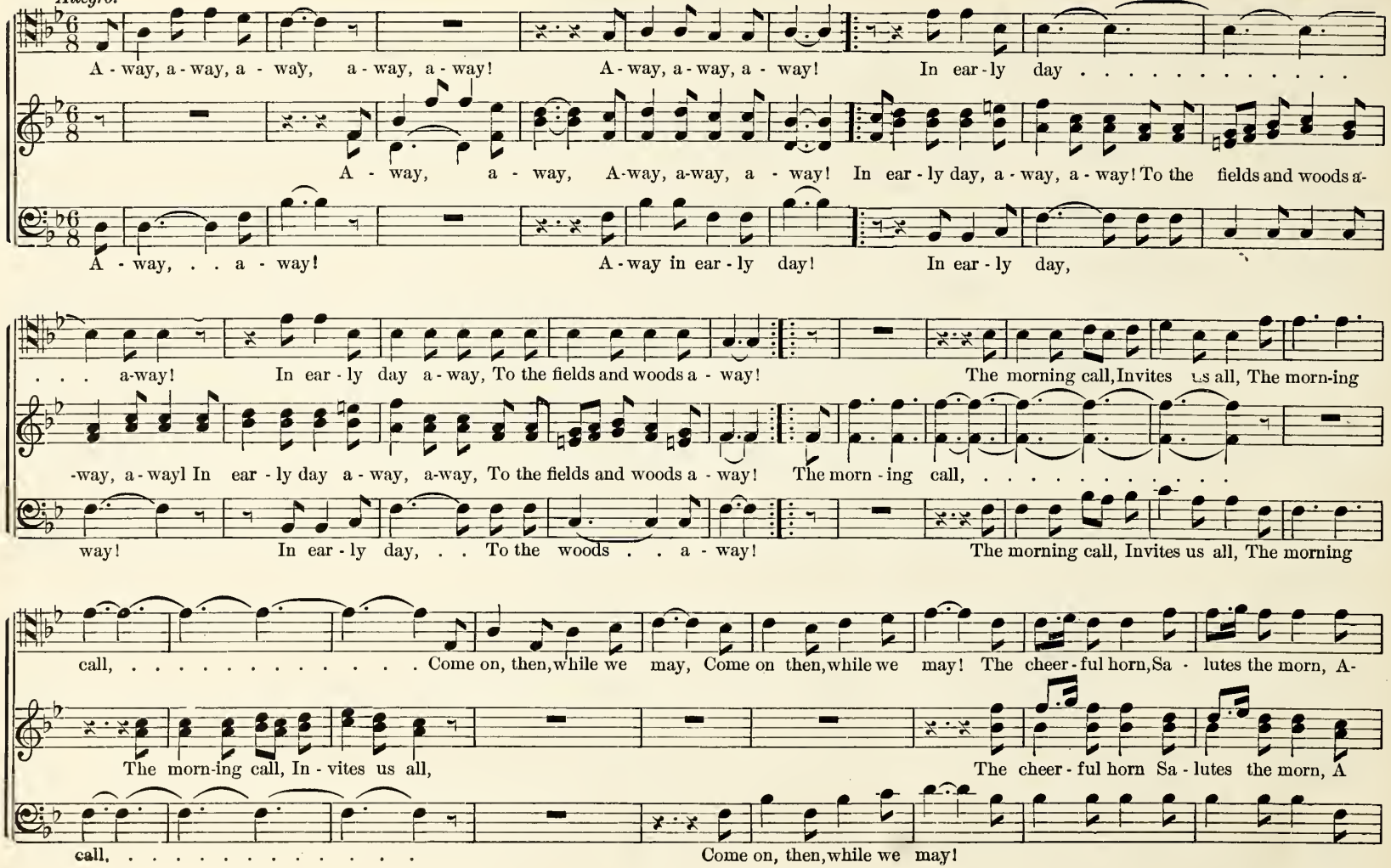
SKATING SONG

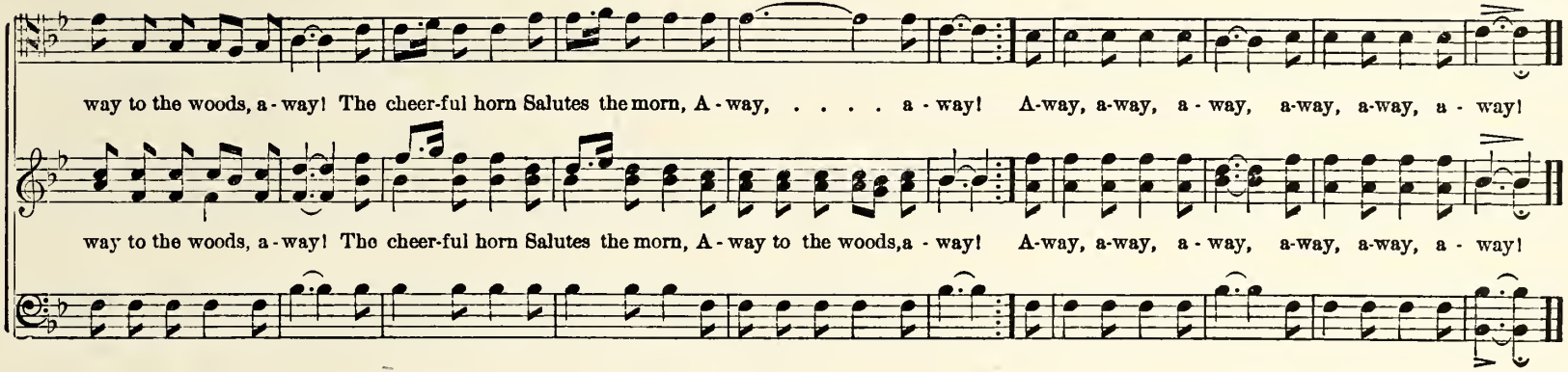
D. W Bromwell. E. L. Coburn.

Sprightly.

1. Oh, come on the ice with me to - night! 'Tis smooth as a pol - ished crys - tal sheet, The moon is at full, and
2. Oh, now in the close and crowd - ed rink, With hun - dreds of star - ing eyes to see, And jos - tled and tripped, with
3. A - round and a - round, or right or left, In sweep - ing and grace - ful curves we play, Or straight as the line by
4. And oh, for the glow on brow and cheek, The tin - gle and thrill of fresh, keen air; It brings us the vigor, and
Chorus.
by its light We dance to the ring of steel - clad feet; And we laugh, ha! ha! And we shout ho! ho! While
click and clink, But out on the riv - er, broad and free; And we laugh, ha! ha! And we shout ho! ho! While
ar - row cleft We speed on our course for miles a - way; And we laugh, ha! ha! And we shout ho! ho! While
health we seek, And pur - est of pleas - ure, free from care; And we laugh, ha! ha! And we shout ho! ho! While
swift as a swal-low's flight we go, And we laugh, ha! ha! And we shout, ho! ho! While swift as a swal-low's flight we go.
swift as a swal-low's flight we go, And we laugh, ha! ha! And we shout, ho! ho! While swift as a swal-low's flight we go.

"AWAY! AWAY! IN EARLY DAY." Glee.

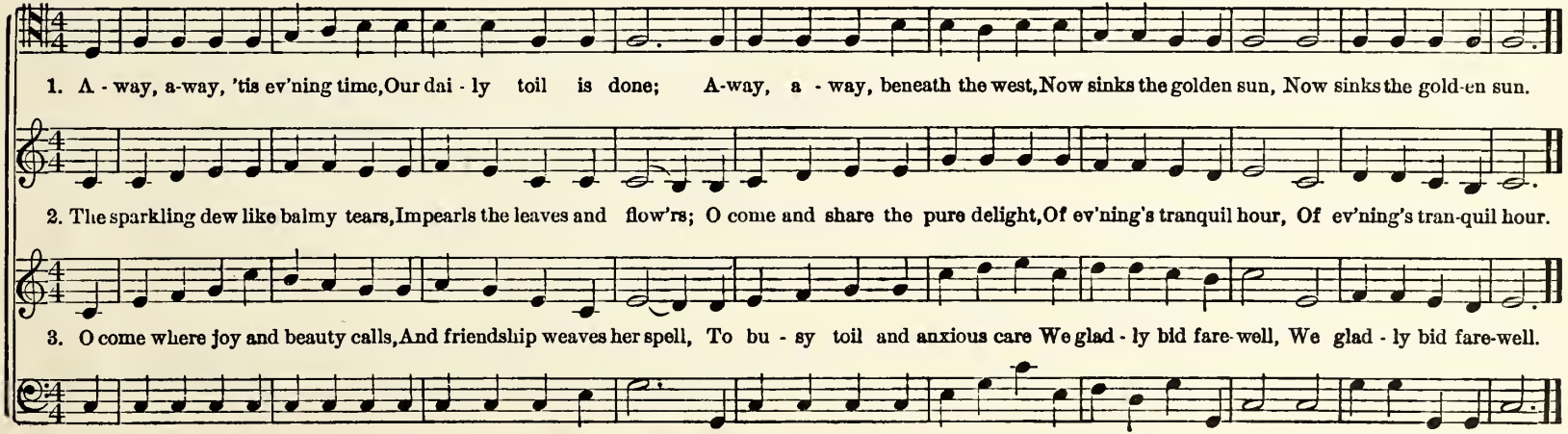
S. Webbe.

Allegro.

A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way! A - way, a - way, a - way! In ear - ly day
A - way, a - way, A - way, a - way, a - way! In ear - ly day, a - way, a - way! To the fields and woods a -
A - way, . . a - way! A - way in ear - ly day! In ear - ly day,
. . . a-way! In ear - ly day a - way, To the fields and woods a - way! The morning call, Invites us all, The morn-ing
-way, a - way! In ear - ly day a - way, a-way, To the fields and woods a - way! The morn - ing call,
way! In ear - ly day, . . To the woods . . a - way! The morning call, Invites us all, The morning
call, ... Come on, then, while we may, Come on then, while we may! The cheer - ful horn, Sa - lutes the morn, A -
The morn-ing call, In - vites us all, The cheer - ful horn Sa - lutes the morn, A
call, ... Come on, then, while we may!


way to the woods, a - way! The cheer-ful horn Salutes the morn, A - way, ... a - way! A-way, a-way, a - way, a-way, a-way, a - way!
way to the woods, a - way! The cheer-ful horn Salutes the morn, A - way to the woods, a - way! A-way, a-way, a - way, a-way, a-way, a - way!

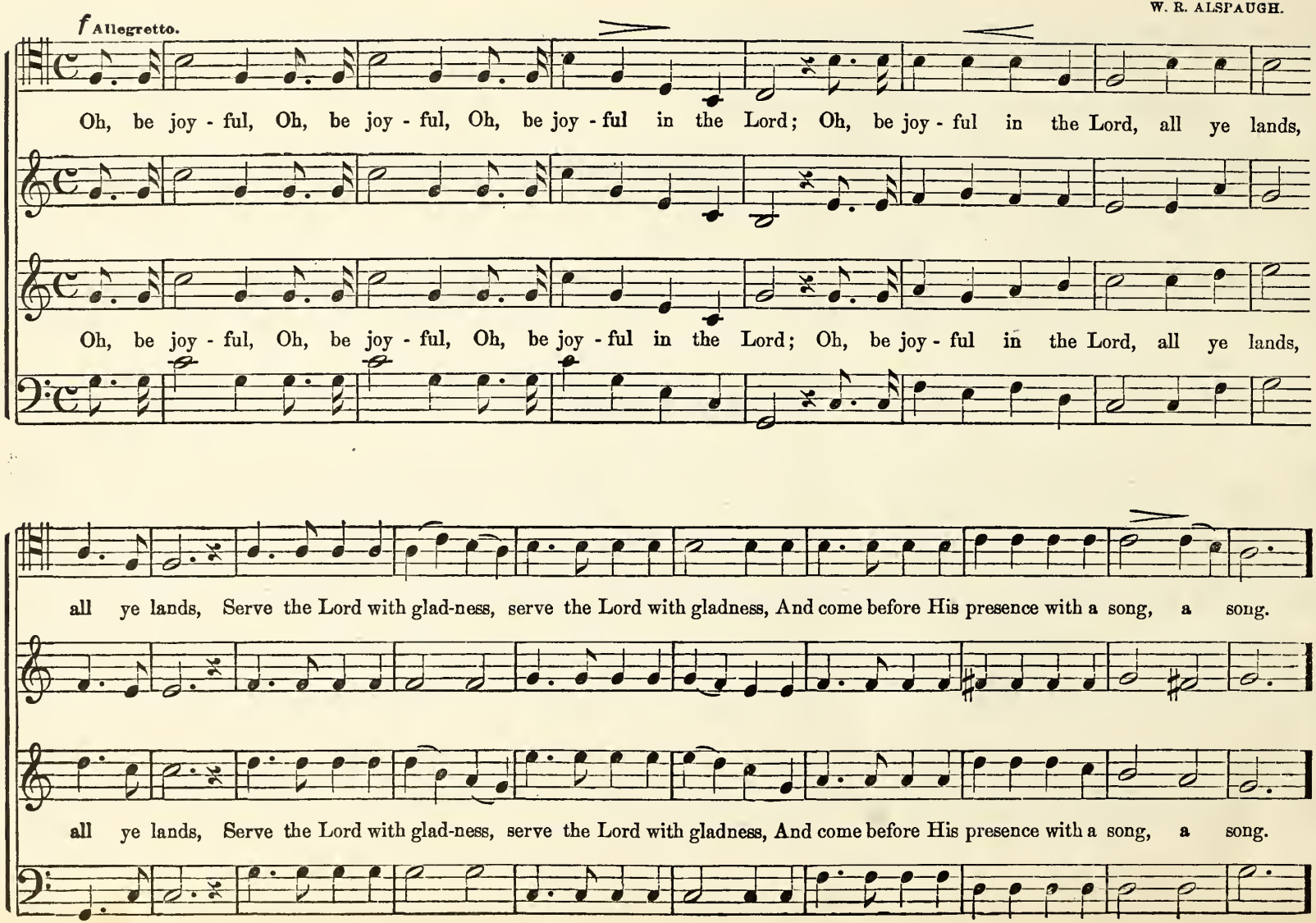
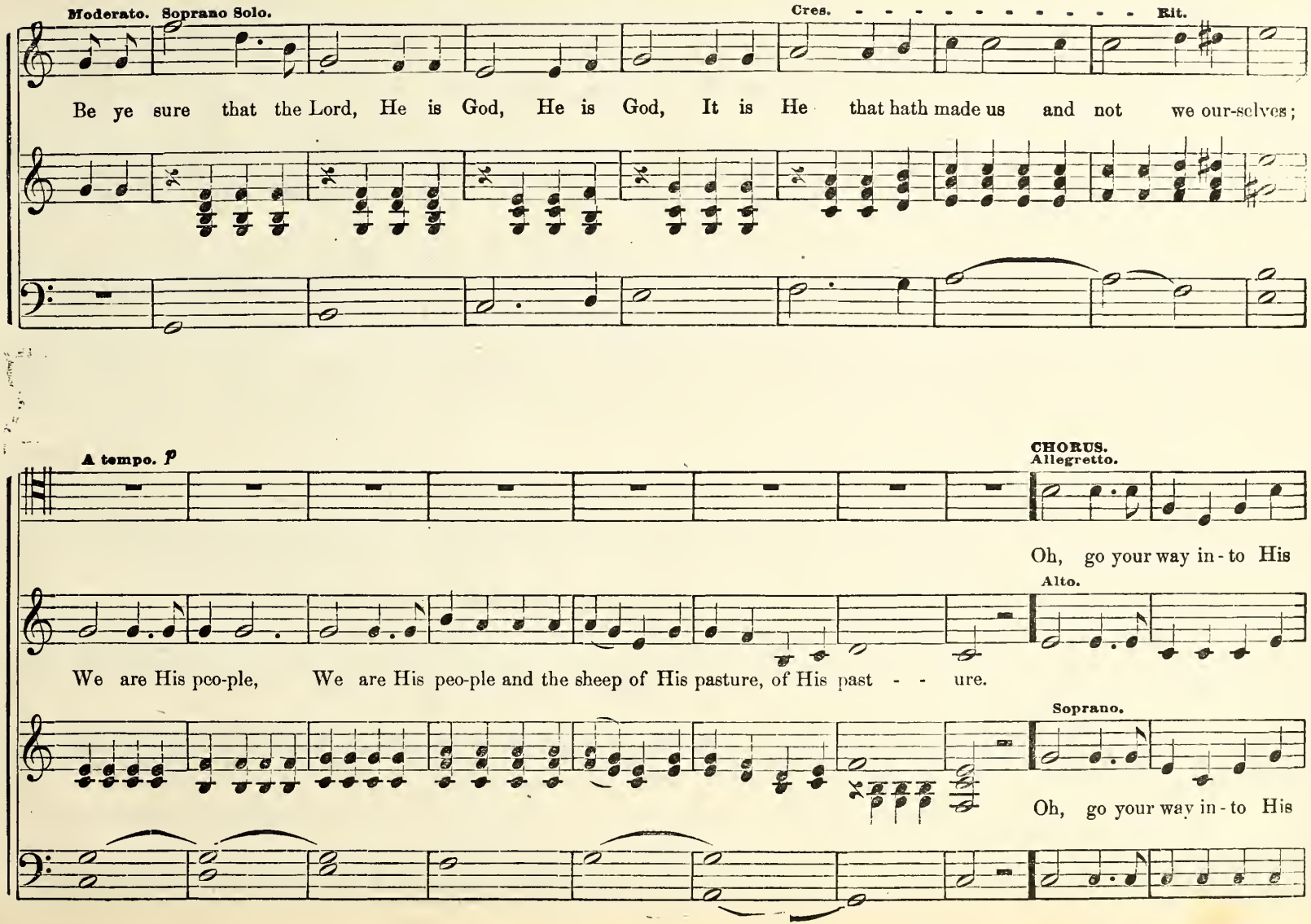
EVENING SONG.

M. L. Bartlett.

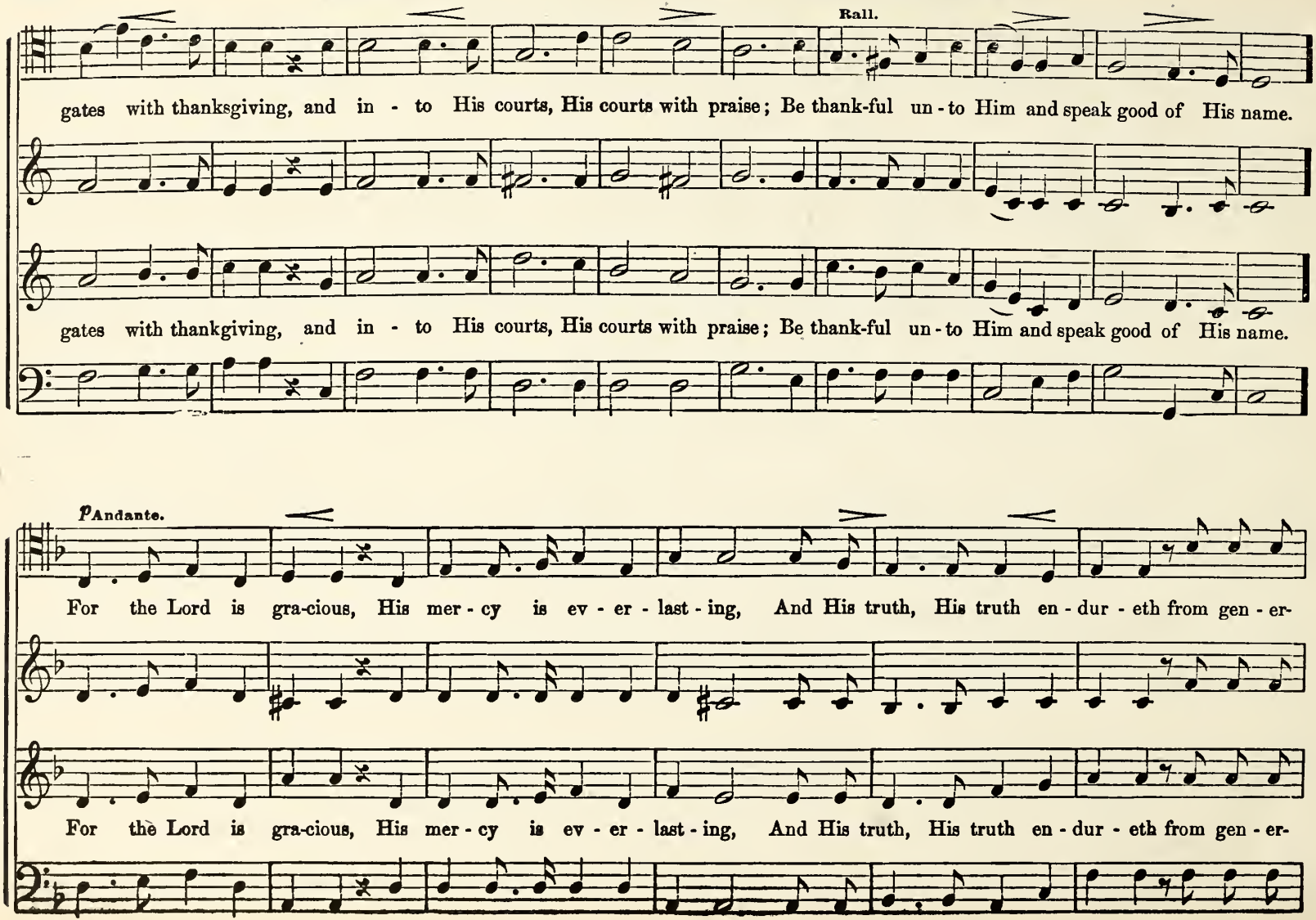

1. A - way, a-way, 'tis ev'ning time, Our dai - ly toil is done; A-way, a - way, beneath the west, Now sinks the golden sun, Now sinks the gold-en sun.
2. The sparkling dew like balmy tears, Impearls the leaves and flow'rs; O come and share the pure delight, Of ev'ning's tranquil hour, Of ev'ning's tran-quil hour.
3. O come where joy and beauty calls, And friendship weaves her spell, To bu - sy toil and anxious care We glad - ly bid fare-well, We glad - ly bid fare-well.

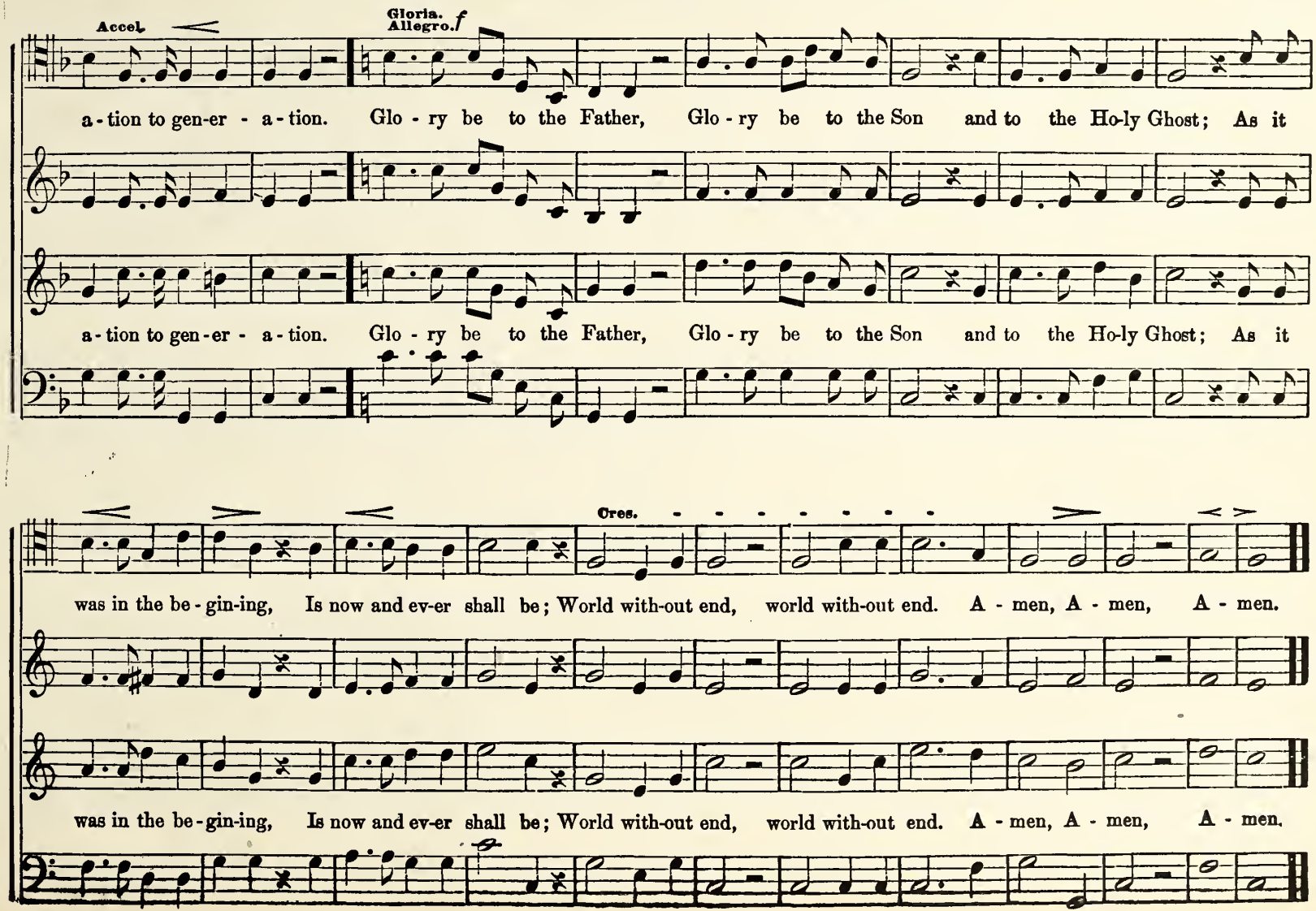
OH, BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD.

W. R. ALSPAUGH.


f Allegretto.
Oh, be joy - ful, Oh, be joy - ful, Oh, be joy - ful in the Lord; Oh, be joy - ful in the Lord, all ye lands,
Oh, be joy - ful, Oh, be joy - ful, Oh, be joy - ful in the Lord; Oh, be joy - ful in the Lord, all ye lands,
all ye lands, Serve the Lord with glad-ness, serve the Lord with gladness, And come before His presence with a song, a song.
all ye lands, Serve the Lord with glad-ness, serve the Lord with gladness, And come before His presence with a song, a song.

Moderato. Soprano Solo.
Cres.
Rit.
Be ye sure that the Lord, He is God, He is God, It is He that hath made us and not we our-selves;
A tempo. p
CHORUS.
Allegretto.
Oh, go your way in-to His
Alto.
We are His peo-ple, We are His peo-ple and the sheep of His pasture, of His past - - ure.
Soprano.
Oh, go your way in-to His

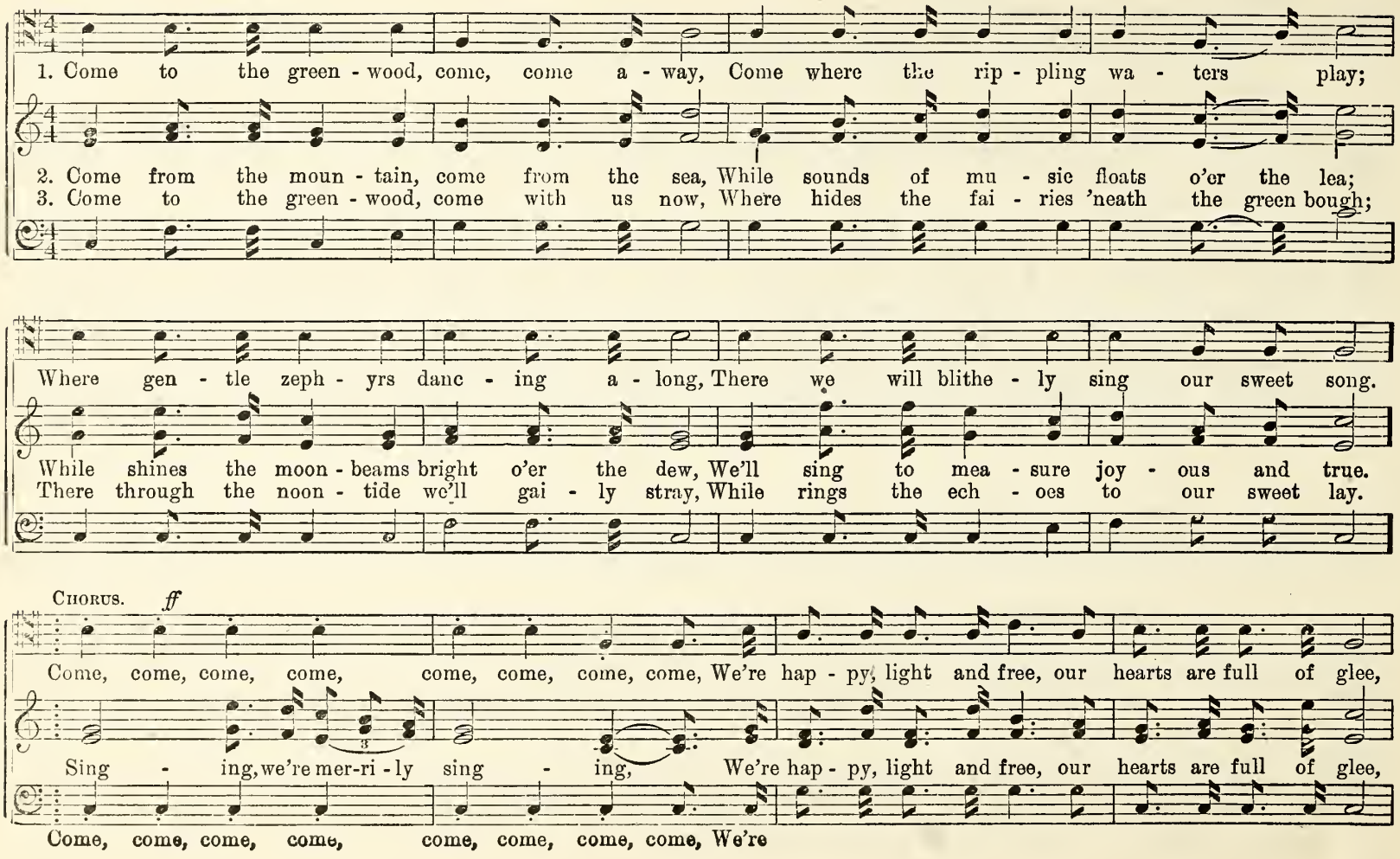
OH, BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD. Continued.

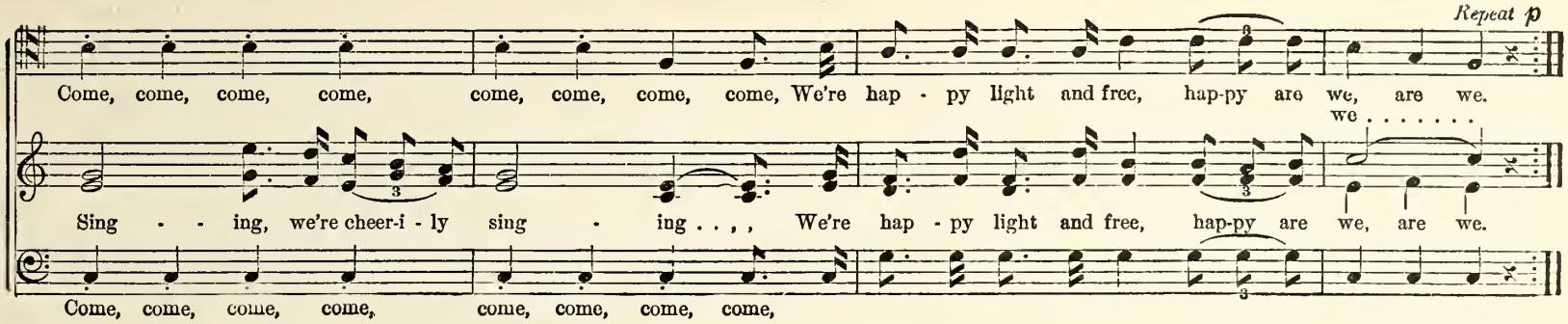

Rall.
gates with thanksgiving, and in - to His courts, His courts with praise; Be thank-ful un - to Him and speak good of His name.
gates with thankgiving, and in - to His courts, His courts with praise; Be thank-ful un - to Him and speak good of His name.
p Andante.
For the Lord is gra-cious, His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, And His truth, His truth en - dur - eth from gen - er-
For the Lord is gra-cious, His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, And His truth, His truth en - dur - eth from gen - er-


Accel.
Gloria. Allegro. f
a-tion to gen-er-a-tion. Glo-ry be to the Father, Glo-ry be to the Son and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it
a-tion to gen-er-a-tion. Glo-ry be to the Father, Glo-ry be to the Son and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it
Cres.
was in the be-gin-ing, Is now and ev-er shall be; World with-out end, world with-out end. A-men, A-men, A-men.
was in the be-gin-ing, Is now and ev-er shall be; World with-out end, world with-out end. A-men, A-men, A-men.

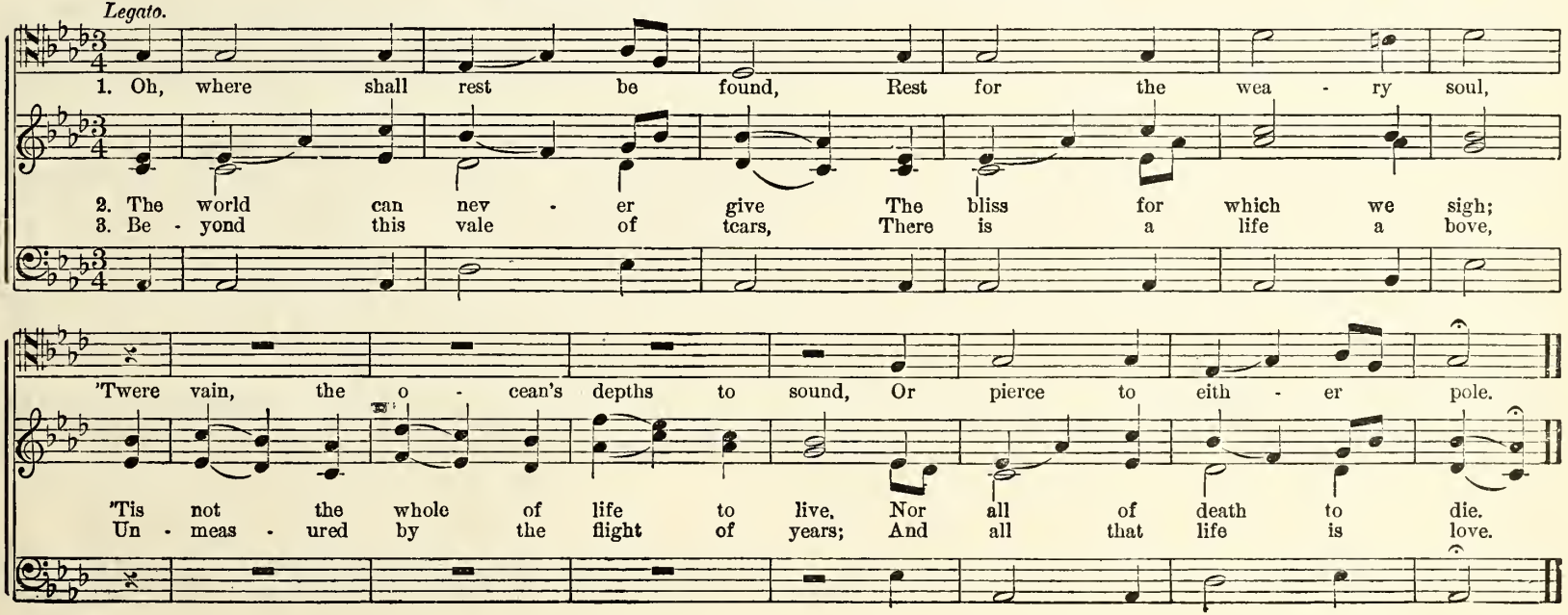
COME TO THE GREEN WOOD.

J. W. Stewart.


1. Come to the green - wood, come, come a - way, Come where the rip - pling wa - ters play;
2. Come from the moun - tain, come from the sea, While sounds of mu - sic floats o'er the lea;
3. Come to the green - wood, come with us now, Where hides the fai - ries 'neath the green bough;
Where gen - tle zeph - yrs danc - ing a - long, There we will blithe - ly sing our sweet song.
While shines the moon - beams bright o'er the dew, We'll sing to mea - sure joy - ous and true.
There through the noon - tide we'll gai - ly stray, While rings the ech - oes to our sweet lay.
Chorus. ff
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, We're hap - py, light and free, our hearts are full of glee,
Sing - ing, we're mer-ri - ly sing - ing, We're hap - py, light and free, our hearts are full of glee,
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, We're

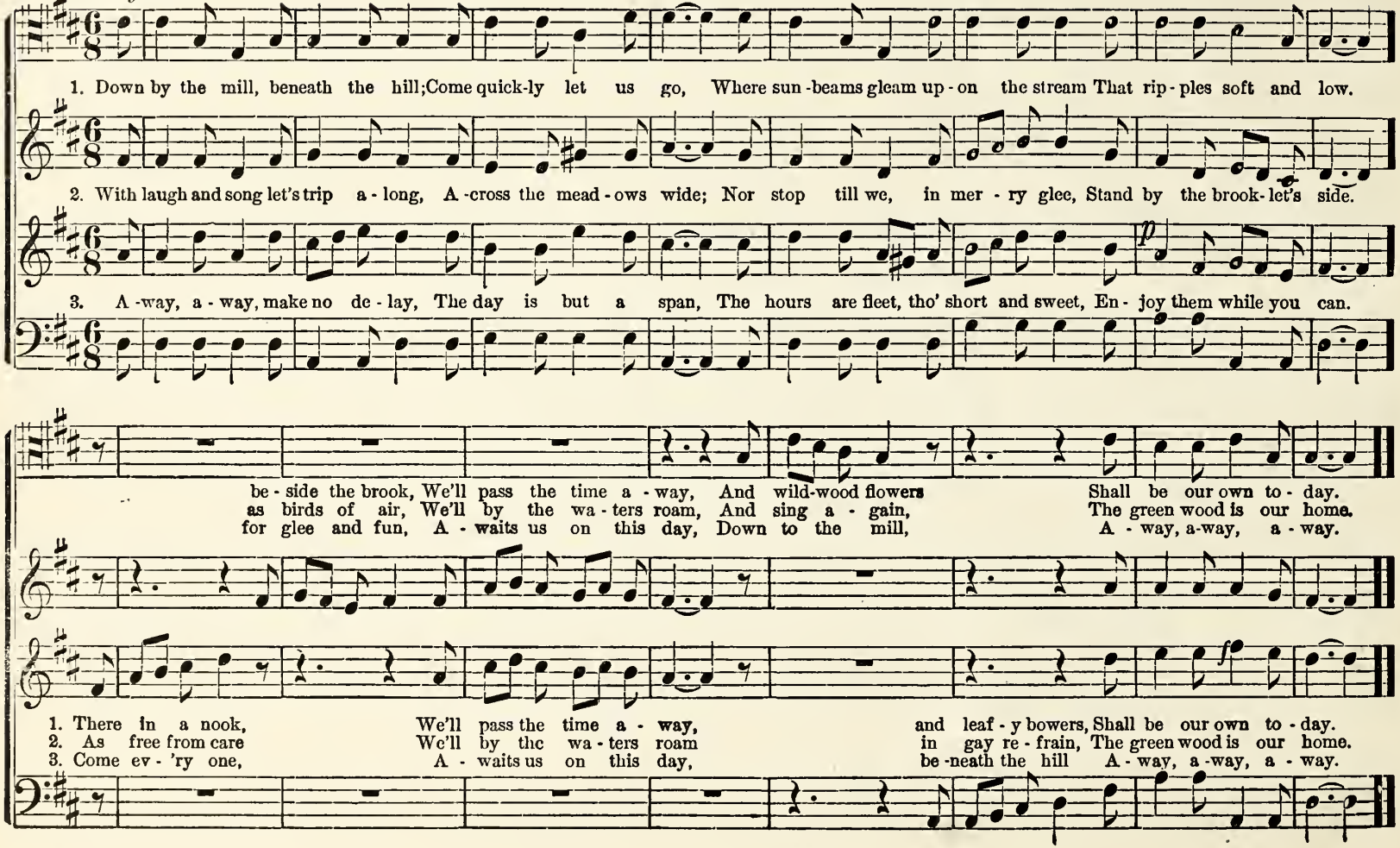

Repeat p
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, We're hap - py light and free, hap-py are we, are we.
we
Sing - - ing, we're cheer-i - ly sing - ing . . , , We're hap - py light and free, hap-py are we, are we.
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND.

ISAAC T. PAGE.

Legato.
1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul,
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a bove,
'Twere vain, the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un - meas - ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

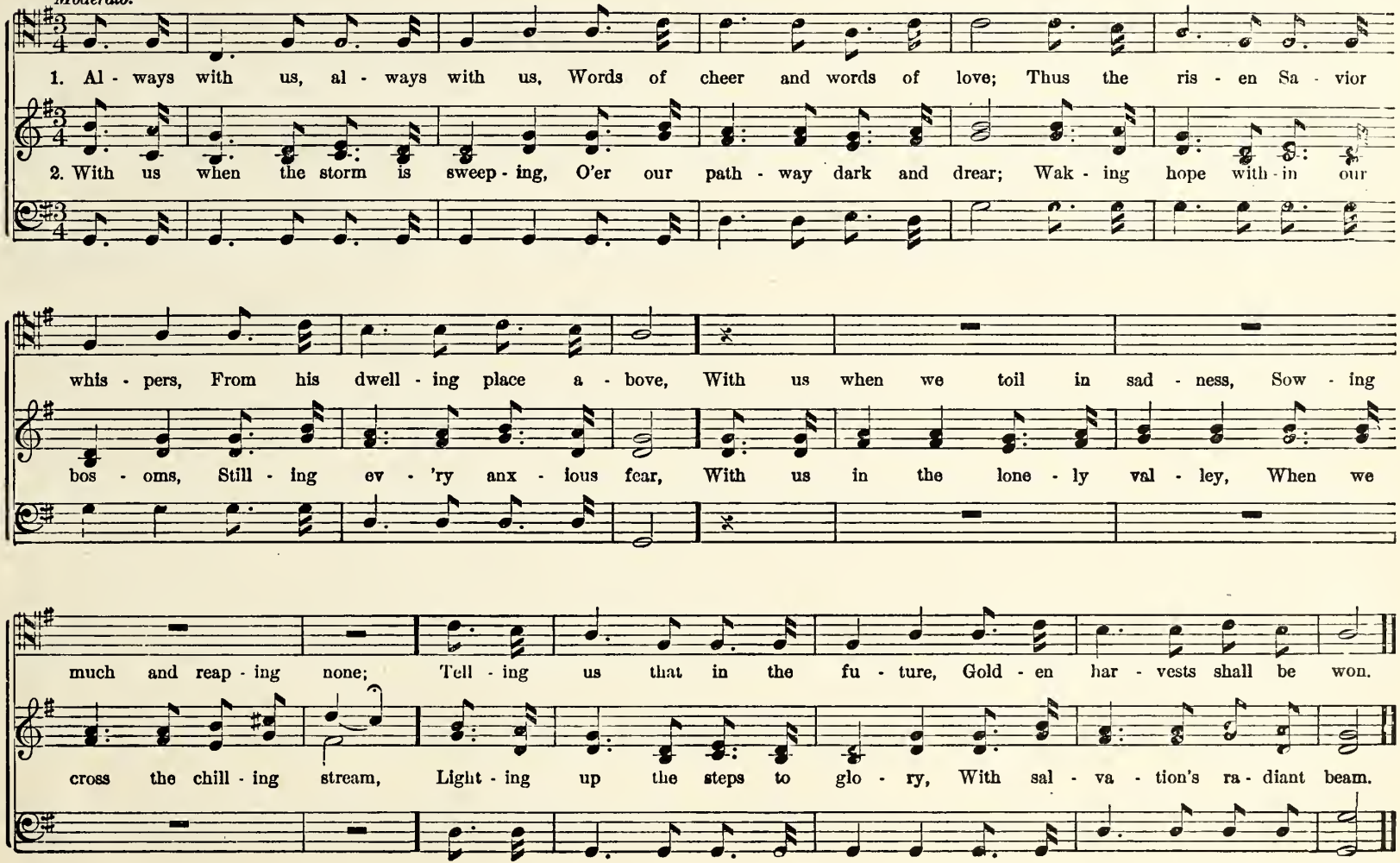
DOWN BY THE MILL.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. C. R. REED.

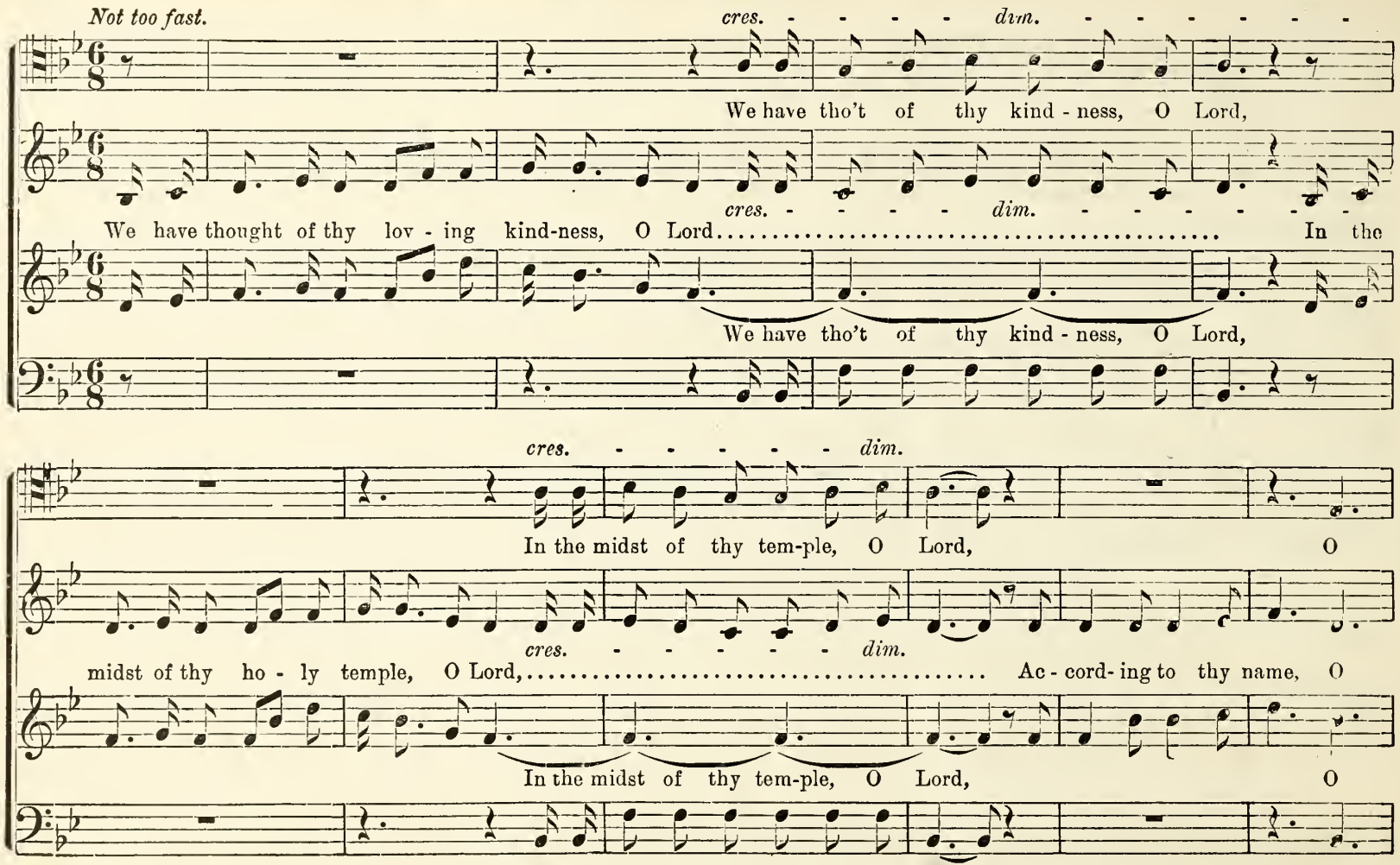
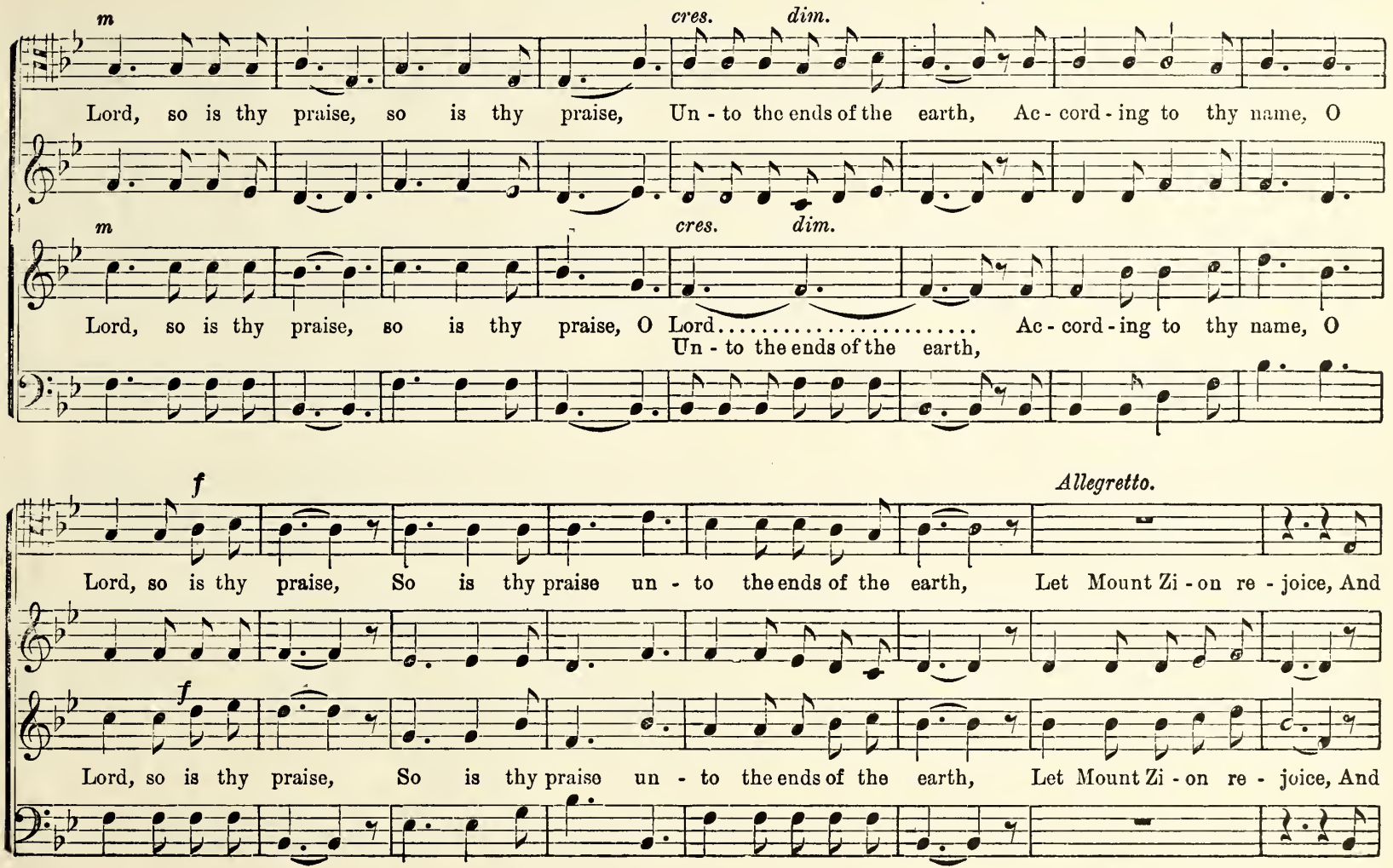
Allegretto.

1. Down by the mill, beneath the hill; Come quick-ly let us go, Where sun-beams gleam up-on the stream That rip-ples soft and low.
2. With laugh and song let's trip a-long, A-cross the mead-ows wide; Nor stop till we, in mer-ry glee, Stand by the brook-let's side.
3. A-way, a-way, make no de-lay, The day is but a span, The hours are fleet, tho' short and sweet, En-joy them while you can.
be-side the brook, We'll pass the time a-way, And wild-wood flowers Shall be our own to-day.
as birds of air, We'll by the wa-ters roam, And sing a-gain, The green wood is our home.
for glee and fun, A-waits us on this day, Down to the mill, A-way, a-way, a-way.
1. There in a nook, We'll pass the time a-way, and leaf-y bowers, Shall be our own to-day.
2. As free from care We'll by the wa-ters roam in gay re-frain, The green wood is our home.
3. Come ev-'ry one, A-waits us on this day, be-neath the hill A-way, a-way, a-way.

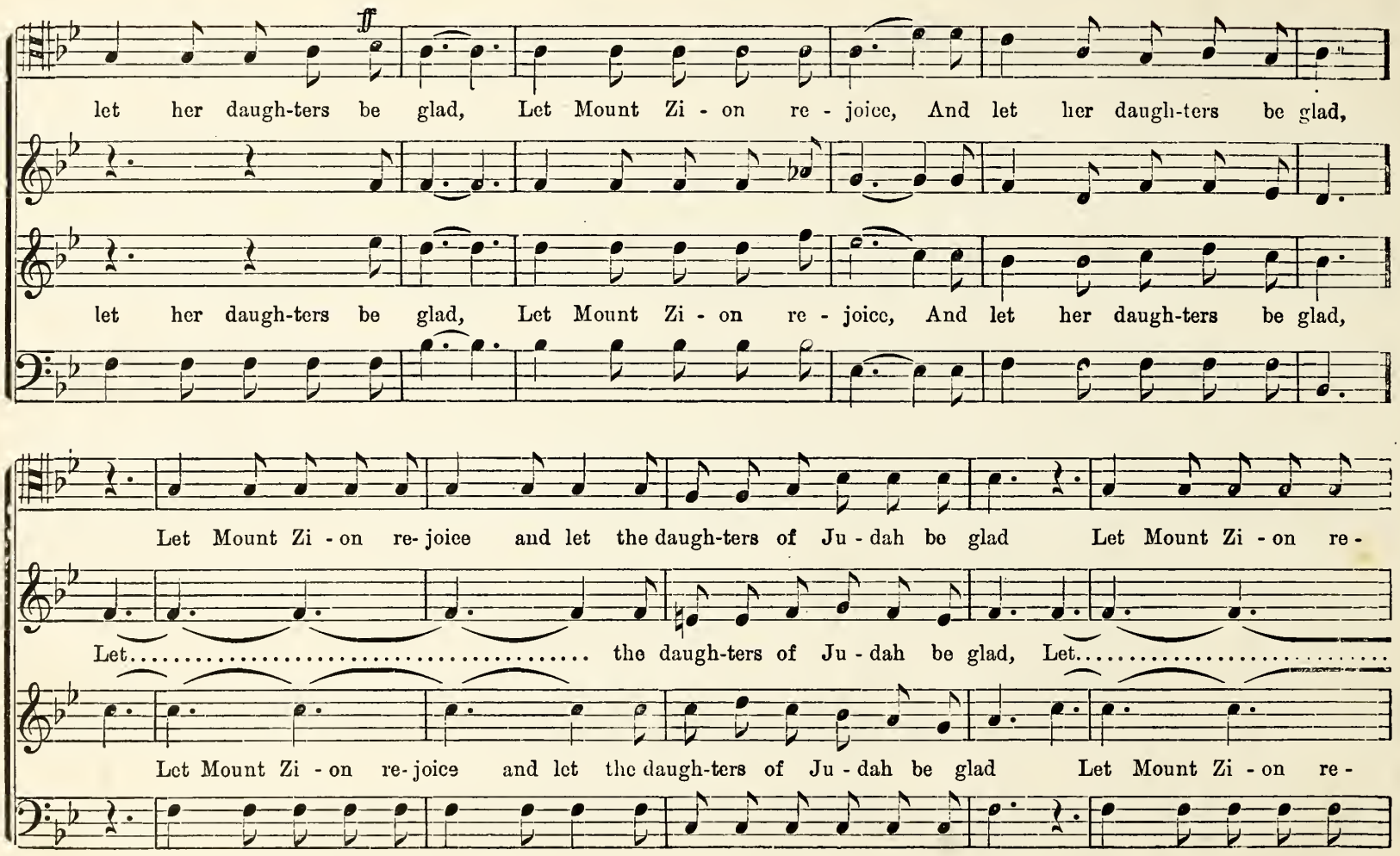
ALWAYS WITH US.

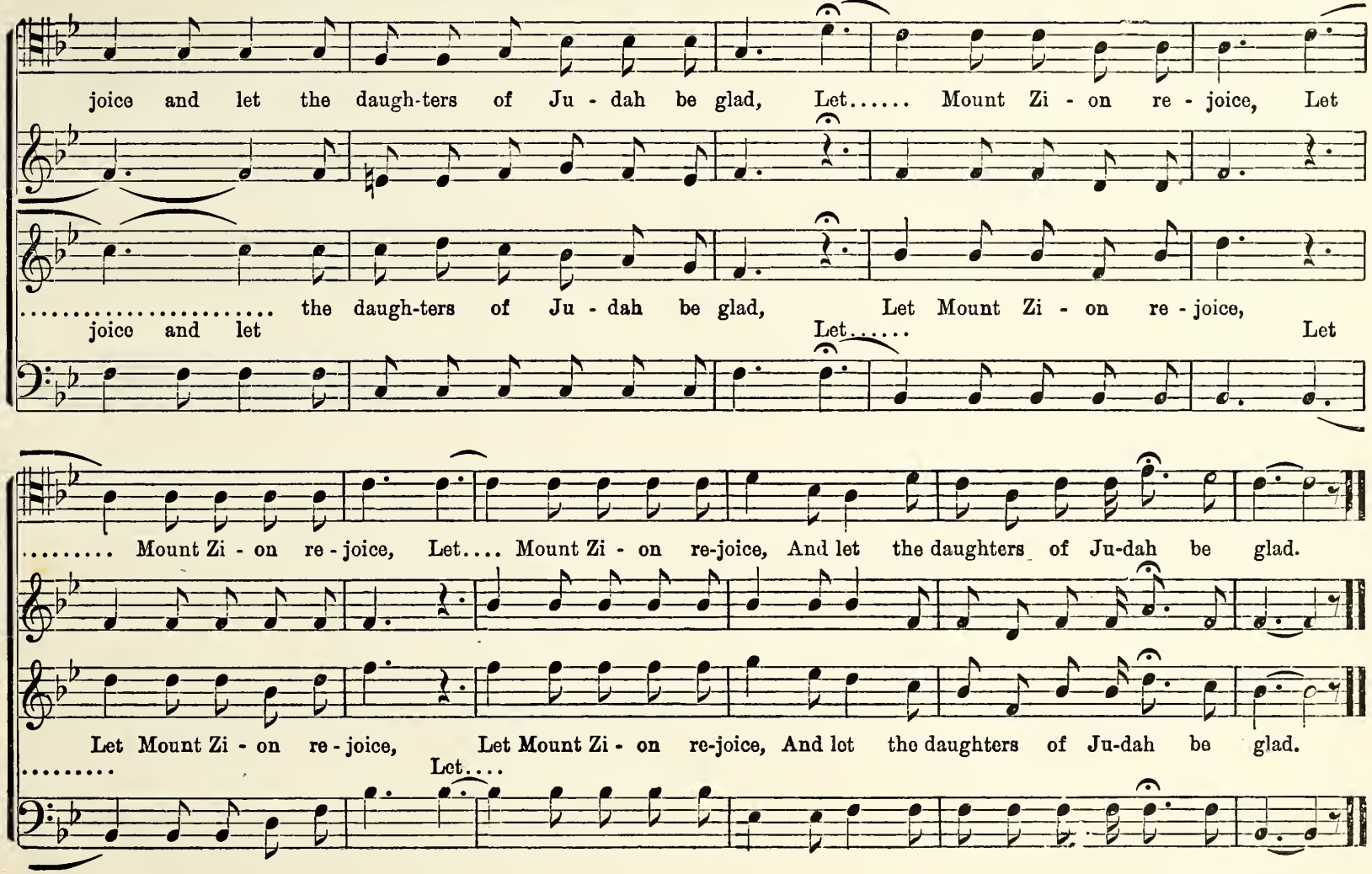
J. A. Patton.

Moderato.

1. Al - ways with us, al - ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the ris - en Sa - vior
2. With us when the storm is sweep - ing, O'er our path - way dark and drear; Wak - ing hope with - in our
whis - pers, From his dwell - ing place a - bove, With us when we toil in sad - ness, Sow - ing
bos - oms, Still - ing ev - 'ry anx - ious fear, With us in the lone - ly val - ley, When we
much and reap - ing none; Tell - ing us that in the fu - ture, Gold - en har - vests shall be won.
cross the chill - ing stream, Light - ing up the steps to glo - ry, With sal - va - tion's ra - diant beam.

WE HAVE THOUGHT OF THY KINDNESS.

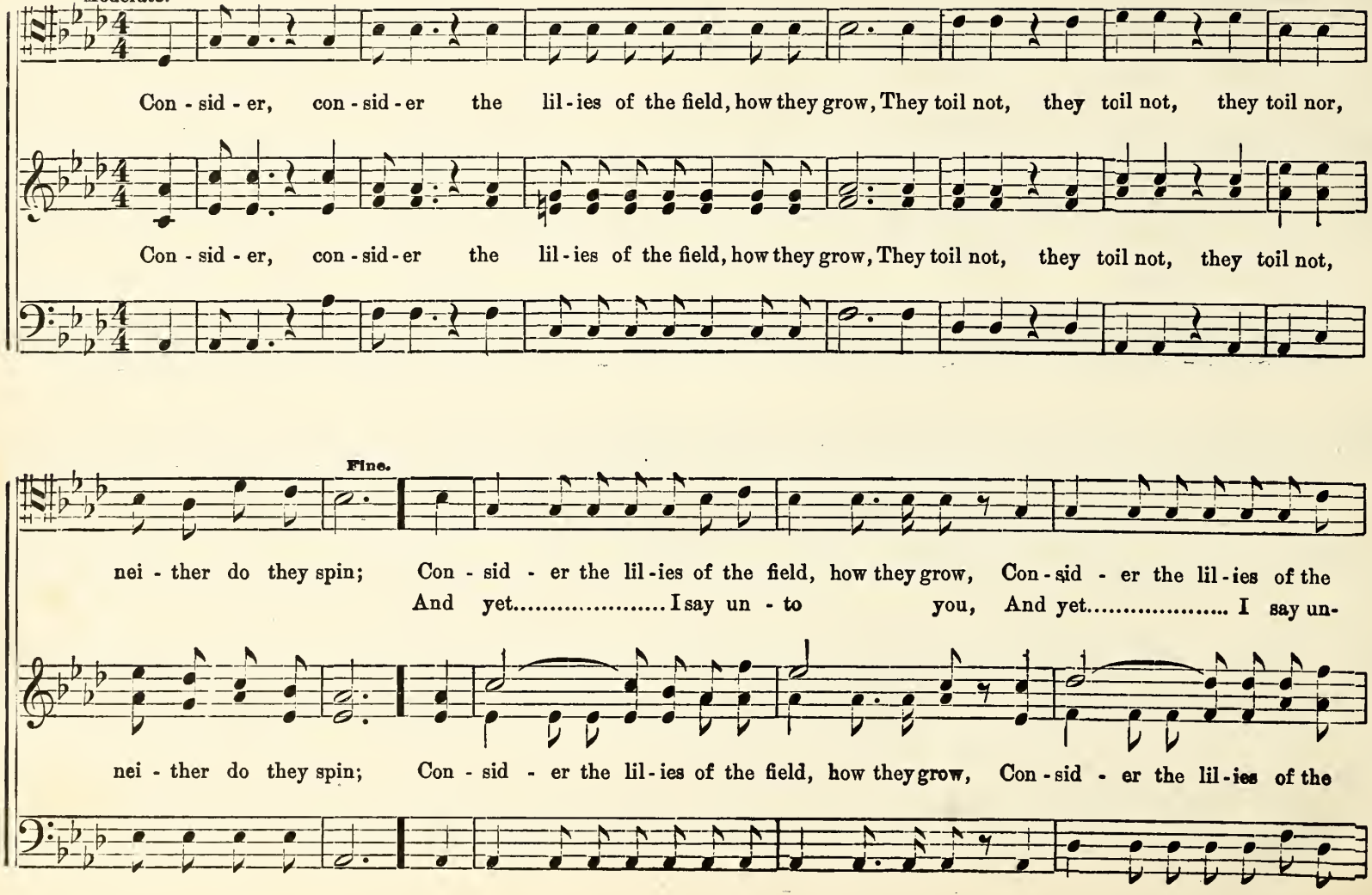
J. F. KINSEY.

Not too fast.
cres. dim.
We have tho't of thy kind - ness, O Lord,
We have thought of thy lov - ing kind-ness, O Lord In the
We have tho't of thy kind - ness, O Lord,
cres. dim.
In the midst of thy tem-ple, O Lord, O
midst of thy ho - ly temple, O Lord, Ac - cord - ing to thy name, O
In the midst of thy tem-ple, O Lord, O

m
cres.
dim.
Lord, so is thy praise, so is thy praise, Un - to the ends of the earth, Ac - cord - ing to thy name, O
m
cres.
dim.
Lord, so is thy praise, so is thy praise, O Lord..... Ac - cord - ing to thy name, O
Un - to the ends of the earth,
f
Allegretto.
Lord, so is thy praise, So is thy praise un - to the ends of the earth, Let Mount Zi - on re - joice, And
f
Lord, so is thy praise, So is thy praise un - to the ends of the earth, Let Mount Zi - on re - joice, And

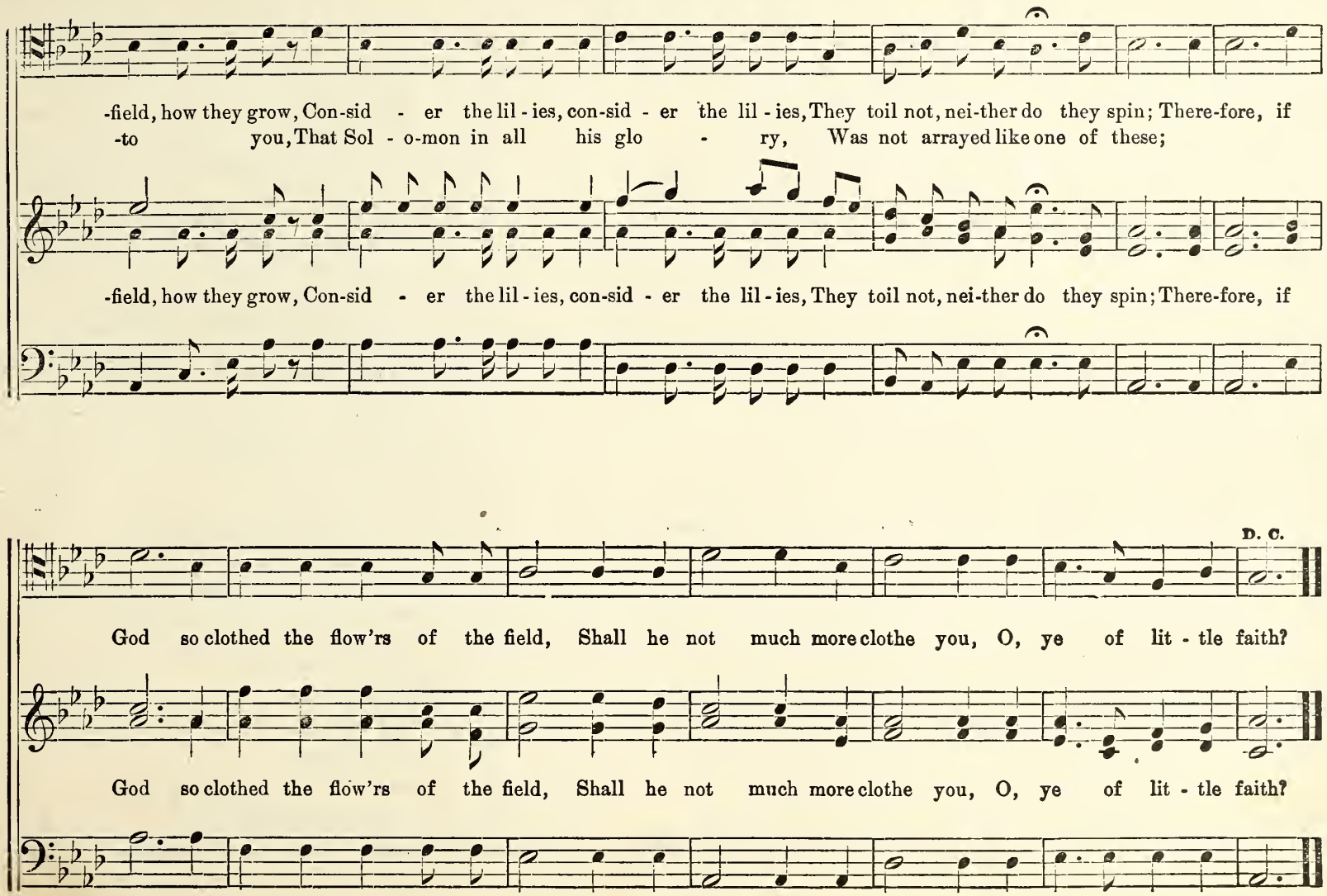
WE HAVE THOUGHT OF THY KINDNESS. Continued.

ff
let her daugh-ters be glad, Let Mount Zi - on re - joice, And let her daugh-ters be glad,
let her daugh-ters be glad, Let Mount Zi - on re - joice, And let her daugh-ters be glad,
Let Mount Zi - on re-joice and let the daugh-ters of Ju - dah be glad Let Mount Zi - on re -
Let..... the daugh-ters of Ju - dah be glad, Let.....
Let Mount Zi - on re-joice and let the daugh-ters of Ju - dah be glad Let Mount Zi - on re -


joice and let the daugh-ters of Ju - dah be glad, Let..... Mount Zi - on re - joice, Let
..... the daugh-ters of Ju - dah be glad, Let Mount Zi - on re - joice,
joice and let
Let.....
Let
..... Mount Zi - on re - joice, Let.... Mount Zi - on re-joice, And let the daughters of Ju-dah be glad.
Let Mount Zi - on re - joice, Let Mount Zi - on re-joice, And let the daughters of Ju-dah be glad.
.....
Let....

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

J. F. KINSEY.


Moderato.
Con - sid - er, con - sid - er the lil - ies of the field, how they grow, They toil not, they toil not, they toil nor,
Con - sid - er, con - sid - er the lil - ies of the field, how they grow, They toil not, they toil not, they toil not,
Fine.
nei - ther do they spin; Con - sid - er the lil - ies of the field, how they grow, Con - sid - er the lil - ies of the
And yet..... I say un - to you, And yet..... I say un-
nei - ther do they spin; Con - sid - er the lil - ies of the field, how they grow, Con - sid - er the lil - ies of the


-field, how they grow, Con-sid - er the lil - ies, con-sid - er the lil - ies, They toil not, nei-ther do they spin; There-fore, if
-to you, That Sol - o-mon in all his glo - ry, Was not arrayed like one of these;
-field, how they grow, Con-sid - er the lil - ies, con-sid - er the lil - ies, They toil not, nei-ther do they spin; There-fore, if
D. C.
God so clothed the flow'rs of the field, Shall he not much more clothe you, O, ye of lit - tle faith?
God so clothed the flow'rs of the field, Shall he not much more clothe you, O, ye of lit - tle faith?

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